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Harper's Bazaar

DECEMBER 1929

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CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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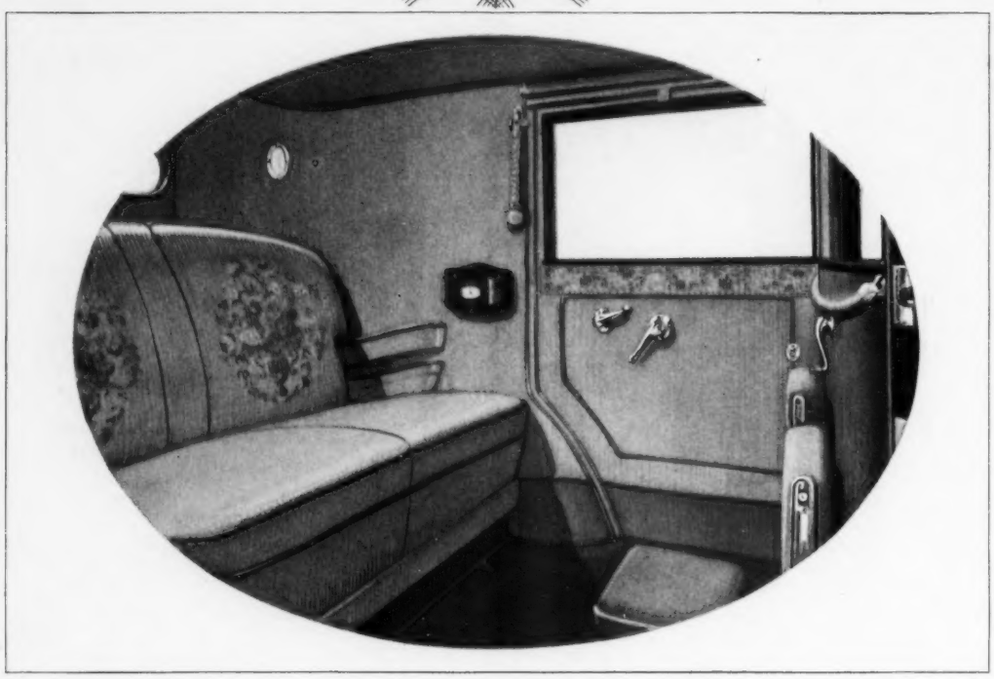

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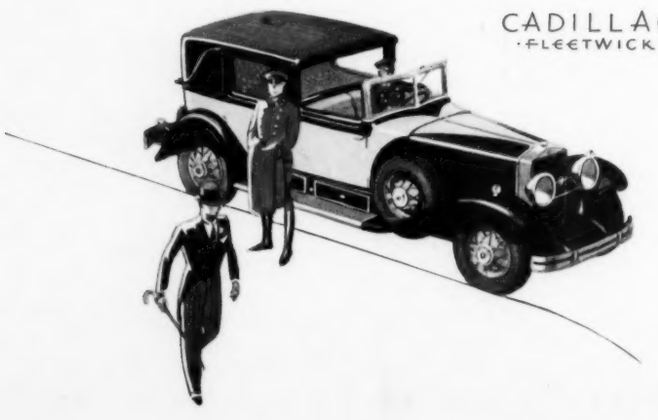

HARPER'S BAZAAR

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Editor*

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64th Year No. 2606

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COVER BY ERTÉ

Christmas Number

THERE are all manner of gifts—jewels, motors, cheques, perfumes; but a party is also a gift. And if you haven't the time or the energy to arrange one, there are two ladies in New York who will do the work for you delightfully. They are Mrs. Chester Burden and Mrs. Robert Littell. At Saks-Fifth Avenue, in connection with the Junior League of New York, they have organized the New York Junior League Bureau of Entertainment. They not only supply their clients with entertainers of all kinds, but they will attend to the catering, menu, decorations—in fact, do everything to make any party, Christmas or otherwise, an assured success.

Two figures from Rena Rosenthal

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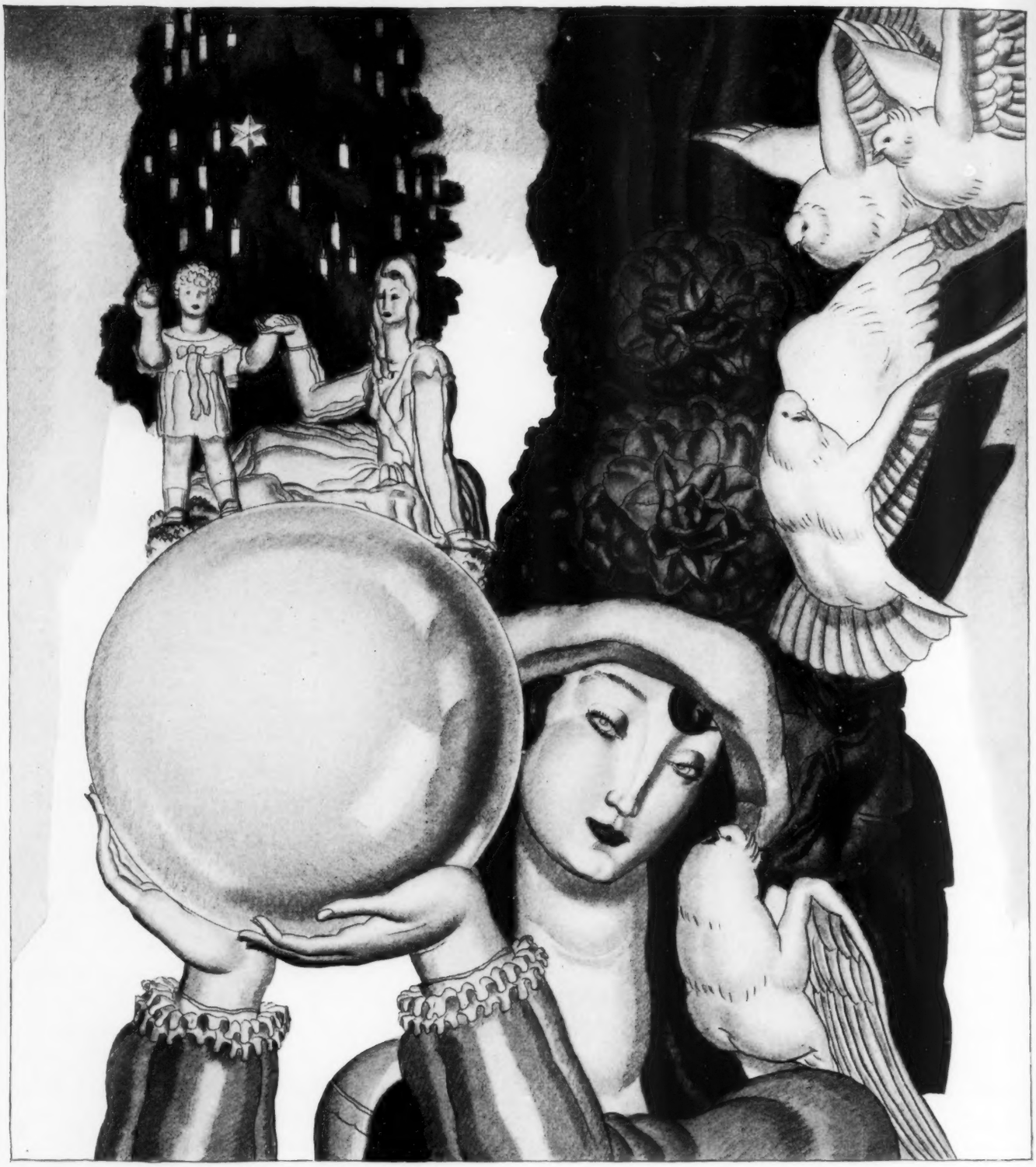


GIFTS . . .

Superb gifts, gracious gifts, exquisite trifles, gathered from the distant corners of the Old World, are here at *Saks-Fifth Avenue* for your fastidious choosing.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CHICAGO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DECKENGER AND PAUL GENAUX

Cape coat from O'Rossen

Costume from Suzanne Talbot

Ensembles from
Paquin and Drecoll-Beer

Mme. Martinez de Hoz

Baronne Edouard de Rothschild

WHAT ABOUT YOUR COAT?

BUYING just the right winter coat has been rather a problem for women this season. Lengths, styles, even or uneven hemlines, these are the debated questions. A partial solution is to divide the daytime coat into two categories—for morning and for afternoon. The snapshots show you both these types. For morning—simple, black, tailored, though sometimes richly fur-trimmed coats win first place because of their practical character. Under them may be worn any gown in your wardrobe. For afternoon—velvet is supreme, black and lavishly supplemented with heavy, rolling fur lines. This coat may indulge more safely in the swagger flares, the uneven points and dips, than may the heavier cloth garment.

It is a very simple matter, though a vital one, to corset your figure correctly this season. A longer girdle must be bought, longer both up and down. The few bones that may be added are in no wise uncomfortable but merely add to the firmness of the figure. Then a brassière with a band which overlaps the top of the corset should be added, and buttoned to the girdle with loops of elastic which are sewed in pairs, back and front, to the brassière. If you are slim, the corselette type of undergarment will suffice to give you the new silhouette.

Paris cables anent shoes and other accessories: "Noticeable substitution of satin evening slippers for crêpe, usually matching gowns. Don't see evening gloves generally worn. Many off forehead hats, long at sides, invariably with diamond pins. Rage for daytime is black, equalling six years ago. Many combinations of black and white. At Ciro's dinner, Mrs. Reginald Fellowes wore sapphire blue velvet three-quarters coat, dress with train. Necklace many strands of blue beads, like cut sapphires. Bracelet floral garland of emeralds, rubies, and lapis."

Will you be dignified but informal within the intimate formality of your own home setting? Then wear a hostess gown when you would have worn a pyjama last winter. Pyjamas have their place in and under the sun, beach life is impossible without them, but the new hostess gown, really a 1930 edition of the English tea-gown of before-the-war, gives the woman who loves to entertain at home an opportunity to trail diaphanous dignity or velvet luxury with her over her soft carpets. Trousers may be part of their design, but they are subtly veiled and suggested more than stressed.

At the Villa d'Este beads were triumphant. They were not the "junk" affairs of recent seasons, but were the sort of thing bought at antique dealers: old Chinese necklaces, amber, crystal, tourmalines, amethysts, turquoise, and so forth. One New York jeweller has sensed this desire some women feel for individual jewellery and has adapted oriental jewels to modern demands. They blend beautifully with the luxurious note of this season's mode.

Judging by the opening night of the Opera and other smart functions, white is the first choice of the New York woman for evening, so far. Red in a coral sealing-wax shade was largely represented; there was some green and much pink. A deep rose-pink in panne velvet, simple in cut, elegant and slinky, was much remarked. There was also much lamé, both for coats and gowns. For the rest, ermine and velvet trimmed with white fox were noticeable for evening wraps. Gloves were much worn, glacé predominating; rather neglecting the more flattering suède in egg-shell tints.

An interesting note was the return to the wielding of the ostrich feather fan. Ostrich fronds, long and graceful, go well with the swirl of long, soft skirts, though they were almost unthinkable with the short ones of last season.

KATHLEEN HOWARD.

Whitman's

highest quality-greatest assortment-most desired

for your Christmas list

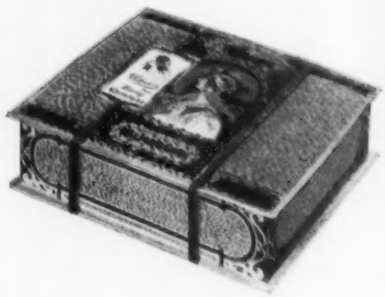
America's favorite in a new, gay, festive wrapper that carries your "Merry Christmas" in a delightful way—sure of appreciative reception.

The SAMPLER

This loved package needs no introduction. It is most American—most charming in design. Each piece in the Sampler is the favorite of tens of thousands of people—chosen by them for its place of honor in the Sampler. Send a Sampler—and win a smile.

In one, two, three and five pounds.

$1.50 the pound



The SALMAGUNDI

"A medley of good things" in chocolates packed in a charming metal box. This assortment has become the first choice of many. And the box finds so many feminine uses after the chocolates become a memory.

In one and two pounds.

$1.50 the pound

The PRESTIGE

The ultimate in candy gifts! Distinctive in design—useful in box—delicious to the eye and taste in contents. Each piece especially designed for the Prestige—daintier in size with infinite hand work and luscious costly centers. The Prestige presents the highest art in candy. Each piece is a creation—a hand-made gem.

In one, two and three pounds.

$2 the pound

The FLORENTINE

A delightful gift. And useful, too. This art metal box, beautiful in coloring and design with the famous Santa Maria in full sail, is sought after for constant use.

And the assortment (a special selection of favorites) has gained popular favor quickly.

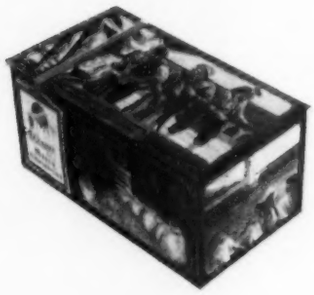
$4 the box

The PLEASURE ISLAND

Chocolate treasure in a romantic package picturing Ben Gunn and other famous characters from the companion isle—Treasure Island. Here is plunder of the most luscious fruits and nuts and varied centers from all over the world enclosed in Whitman's famous chocolates.

In one and two pounds.

$1.50 the pound



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Gifts . . .

JUST before Christmas, the Young-Old Philosopher came in to see me. We got to talking about the spirit that is in the air at this season of the year.

"Yes," he said, "even if one can't give much, one can always send a card; and have you noticed the increase in taste in those that come to us nowadays? Some are astonishingly beautiful; and they seem to be losing that rubber-stamp quality which made them rather a joke not so long since. I have even had my name filled in with ink, so subtly that the closest scrutiny failed to reveal how the trick was done. It's the thought behind the card that counts; and even when it is simple, it breathes the warmth of the season, and gives one a little thrill at the remembrance conveyed. I'm just old-fashioned enough to like any kind of present. What I particularly like about Christmas is the element of surprise I experience each year. I hadn't expected Marie to think of me; yet here she is, with a message. And Annette, too. And maybe that man down-town whom I had always thought of as hard-boiled, if not crabbed, with not a grain of sentiment in his make-up. To think that about in September he began to work on his Christmas cards, make out his list, and include me in it! The sad part of it was that I hadn't thought of him—until I heard from him in this way. But next year I will; and so the chain of friendship lengthens, until there are even greater little burdens for the poor postman's back. Yet no letter-carrier I have ever questioned has ever complained of his added duties. Something gets into the air.

"And how the shops shine, and the whole city takes on a new magnificence. I like it. And I think if one loses that gift for sentimentality, one loses far more than one can ever measure.

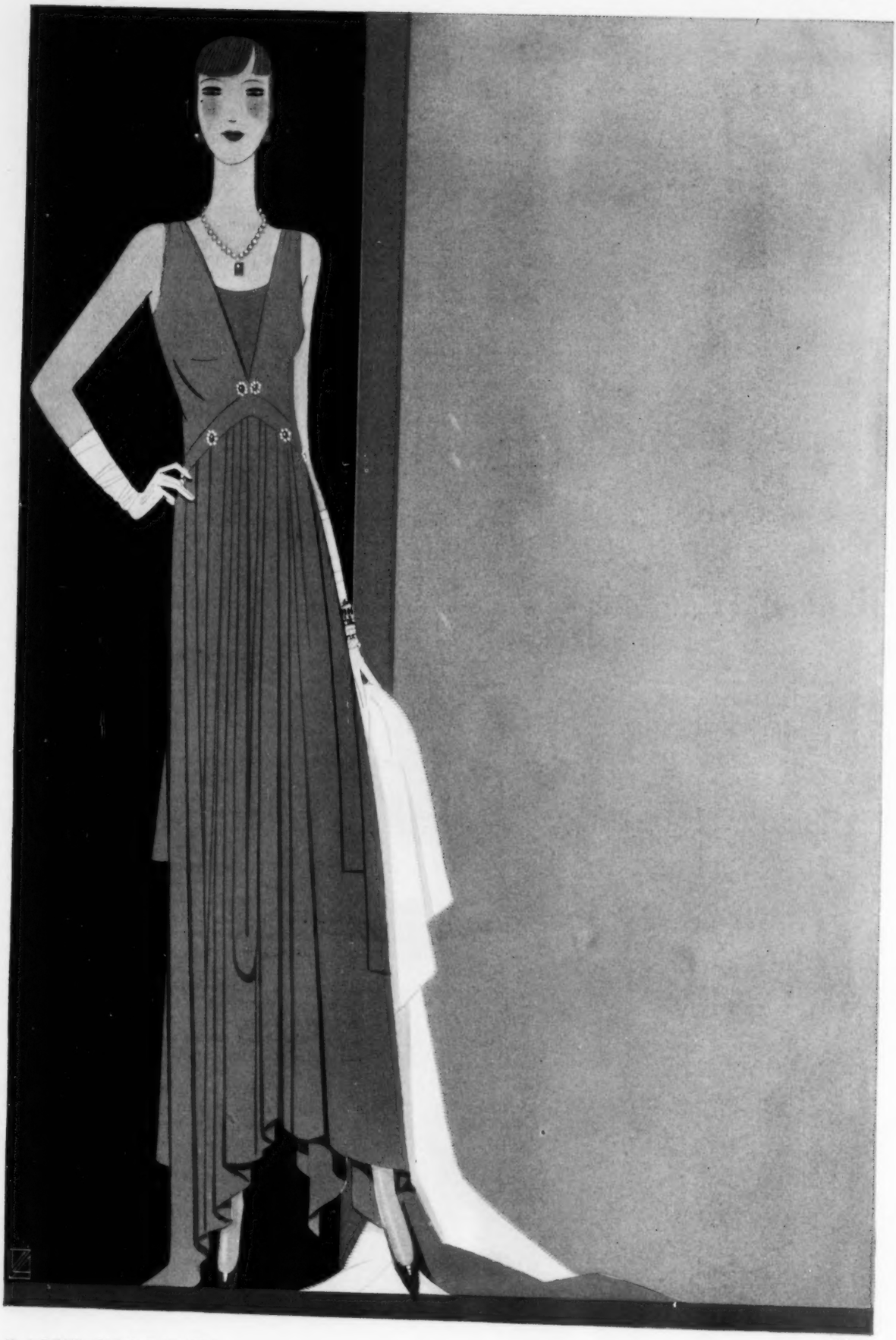
"But there's another kind of giving that people seldom mention. I mean the unconscious bestowal of something on others, through the whole year; the giving without knowing that one is giving at all. The rich do this all the time, and get little credit for it. Last August . . ." He paused, and seemed to be in deep thought. I wondered what August could have to do with Christmas; yet I was soon to find out.

"Last August I chanced to be at the home of some wealthy friends, who own a great house overlooking the Hudson. Just before dinner, in that interval when others are dressing, I happened to walk in the garden, and unexpectedly there came from over the hill behind me the first lines of the pearl-white crescent of the young moon. I turned and saw it in all its silver glory, and could not but gasp with astonishment—that old astonishment which is forever new, no matter how often we experience it. And before me was that thin streak of river, with the lights of a little village beginning to twinkle far away on the other side. Here was I, in an unbelievably lovely garden, surrounded by beauty, alone with nature in all her still perfection. Shelley, and Keats, and Shakespeare all came to me—the lines they had written of the sky and the moon and evening surging within my poor tired brain. They, too, had seen this same matchless moon, and this same first evening star hanging there, as I now saw them. On some vanished August night, in England, they had known, and been able to interpret a loveliness such as I now was knowing! But were they any richer than I on this still evening?

"I might have seen this wonder from the cavern of some dusty street in town; but I doubt it. Here, in the proper setting, it was mine as it never could have been but for the gift of this visit; the priceless boon of this passionate hour; the graceful handing out of this unpremeditated quiet and calm. I was more than grateful. My friends up there in the great house had made this moment possible. They had given me something which I could not have bought; a gift, too, which no one could take away from me. Seeing, from this garden, what I saw, was a privilege; and the best of it was that I could tell my friends so, and they would understand.

"They had built just here because on another perfect evening they too had realized, I later learned, what a procession of moonrises would be theirs if they came here. And they had the vision to see also that friends like myself would gather here and share it all with them. What gifts they had to bestow, through April, August, Autumn and Winter! A pageant forever at their door! A perpetual train of beauty always waiting for them and for those to whom they were so generous!" THE EDITOR

Drawing by Vernon Dodge

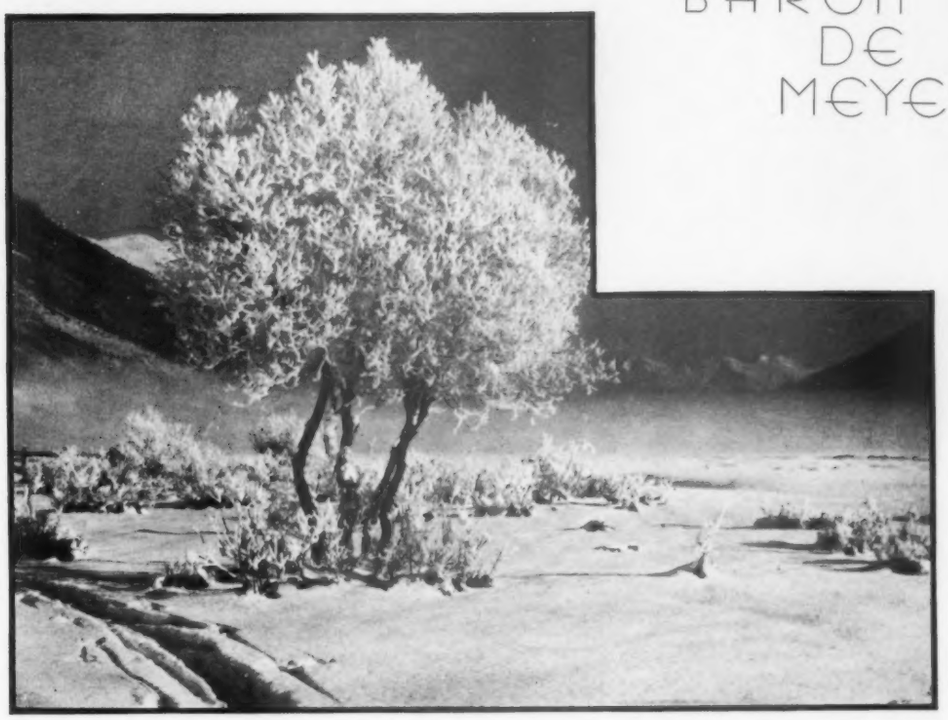


A SATIN GOWN WITH
EMERALD AND DIAMOND PINS
AT THE HIGH WAISTLINE

WORTH

Drawn in colour by Reynaldo Luza

BY
BARON
DE
MEYER



DEMEYER

THE WINTER SCENE IN FASHION

18 rue Vaneau, Paris.

THESE notes deal with a young woman who has lived most of her life in the tropics and, though possessed of a fair amount of good looks, has no clothes experience at all. Her taste in dress might be called African, considering her home is Dombola and she is called Magnolia.

I was presented to her late one afternoon at a "hot punch affair," out on the slopes of Mont Blanc, close to a nearby winter resort.

Hearing my name, Magnolia exclaimed, "How familiar it sounds! Could I have seen it in Harpers Bazaar?"

"Most likely," I replied. Upon which we soon were great friends.

She told me of her being barely nineteen; of her coming to Europe to see snow and ice, to learn what is meant by winter sports, and to get a glimpse of Paris.

"In Dombola," she added "people refer to Paris as to a big bazaar, displaying 'outfits for women.'"

Paris, however, had been a disappointment. Much too strenuous for Magnolia. She mentioned fourteen dressmaking establishments she had visited (called them bazaars!). She said that though skiing costumes were all she had asked for, each dressmaker in turn had insisted on showing her a whole collection of clothes.

She had sat through such collections for several hours each day. Every designer had praised his own interpretation of a skiing suit.

"Having never seen one before I came to Paris," she said, "I did not know which to decide on. I merely hoped for the best, and trusted to chance. However, since arriving up here, I've looked in vain for some of the many pretty suits which I was shown in Paris. I haven't met many so far."

My reply: All beginners in mountain resorts, nervously starting out on what they believe to be adventurous expeditions, feel more at ease in a businesslike, unpretentious kind of outfit (they have generally bought at the local store), more so than in their new Paris costume (invariably correct and perfect in every detail) in which they might feel dressed up and slightly self-conscious.

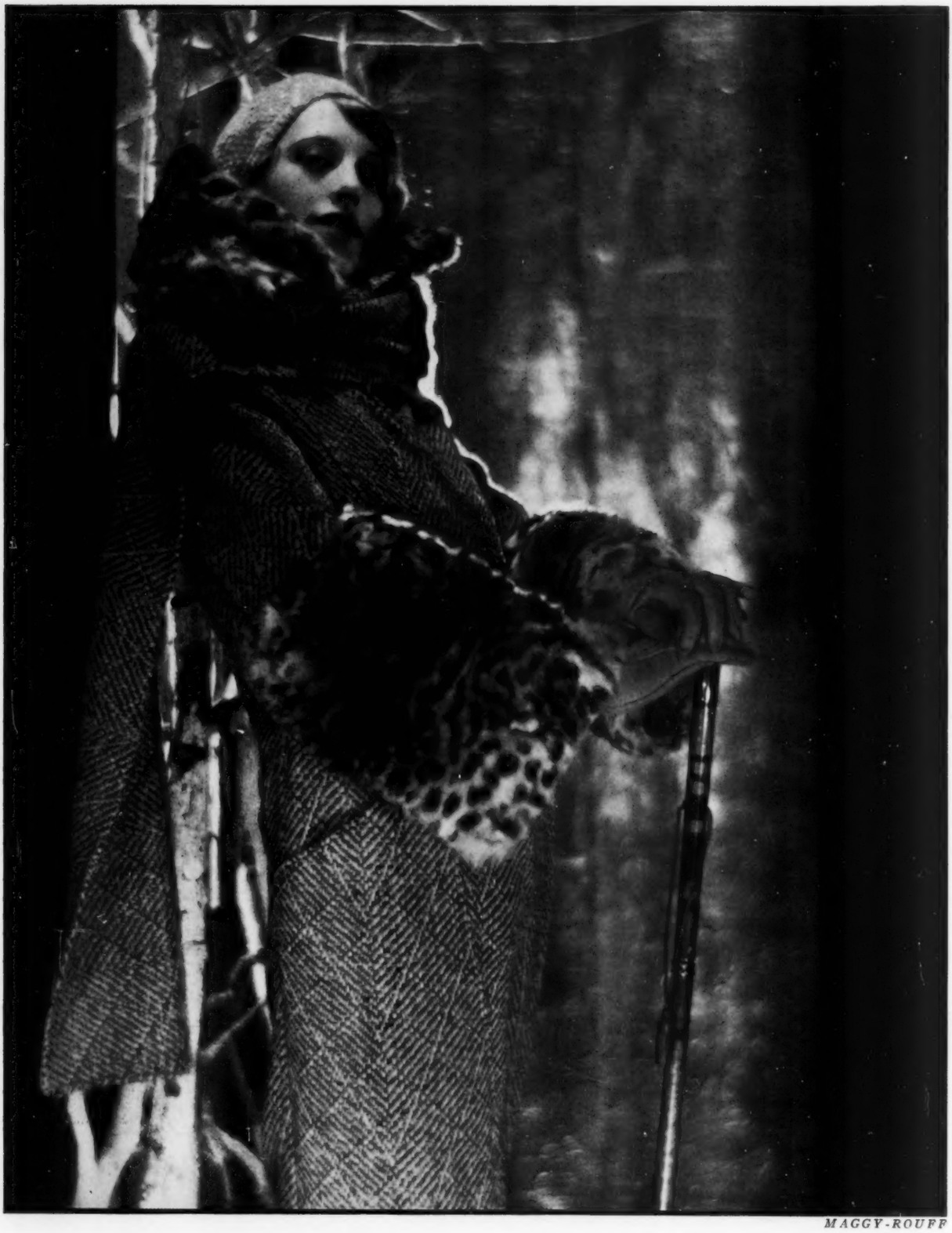
Remember that any woman wearing a skiing suit wishes to be taken for a serious skier. The mere thought that because of too pretty a suit she might *not* be taken seriously becomes unbearable up in the mountains. As a matter of fact, I have always noticed that the more expert a skier (either male or female) the more he is likely to wear clothes resembling those worn by Swiss or Norwegian guides.

A scarf not matching a sock, or gloves being different in colour from the sweater worn beneath the short coat, mean nothing at all to this class of skier. Nothing, compared to the thought, "Will my clothes be sufficiently warm, should the wind rise and I be caught in a snowstorm?"

My advice to newcomers, therefore, is: Be provided with a sensible, workmanlike outfit, besides the smart skiing suit most women, planning a trip to the mountains, are sure to have acquired in Paris.

This suit, the scarves, the gloves and the caps, as well as the many "so forths and so ons" brought from Paris, will be found most useful for parading in the hall or the bar of one's hotel, as well as for occasional mild glides on one of the nearby slopes.

Select from among the two or three styles of short coats the one best suited to your build, be it single-breasted, double-breasted or a jumperlike slip-over-the-head kind of jacket. Personally, I never consider a double-breasted skiing coat as becoming to the figure as the single-breasted one. It seems to me cumbersome; the single-breasted jacket, with or without a (*Continued on page 56*)



MAGGY-ROUFF

TWEED COSTUME IN HEAVY BEIGE AND BROWN LINE CHECK, TRIMMED WITH LEOPARD CAT. THE SCARF IS CUT WITH THE COAT.

DEMEGER

CHAMPCOMMUNAL

DE MEYER

SPORT SUIT OF HEAVY NAVY DIAGONAL WOOLEN BRIGHT RED JACKET OF SAME MATERIAL. SILVER GREY SURAH SILK TIE

CHANEL

DEMEYER

A BLACK EVENING GOWN OF TULLE WITH BLACK SPANGLES. POSED BY MADAME PAUL DUBONNET

CHANTAL

DEMEYER

GOLD AND WHITE GAUZE LAMÉ GOWN. BOLERO AND FRILLED SKIRT. POSED BY PRINCESS BELOSELSKY

JANE REGNY

DEMEYER

WARM GLOVES, FOR SPORTS WEAR, IN DRESSED LEATHER WITH FURRED GAUNTLETS

belt, being always more slimming. Jackets designed on jumper lines, belted, of course, have to be pulled on and off over the head.

Advice to Magnolia (by request):

Suitable looking with all skiing suits are men's white shirts, soft turn-down collars, and sailor's-knot ties. Smart women seem to favour heavy crêpe de Chine for such shirts, rather than the much warmer white cashmere.

Over the shirt, but beneath the short jacket, a soft cardigan is much in favour, being considered more convenient than the pull-over and more easily removed. The cardigan, the tie and the knitted socks should match in tone.

Some women indulge in colour harmonies, always a hazardous experiment.

A new note in chic: A black crêpe de Chine shirt with black collar. (Italian Fascisti in style.)

Black shirts are worn with an all-black suit.

I've seen a pale blue cardigan, a pale blue tie and the same colour socks look excessively smart with the black. Equally effective might be yellow. Bright red and emerald green, however, look distinctly vulgar.

Magnolia's chaperon, a lady far from slender (the Governor of Dombola's cousin), had so far been silent. With evidently herself in mind, she now asked for my opinion on how the normal waistline affects women of her build.

My reply: Though this season's styles are undoubtedly based on the moulded figure, there is no reason whatever for it to accentuate any heavily built woman's size. As a matter of fact, intelligently handled the new mode tends to elongate even a very stout woman. It gives her height.

Whatever she does, no heavily built woman should adopt the attitude of being unnecessarily resigned to being not as slender as she once was. To be resigned, remember, is nothing but lack of imagination. Being *à la mode* is nowadays easily achieved without any need of emphasizing unbecoming demarcations. Only, it should be borne in mind that every new line needs careful study. Be warned, therefore, against too hastily adopting new styles, especially the ones designers so far have not had time to adapt to your build.

Variations on the belt theme:

Do not let the thought, "my 'tummy' worn either above or below the belt remains the same objectionable 'tummy,'" make you indifferent to where you place your belt. If it in any way accentuates "form," it should not be worn at all. Though a few designers seem to insist on belts on all models, they are, as a matter of fact, unnecessary additions by no means meant to gather in superfluous material. On this season's bodices, fitted close to the figure, belts are merely the means of indicating the new line, of emphasizing it.

Belts, by the way, are only smart if becoming. Quite unsmart if placed either too low or too high, especially on figures built the wrong way.

No, Madame, the waistline is not likely to be lowered for many a day to come. On the contrary, it is sure to rise considerably higher in front, though possibly with a pronounced droop in the back.

For evening wear the short skirt is dead. For all occasions, in fact, save for sport and street clothes. The really smart women of today make a special point of wearing very long skirts. The more even-lengthed, the more elegant they are.

Long skirts make a big appeal to the youngest generation. Pre-war lengths, to them being unknown, they find real novelty in fashion's latest departure.

Long evening skirts and trailing draperies are, of course, nothing but a revival, to many women merely the readopting of something almost forgotten but favourably received because of the contrast to recent abbreviations. (*Concluded on page 146*)

SCHIAPARELLI

DEMEGER

NAVY BLUE WHIP-CORD SKI SUIT WITH NAVY AND YELLOW SWEATER

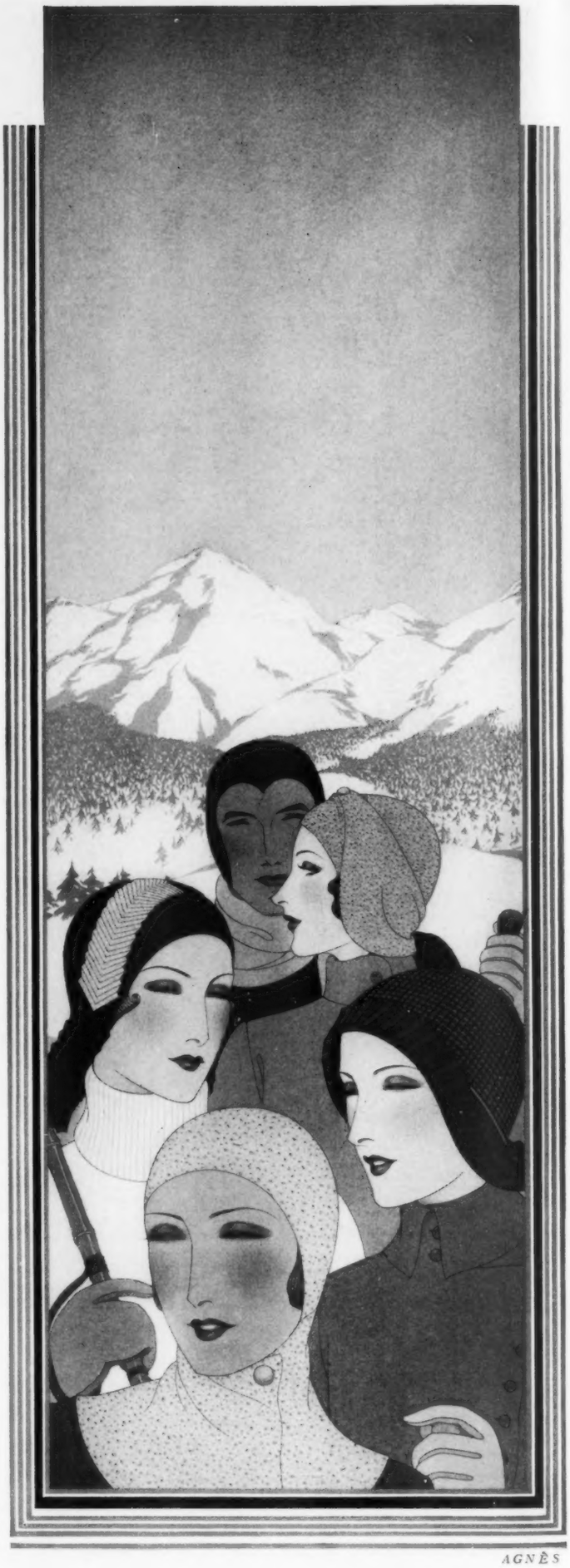
A PATCHWORK FROM PARIS

BY MARJORIE HOWARD

NEWEST IDEAS OF WINTER SPORTS

THE VILLA D'ESTE SEASON

ADVANCE MIDSEASON INFORMATION



AGNÈS

Top right, hat in chiné wool with capelet bound round the head, buttoned with a leather button. Lower centre, second version, with capelet buttoned round the throat. Above left, black and white knitted silk twist with a white patch at each side of the face. Lower right, hat in beige and brown knitted wool; feather-stitch brim and the top part matching a little check.

15 rue de la Paix, Paris.

I HAVE called this article a patchwork, because it is made up of all sorts of scraps and tags of information, from such widely separated geographical points as St. Moritz, the Villa d'Este on Lake Como, and the salons of the Paris couturiers.

The illustrations begin with winter sports, two of Patou's best and most practical models being drawn on the opposite page by Dynevor Rhys. These will be worn at St. Moritz, and at other Swiss and French resorts, and you see how classically correct they are. The Christmas holidays will see a great exodus to these mountains if the weather man endows them with sufficient snow; and the season will continue through January and most of February, for the skiing enthusiasts will prolong it as late as possible. The brown suit from Patou is a good model for the serious skier, made of waterproof whip-cord, and cut on lines that give a maximum of comfort. The sweater under the coat is an absolutely simple one of hard twisted beige wool, with a turtle-neck for warmth, for the tendency among real sportswomen is away from eccentricity, futuristic zigzags and splashes of colour, towards neat workmanlike clothes. The other costume shows Patou's new idea for cutting a sweater, with a belted waist, and a smoothly fitting section round the hips, without unnecessary bulk. It is in yellow, always one of the best of the bright colours against the snow, and the trousers are in that sombre blue, which, with black, looks best with coloured accessories. You can easily find tricky suits if you want them, but you will not give that impression of being ready for all emergencies which is the ideal in a costume of this kind. Baron de Meyer has more

Drawn in colour by Dynevor Rhys

This Patou costume has dark blue whip-cord trousers and a turtle-neck sweater which recalls a fencing vest. It is cut in two parts, and a dark blue belt worn at the natural waistline hides the join. The top part buttons across the chest and the hip section is smooth fitting. A black caracul cap adds a smart accent.

At right is Patou's waterproof ski costume in brown whip-cord. The jacket buttons across the chest and it is belted at the natural waistline. The collar leaves room for the turtle-neck of the beige sweater worn under it. Beige gloves and socks, and a stitched hat of the whip-cord complete the costume.

VIONNET

The skins of this deep beige summer ermine are put together in oblong mosaic pattern, worked in a spiral movement which gives an uneven hemline. The scarf collar, an interesting feature of the coat, may be worn hanging in front or thrown around the neck.

fully explained the point of view of the smart woman at winter resorts in his section.

On page 58 are some of Agnès' latest ideas in headgear, both for actual skiing, and for the spectators, like myself, who love to climb to the top of a dazzling mountain, and watch the human swallows skimming down. Agnès is experimenting with all kinds of knitting and crochet for winter hats. She even makes town models in these materials, for she thinks that they are much smarter than felts. The delightful one with the capelet is in a worsted, speckled in two colours, firm but soft to the touch, and it may be worn in a number of ways, as the drawing shows. She uses bands of ostrich cloth, in softly blended tones of grey or beige or brown, and in off-whites. Another hat, for town wear, is made of black and white knitted silk twist, the sort of thing that tailors use for sewing on buttons, the brim turned back off the face, long at the sides and back, with the white patches set, one to the side-front, and the other low on the opposite side. Still another knitted stitch is like a corduroy in soft velvety ribs. When she does use felt, she does odd things to it, such as cutting the crown into little sharp points, that remind one of a chestnut burr. She is making afternoon hats in satin, velvet, and fine furs, like breitschwantz.

While on the subject of hats, I must mention some of Reboux's successes, two of which are illustrated by Luza on pages 62 and 63. One of these is a fancy felt, of which there are a great many, with a *taupé* or fluffy surface, pressed into a design like feathers. This is cut out round the face into irregular points, and slit in places to show a lining of bright green satin. It is called "The emerald spot." The other hat, which is being ordered by many of the smartest clients, recalls the hit of two years ago called "Gigolo." It is shown in the drawing in dark green felt, pressed into squares, with a fold on the top, run through with an ornament of imitation jade. They do this in black with a white ornament, to complete a black and white costume, than which nothing is smarter at the moment. This one is named "Jean Pierre," and I have seen it in black, brown, dark green, and beige.

There are many double hats, at Reboux's, the

under one close fitting, and the over one of draped velvet or felt. Sometimes the close under-cap is cut into odd shapes on the forehead. Coral velvet and black felt make some of these combinations. An interesting model is shown in periwinkle blue and dark brown. The blue velvet is used in a band across the forehead, with a little veil of tulle across the eyes, and the back part is of dark brown felt, cut away at the sides, but turned under to present a thick double edge of the felt. This is called "Œil blue," or "Blue eye."

There are a great many sets of hat, bag and scarf. One of the best is in a heavy corduroy velvet in two tones; brown and beige, or black and white. Madame Martinez de Hoz wears it in the latter combination. A turban and short scarf, with pointed ends, boldly striped in black and white, complete her costume of black high-belted Vionnet coat, worn with white gloves. Another set has a béret of warm brown, for bérets have by no means left the mode, worn with a scarf of kasha, in triangles of the same brown, rust, and very deep seal, the bag being in the two browns, made of kasha stiffened to hold its shape. Another is in strips of felt, brown, beige, and cream, braided together like kindergarten weaving, with a gingerbread-brown felt hat, trimmed with a band of the braided strips. Still another is in deep brown corduroy and red crêpe. There are many combinations of brown and red in the new millinery. Reboux is also showing new bead necklaces, in odd combinations of stones and colours. I have a great deal to say about the craze for beads which is really one of the significant points in general fashions of the moment. It began at the Lido, this summer, and reached its climax at the Villa d'Este, where the late fall season was so brilliant that I am devoting a lot of space to it. This is the best fashion information that I can give you for the coming Palm Beach and American winter resort season.

The Villa d'Este was certainly the smartest place in Europe this fall. I remember it, before the war, as a charming hotel, still keeping its character of private villa, on the shores of Lake Como, in the centre of what is surely some of the loveliest scenery in the world. Set in a

MAX-LEROY

Breitschwantz coat, fitted to the figure, with dipping godets in back, full at the hem and running up to sharp points at the natural waistline. The sleeve is interestingly cut in a spiral of the fur wound around the arm. The large crush collar is of breitschwantz. Max-Leroy.

LENIEF, S. A.

REBOUX

This black crêpe de Chine afternoon gown has a bodice closely fitted by ingenious cutting and diagonal lines. The long, full skirt is attached to the bodice in an uneven but becoming line.

Above is "Une tache d'émeraude," a black taupé felt pressed into an imitation of leaves. It is slit here and there to show emerald satin, and cut on the edges; with it is worn a curved pin of jade.

stately garden, its air of former grandeur, long departed, had something almost melancholy about it. But Madame Dombré has changed all that. The whole place, this autumn, was flooded with life and colour and teeming with a cosmopolitan society: Italians, Spanish, French, Americans, royalties, foreign generals, ambassadors, and celebrities from the aristocracies of birth, money, and brains.

There is a beach, of course, with facilities for sun and lake bathing, but there is none of that wandering about all day in beach clothes, pyjamas and bathing-suits, that characterizes the Lido or Cap d'Antibes. Women are dressed with care and attention to detail, even in the daytime, and the terrace at luncheon takes on the appearance of the Ritz garden on a sunny June day, instead of that imitation of the Garden of Eden before the fall that one sees at Cap d'Antibes. Over all is a feeling of *camaraderie* like that of a successful house-party, everyone knowing everyone else, meeting and separating a dozen times a day; coming down about noon, the women charmingly dressed in the sort of clothes that are illustrated on the Last-Minute pages, wearing hats, scarfs, beads, and even stockings, carrying bags and big chiffon handkerchiefs, and leading wire-haired terriers as carefully turned out as their mistresses.

They lunch on the terrace overlooking the lake, where the lights change enchantingly all day long, and afterwards disappear in groups for golf, tennis, motoring, or boating, the speed boat being extremely popular. The country club at Montorfano belongs to the hotel, and is about twenty minutes distant in a car, where its eighteen-hole golf-course is under the direction of M. Popoff, the secretary and a general favourite. Sports, however, are incidental, at the Villa d'Este, rather than the sum and aim of

Left. This 1930 crêpe de Chine gown is shaped with pin-tucks running close together on the shoulders and spreading in the flared skirts. Matching georgette borders the hem, and a knotted tie hangs in front.

Supple black caracul with a black fox collar makes this suit. The bloused jacket has a tight hip band with a side buckle of jade. The skirt is pointed in the back. Black satin blouse, embroidered.

REBOUX

This small-brimmed hat is called "Jean Pierre." It is dark green felt pressed into squares. At the top of the crown a deep fold is held by a thick jade pin.

CALLOT

existence as they are at other places. About five o'clock the terrace is again turned into a living flower garden for tea, and after tea bridge fills the hours until it is time to dress for dinner, which is at about ten—Spanish hours. Those who wish, dance in the bar after tea, and there is always dancing in the ballroom, after dinner, and later in the bar, for many guests wait to see the dawn come up like thunder. They all seem to take part willingly in the events arranged for their amusement, gymkhanas or galas, as they would at a private house. The whole atmosphere is one of youth, gaiety, and joy in living.

As to clothes, daytime things were simple, and had that comfortable look of having been worn before—fresh, charming, but not just out of the tissue-paper. There were many frocks of the one-piece sleeveless type, and white was a leading favourite, often with a smart touch of brown, sometimes with a splash of navy and red. Pale shades came next, rosy beige, peach, some pale blue, some yellow. In spite of the general lengthening of skirts in the evening, and for formal afternoon wear, these frocks remained short, two or three inches below the knee, and they were often partly plaited. Many people are of the opinion that there will be no lengthening of skirts of this type among really smart people, and after the Villa d'Este I think they are probably right. Many scarfs were worn,

The natural waist of this heavy black satin is indicated by slight gathers at the sides and by the mounting line of the skirt, ending in an encrusted bow. The skirt hugs the figure to the knees, where it flares. An inset godet hangs in front.

DŒUILLET-DOUCET

sometimes matching, sometimes adding a dash of colour to a pale or white costume. Large chiffon handkerchiefs were seen both in the daytime and in the evening. Bags were carried, mostly of envelope shape and usually in novelty fabrics, worsted, cotton, or straw; never either silk or leather. Stockings matched the skin, and shoes were extremely plain, no type exceeding the pump in popularity, especially in lizard and frequently matching the costume, if it were in a reasonable shoe colour. They might be of the popular brown and white combination, and often were, but usually in pump shape, or they might be made of kid in shades of beige or brown. On the beach itself, an amusing combination of mule and oxford was worn, which is illustrated on the Last-Minute pages. This was also seen at the Lido this summer.

As to the hats, without which the women were seldom seen, they also were simple, either in the modified cloche shape which we have had for so long, or brimless caps of various materials. Bérets were also worn, sometimes of pieced together velvet, as Madame de Munoz wears them. An occasional yachting cap was seen, especially favoured by those who loved the speed boats. Scarfs were important, matching the frock or adding a note of bright colour, sometimes in combinations of two or three shades.

But the brightest colour note of all was given by the beads, for which there was a veritable furore. South Sea Islanders never wore anything more barbaric than these multicoloured, oddly shaped beads, of semi-precious stones and frank impossibilities, of amber, tortoiseshell, or flashing crystal, rose pink, cherry red, emerald green, or several colours used together, such as turquoise, emerald, and reddish-brown. They were worn interchangeably both with daytime and evening dress. Some of the strings were composed of several different cuttings, round, tubular, or disc-like, strung higgledy-piggledy, and twisted three or four times carelessly round the neck with daytime frocks, or dropping down the back of the deep décolletés in the evening. Often with evening dress, they were worn in the new fashion, lying out on the neck, away from the throat, sometimes looped across one shoulder or the top of the arm. Or they might be wound five or six times round one arm, or even encircling the waist. In colours, bright blues, reds, and emerald greens were favourites. You could always tell real Chinese crystal from glass by the way in which it flashed in the light. This fantastic jewellery

CHERUIT

The evening wrap at left is dead-leaf moire shot with gold. It is cut in spiral lines, these marked by cordings of the material. Snugly fitted body, deep gauntlet cuffs of the moire, and large mink collar.

This circular cape with set-on circular flare is burnt orange velvet and has for its lining a separate gold cloth cape, attached only at the neck. Worn over a flounced taffeta gown, long and uneven.

quite replaced the real. Madame Simon Rolo had a collection in real amber, in emerald, and in crystal, and for the evening, in a combination of crystal, rhinestones and large plum coloured balls, matching her Patou dahlia gown. Red crystals like cherries were worn with red chiffon; with a black satin gown from Patou, holly-red beads combined with onyx were made into necklaces and bracelets. Signorina Arrivebene, who is called the most beautiful girl in Italy, wore a necklace of white crystal like bunches of currants, and large hoop earrings, as shown on the Last-Minute pages. She also wore a set in red carved coral. Madame de Munoz had many necklaces, one of reddish-brown "bullets" of old Chinese amber on a red string, another of several sizes and cuttings of turquoise and reddish-brown stones mixed. In the evening, however, she often appeared without any jewellery except a pair of long diamond earrings. A remarkable string worn by the Comtesse Zichy of Budapest is shown in the sketch of her. Dark tortoise-shell beads, while less striking, looked extremely well with white,

LOUISEBOULANGER

or with rosy beige in the daytime. Comtesse André de Robilant wore, with a white chiffon evening frock, and a three-cornered scarf of shades of blue, a necklace of turquoise beads in two strings with large pendant earrings to match. Princess Cito de Bettito wore strings and strings and strings of gleaming amber with her brown jersey frock and cardigan, and a pale yellow georgette scarf printed in red-brown designs. Comtesse Zoppolo, with a frock of rose-beige crêpe and a wine-red scarf, wore half a dozen strings of pinkish and amethyst crystals. Comtesse Xenia Zichy had an unusual necklace of different cuttings and sizes in green, red, blue, and amber. Comtesse Durini wore, with a pale yellow frock and navy cardigan and béret, a long string of graduated tortoise-shell beads with an emerald green tassel at the end, and a bright green chiffon handkerchief. On one finger, she wore a wide, plain green ring, probably of jade. Chokers and single short strings were not seen at all.

In the evening, many of the new gowns were worn, nearly all of them very long, for the long, full but limp skirt has been adopted with enthusiasm by the smartest women. There might be shortness somewhere, when you studied the cutting of the skirt, but the general impression was length all the way round, sometimes ex-

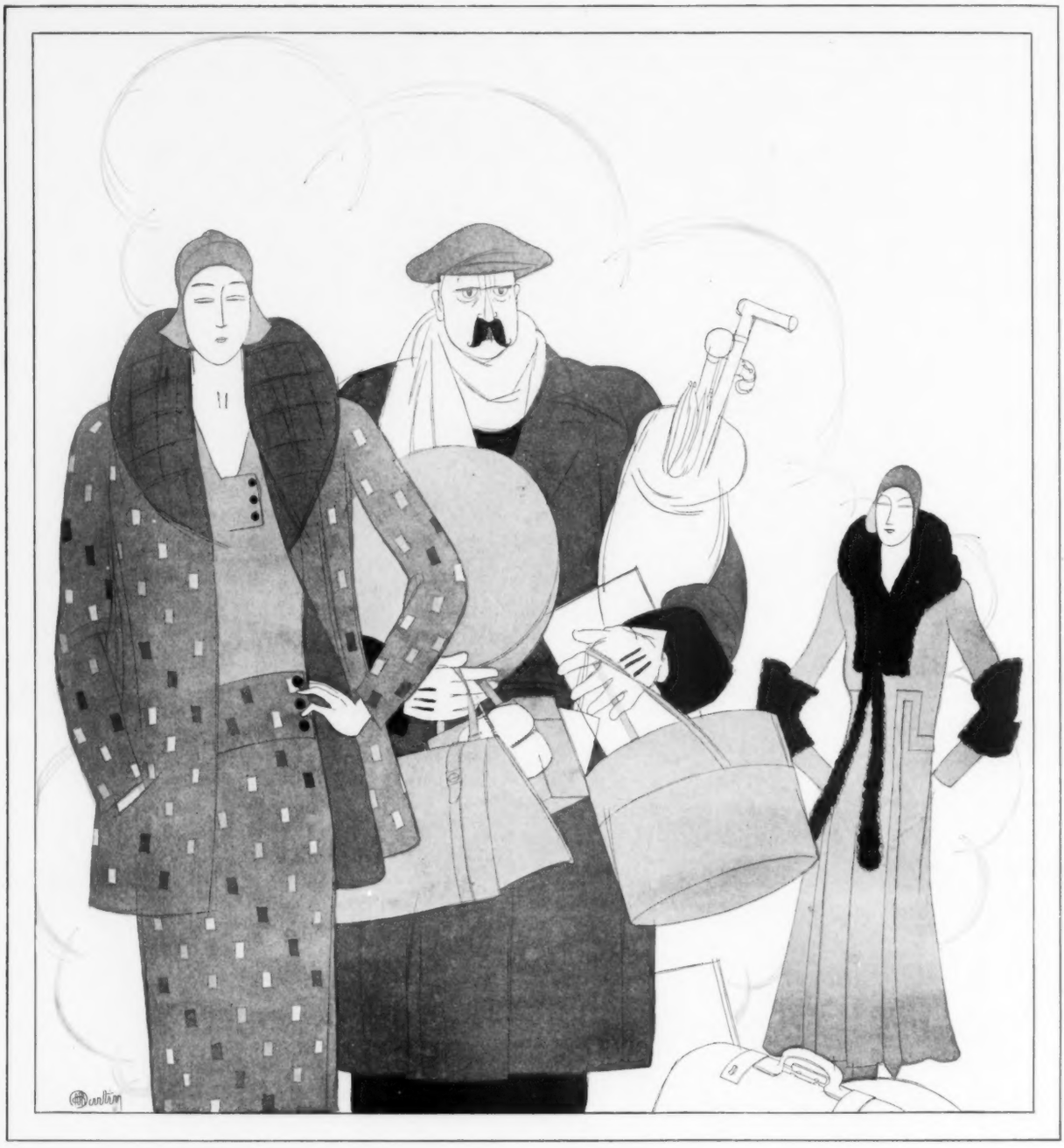
Louiseboulanger's 1930 pouf gowns are reduced to a mere rudimentary pannier, set low across the back in deep folds. This one is in her favourite printed taffeta with an added rose in silver broché. The tones of the taffeta roses are reds, pinks, and greys. A red and pink velvet rose holds the folds at one side.

REDFERN

A gown of great dignity in heavy black velvet with a tracery of brilliants on the skirt. A few folds drawn tight at one side accentuate the natural waist of the bodice. Set low, ample trailing skirts run up in front to show the edge of the sheath gown, banded with lace. Green and black orchids on the shoulder straps.

tended into a real train, carried, while dancing, in different ways. Madame Rolo carried hers low on one side, with her arm hanging straight down. Madame de Munoz, on the contrary, attached the end of hers to one finger in a wisp, and held her arm out and up so that the train made a deep curve from the floor to her hand. One of her trained gowns was extremely interesting. It was in grey-white chiffon, from Augustabernard, with a full irregular hem. Its interest lay in the scarf, in three colours: flesh, pale blue-green, and purple. This was held on one shoulder by a jewelled pin, dropped across the low décolleté in the back, was stitched down to below the hip at one side, and finished here in a floating arrangement of the three colours, extended into a long train, the end of which was fastened to one finger, so that, when she danced, the three colours floated like little flags attached to a curved line. Her slippers were grey-white satin pumps, and she carried a large flat purse with a chiffon handkerchief repeating the three colours.

Two types of evening gown predominated, one the princess line, smooth almost to the knee, the natural waistline indicated by fitting with fullness below, often in deep points, the tips touching the ground; or the frankly short-



GOUPY JENNY

Two tweed travel costumes. Goupy's is grey-beige scattered with brown, white, and hazel-brown blocks. The hip-length jacket is fur-lined, and the blouse is grey-beige woollen lace. Jenny's is brown and yellow woven in a small check. There are brown Persian lamb elbow cuffs, and a collar which ties in two long ends. The simple frock of tweed is belted high.

waisted, high-belted model. The natural waistline, however, was more generally suggested by cutting than marked by a hard line.

As to colours, black led, with white or tones of white a close second, and green in pale shades, third. There was a good deal of the new dahlia shade, especially in Patou's interpretation of it, some pale pink, and some red. At the dinner given in honour of the Crown Prince of Italy, in the large dining-room, however, there were no black dresses, and four-fifths of the gowns were white. Two gowns of the Patou dahlia shade were seen at the Crown Prince's table, worn by the Comtesse Moretti and Comtesse Durini. Here, in Paris, I should rate the dahlia tones and pale blues among the leaders, with black, perhaps, still holding first place. The leading evening materials at the Villa d'Este were plain chiffon, with some printed chiffon; tulle was very good, also lace, especially in black, while, among the newest gowns, ivory white panne was noticeable. Satin gowns were also seen. Satin, at the moment, is much favoured here in Paris.

Evening shoes were quiet and subdued. The plain slipper shape was the smartest, without buckles or ornaments, though a few important women wore large diamond buckles. Satin came back with a rush, putting crêpe de Chine out of the running entirely; it usually matched the gown, though sometimes the jewels or accessories. Many black satin slippers were worn with black gowns. Women who love to dance wore satin sandals. Princess Ruspoli's special ones are sketched with her black Patou gown.

LANVIN

The first of these sports ensembles is natural coloured angora jersey: jacket and top of the skirt shirred. The tuck-in sweater blouse has white, brown, and green stripes. With it, a coat of dressed leather with brown astrakhan. The other has a princess coat, heavy dark green diagonal cheviot with brown astrakhan. The frock is cravat silk, green with grey dots.

Signorina Arrivebene wore green kid sandals with two cross-pieces like a clog, but this was a personal eccentricity, not a fashion. All this is as true in Paris at the present moment as it was at the Villa d'Este in the late fall season.

I must say a word about the new décolletés. The very long skirt calls for a deep décolleté in the back, to give balance to the figure. The neckline is usually wider in the back than last season, with the shoulder-straps set farther apart. At Chanel's they are very narrow, and set right out where the arm joins the shoulder. The new fitted bodice seems to require a shoulder piece cut in one with the bodice in many cases. At the Villa d'Este there were only one or two straight across the top with attached straps. Very frequently, the line of the deep décolleté is softened by a capelet back, or a frill attached to its edge, or hanging pieces set behind the shoulders.

As to hair, a good many Italian women are letting their hair grow. It is worn either in a small chignon, as the Princess Ruspoli wears it, or curled up all round. Here in Paris, there is a growing vogue for curled hair, either in the back only or all round the head, set low. Lady Abdy is wearing her ash-blonde tresses in a mass of big soft curls round her head, and brushed right back from the forehead. Comtesse de Munoz wears her startlingly black hair curled up in a roll all round, and straight on the cheeks at the sides.

The ensemble idea applied to evening dress is so much the rage, that (*Continued on page 154*)

By Isa Glenn:

THE PENTHOUSE

Christmas is Just the Time to Read this Hair-raising Ghost Story

"IT'S always somebody else. Nobody I know has ever seen a ghost," Mr. Dent stated with legal decision. He looked round the circle of his house guests, and congratulated himself that these New York people were as far removed from spiritualistic nonsense as himself.

"This is a bad night," he added. "Listen to that wind!"

The wind was doing its best; it was howling with fury. But it brought on its breath the smell of the pines in the surrounding woodlands and of the fragrant yellow jasmin now being shattered by the merciless gale.

"I feel those dark, funereal trees are too close to us, tonight," remarked the woman who was most in demand for house-parties.

As Louise Ellerton was the most beautifully calm, the most obviously poised, of the party, they asked with interest, "What on earth has got into you?"

"The pines are too close to us," she said again; "yet they are not in the least intimate with us. I think they whisper pityingly about us—up there in their remote tops."

The woman with the most beautiful ankles in New York stopped playing solitaire long enough to shudder with pleasure. "My soul! What an idea!" She returned to her selfish game, brooded over the cards, cheated, and again abandoned them for words. "I like to hear the flap of the cards," she apologized to the suggestion she had caught in Louise Ellerton's words. "Sounds commonplace. It's reassuring to be commonplace, in woods like these. I'm not crazy over Aiken, which is a compliment to you, Suzette, even if it doesn't sound like it. I mean, I wouldn't stay in a house in a wood, and in this weather, for anybody in the world besides you and Sammy."

They sat and stared into the fire. Nobody seemed to have anything to say. Mr. Dent thought the house-party was a frost; he thought the old house that Suzette had refused to have wired for electricity looked depressing. Suzette's candles did their best, but the ancient windows permitted the wind to creep sobbingly into the rooms, and the tiny pointed flames were agitated and threw shadows out of all proportion to their importance.

The shadows of the six people gathered round the fireplace patterned the waxed floor, strange arabesques of persons who were themselves not strange. These ambiguous designs wavered, expanded as the logs smouldered, shrank when the fire blazed up, joined the shadows massed in distant corners, and vanished through doors to merge with the dark that was the rest of the house.

In a house not lit by one of the latest of man's invention, Mr. Dent reflected, missing the comfortable illumination of electric light attachments, talk inevitably turns to the supernatural. Men are afraid of the dark because in the darkness they cannot see what their brains have accomplished.

But Amy, who played solitaire so persistently, complained aloud. "Nearly everything in nature is horrible. I don't enjoy being close to nature at night and when the wind is moaning and groaning like that." She held up her hand as if to conduct the orchestra outside, and they heard the wind, as she said, booming and sighing and wailing round and round the

Drawings by Peter Arno

"What sort of evil life he led up there nobody knew; but there was a girl who often called on him—alone—and finally she disappeared. He had disliked a lot of things she did, he said. The woman had got on his nerves."

house. "To tell you the truth, it's spooky tonight."

"Girl, you're going to spoil my house-party," Mr. Dent lamented. "I'll have the woods cut down tomorrow, if you'll be good. Louise, what do you say? You're not psychic, thank heaven. You're so well-balanced—" for Mrs. Ellerton was that, too, to the degree of perfection—"that you can lay ghosts if anybody can. Do reassure Amy."

To everyone's surprise, Louise Ellerton said, "It isn't necessary, of course, to be in the pine woods to 'see things.' There you're right, Sammy."

Amy made an impatient noise with her tongue. "I'll call your bluff, Louise. Tell us about it!"

"What makes you think I have anything to tell?" enquired Mrs. Ellerton.

Mr. Dent said contentedly: "Of course you have, and of course you're dying to tell it!"

Mrs. Ellerton had a delicate, rather monotonous voice, and as she spoke she had turned a little pale as if at recollection. Her words had been pale, as though drained of the blood that might have kept them alive.

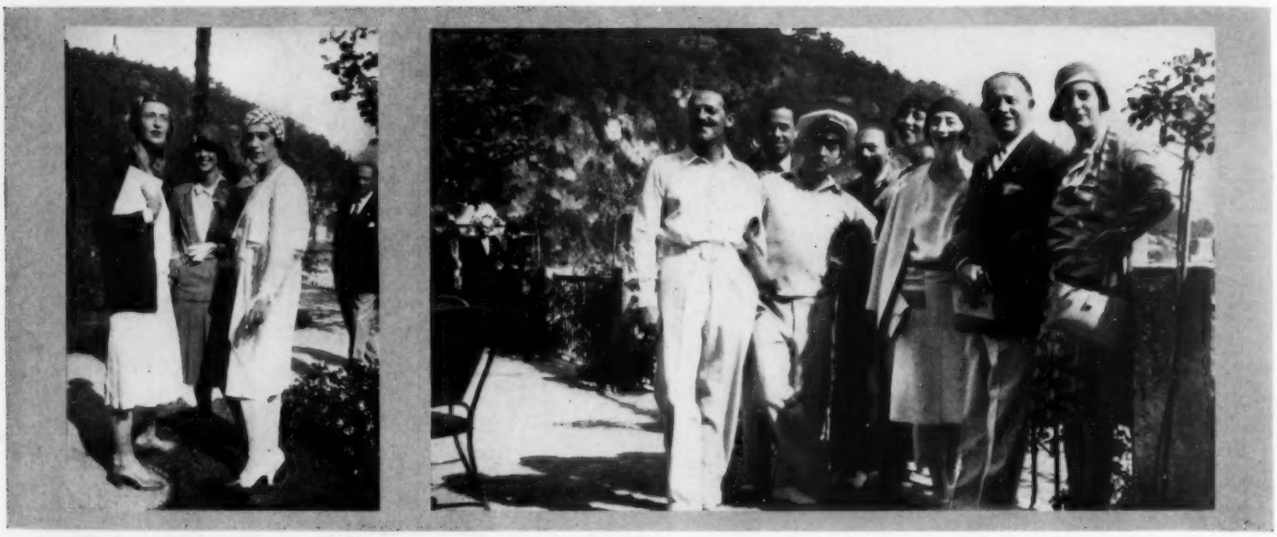
She spoke suddenly, as if she had reluctantly made up her mind to risk repeating an unpleasant experience. "You say you never knew anyone who had seen a ghost. I did see a ghost, once, in the daylight, in the summer-time, in New York City, and the wind wasn't howling. Now, laugh! But I give you my word that I saw it."

Mr. Dent smiled his satisfaction. "Tell us," he said.

And this was the story, exactly as Louise Ellerton told it that night:

I HAD waited for the penthouse for two years. It was not occupied, but was under lease. I had never actually seen the little bower of greenery which hung above the street, crouching behind a colonnade, but the floor plan had told me that it had two bedrooms in (*Continued on page 110*)

"I saw a man standing in front of the goldfish tank looking at me out of the corner of his eye. Suddenly I realized that I was seeing the goldfish in the tank through his dark garments."



Left to right are Mrs. Simon Rolo, Mrs. E. Valentine Macy, jr., and Donna Bianca Varvaro.

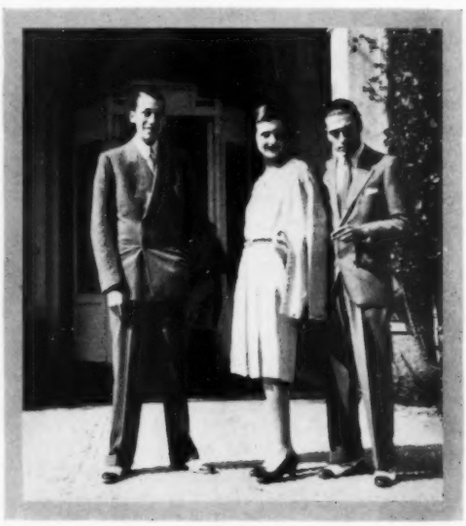
Left to right above, Col. Bradley, Baron St. Just, Duke Carraciola-Laurino, Mr. H. Toncker, Miss Gwen Kingham, Mme. Munoz, General Bodrero and Countess Yebes. The photograph below is of the Countess Arrivebene with Count Georgio Ottone on the left and Count Paul Gaetani, right.

VILLA D'ESTE

AN OLD-WORLD GARDEN RINGS WITH OLD-WORLD NAMES

In the photograph below are Marquis Viraza, Countess Mal, Madame Munoz, Crown Prince Umberto, Princess Romanoff and Marchesa Godio.

The snapshot in the lower left corner of the page shows Lady Abdy and Mrs. Hortense Pierce, née Countess Mignano.



Mme. Munoz of Paris with Signor Varvaro on the terrace at the Villa d'Este.

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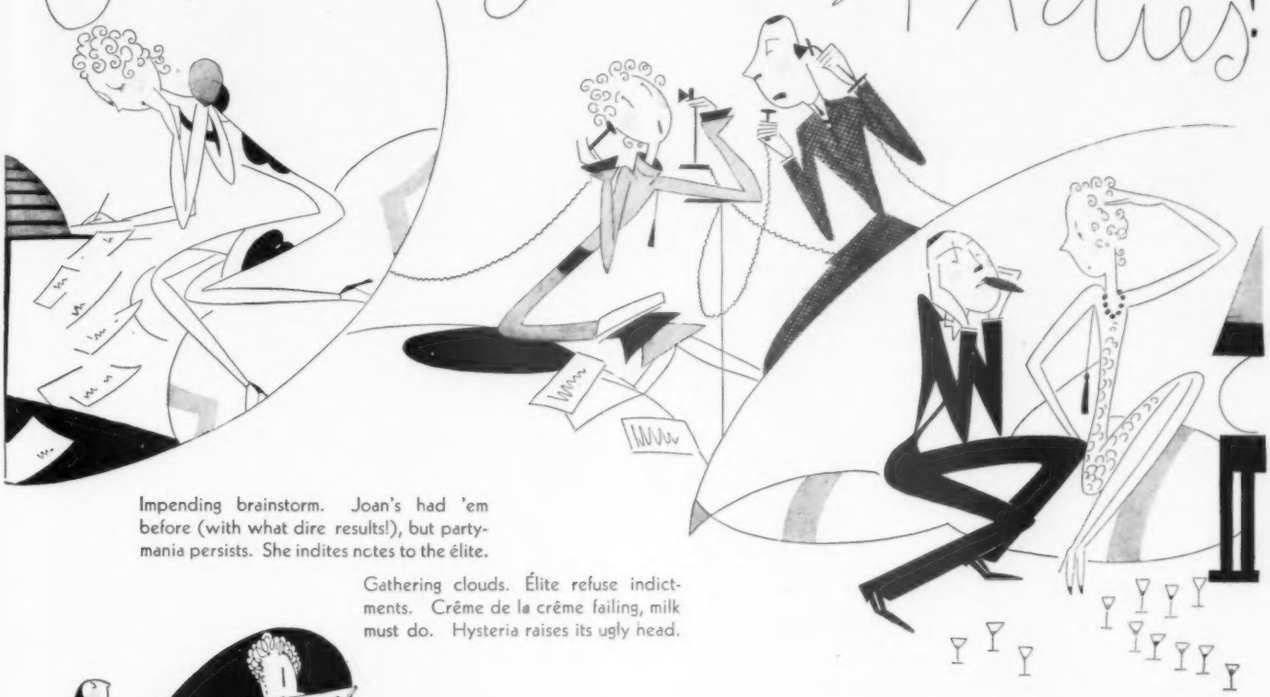
Oh Why Do We Give Parties!



Impending brainstorm. Joan's had 'em before (with what dire results!), but party-mania persists. She indites nctes to the élite.

Gathering clouds. Élite refuse indict-ments. Crême de la crême failing, milk must do. Hysteria raises its ugly head.

Drawings by
FISH

The lull before the storm. The unhappy pair take courage, cocktailing their brains to remember who (if any) have accepted.

The storm breaks. The soprano Joan engaged is on her feet but off the key. Extensive, expensive and frankly hoarse.

Heigh-ho! The gay social whirl that Joan and Peter unloosed. These culprits are hid-ing in a corner cheered by many Martinis.

Final fade-out, entitled, "Came the Dawn," or "Oh, Why Do We—?"

By Amory Hare:

A FACE AT THE DOOR

A Christmas Story as Lovely as the Far Chime of Bells

Illustrations by H. M. Bonnell

"Horrid! He had fallen asleep like a wine-befuddled sot. It was growing dark. Fortunately no one had seen him. He despised men who napped in clubs during the day."

"COFFEE is excellent, I think, this morning," Mrs. Bixby remarked timidly.

Bixby smiled. It was an enigmatical, sphynx-like smile, such as one usually expects to find upon the visage of one who possesses knowledge both secret and profound.

"The coffee is not bad this morning, but the eggs—" He managed to curl a rather long nose almost upward, which gave his face for the moment a touch of poignant cynicism.

Mrs. Bixby sighed.

It was her husband's most unattractive expression. It became him less than any of his other mannerisms. Not that he was given to mannerisms. Not that he was given to mannerisms at all, for mannerisms imply variety. The real difficulty was the utter lack of variety in him, the dead level of existence as they now lived it, because it was apparently what Mr. Bixby desired. Mr. Bixby had, alas, slipped into a rut; and, far from attempting to nose his way out of it, had belligerently announced that he preferred it.

It had come upon him by degrees soon after the children had settled down to matrimony in diverse parts of the world. "One son in Australia, one in San Francisco, and a daughter on the Riviera with an aversion to the difficulties and trials which are that woman's portion who is so foolish as to invest in children." This entire phrase, beginning with the son in Australia and ending with the matter of offspring, had become a sort of sour slogan on the part of Mr. Bixby, so often repeated that his wife began to dread it as if she herself were in some way responsible for the geographical location of her family.

As she watched Mr. Bixby now, she did hope he would not mention the thing. It was growing to be rather the hammer on the thumb. She thought, perhaps, she would go away for a little visit, but nothing seemed to appeal to her fancy—besides, tomorrow was Christmas Day. However much one dreaded it one always stayed at home to meet it.

Looking into Mr. Bixby's face she tried to see him with the eyes of her youth. It had always been an attractive face to her; the eyes, now growing hollow above the lids, were still distinctly brown and kindly; the lips were firm, too firm these days, but his rare smiles always gave her a pleasurable surprise. The chin was broad and generous. Why, then, this habit of mind which had become so uncommunicative and austere that it was gradually killing the warmth and bloom which is all that lifts human association above the status of the animals? Without this warmth, humour and imagination perish and life becomes savagery or vegetation. Mr. Bixby could not hope to be the former; he was too essentially civilized and dependent upon good coffee and fresh eggs. What she dreaded was that she herself was beginning to feel like a cabbage.

Her mind reverted to other Christmas Eves when he had been the moving spirit of the occasion; arms had clung to his limbs, legs had wrapped themselves about his waist, bodies had wriggled to his shoulders. The old pictures trembled before her inner eye. Dear John! What a father! Could it be true that there are men whose métier is paternity, just as women are supposed to be primarily mothers? Could the explanation of his withdrawal into himself be due to the loneliness which had crept upon him since the children had gone? Did he, too, imagine that he heard the prattle on the stairs and the laughter in the hall, only to remember that these things go, never to return?

"John," said Mrs. Bixby gently, "shall we try to make a Christmas of it this year? Have some little celebration, we two—just this once—?"

He got up hastily and walked towards the door mumbling, "Rot, without young people. What would you suggest? Getting a tree and asking the Burnhams and the fat woman with the elephantine twins? Or sally forth into the streets to do the benevolent gentleman act to the first ten newsboys we meet?"

"I simply thought that perhaps you and I might celebrate it for each other—"

"Ridiculous! Mind, I hope you have not got

"Fumbling with the key, he placed it in the lock and said to the keyhole, 'Minna, do you suppose that there are men so fortunate that they do not know how fortunate they are?'"

me some gift, but have respected my suggestion in the matter."

Mrs. Bixby rose and went to the window.

"I have respected your suggestion absolutely, as I respect all your decisions," she said, "I have bought you nothing and I expect nothing from you. That is what you wish, I believe."

Bixby stood regarding her a moment without replying. Then he said, "Thanks," and in a moment she heard the front door shutting ponderously.

There could be no better way, perhaps, to express the Bixbys' financial status than to say that they were of that class of persons whose front doors shut ponderously. The door, to complete the picture, was of glass with a beautifully wrought iron grill to protect it from the crudities of the outer world. The vestibule floor was of black and white tile and the steps of white marble. When Mr. Bixby passed over this dividing line between the world without and the world within, Mrs. Bixby was left in a great number of beautiful rooms in which she heard the rumble of the marts of trade from afar, and she was at liberty, at perfect liberty, to do whatever she pleased for the rest of the day. What more could any woman ask?

She could buy new *objets d'art* for her collections of carved ivories, and old Staffordshire and examples of early American iron. She could order a Persian rug twenty by forty-two, or a porcelain of the Ming dynasty, or an Italian brocade which had hung on the walls of a palace; but the key to the whole affair lay in the fact that none of these things awakened the least enthusiasm in her inner consciousness. And yet she was not hard to awaken or to reach. She remembered the genial glow which had filled her being when she had bought a chair at auction years ago, a stiff little chair with a rush seat. But it had been just the thing for the hall in the house which she and John had occupied then.

There had been much to share in those days. More than vicissitudes and fears, which is all that the writers of sentimental fiction record. Small things, and fun, and triumphs too trivial to be remembered. But the whole, like the infinitesimal rays in a sunny atmosphere, had constituted the light and air which gave her growth and happiness. What had she now, compared to it? Nothing, nothing. The freedom of a full purse, the days affording contact with subservient salesmen, toadying tradespeople; a house growing more and more the perfect example of this and that period of the decorator's art. But of mutual experience, of genuine and spontaneous interest in each other's activities—nothing. And less than nothing. A dumb and formless dread of the hours when they would be alone together—alone and lonely.

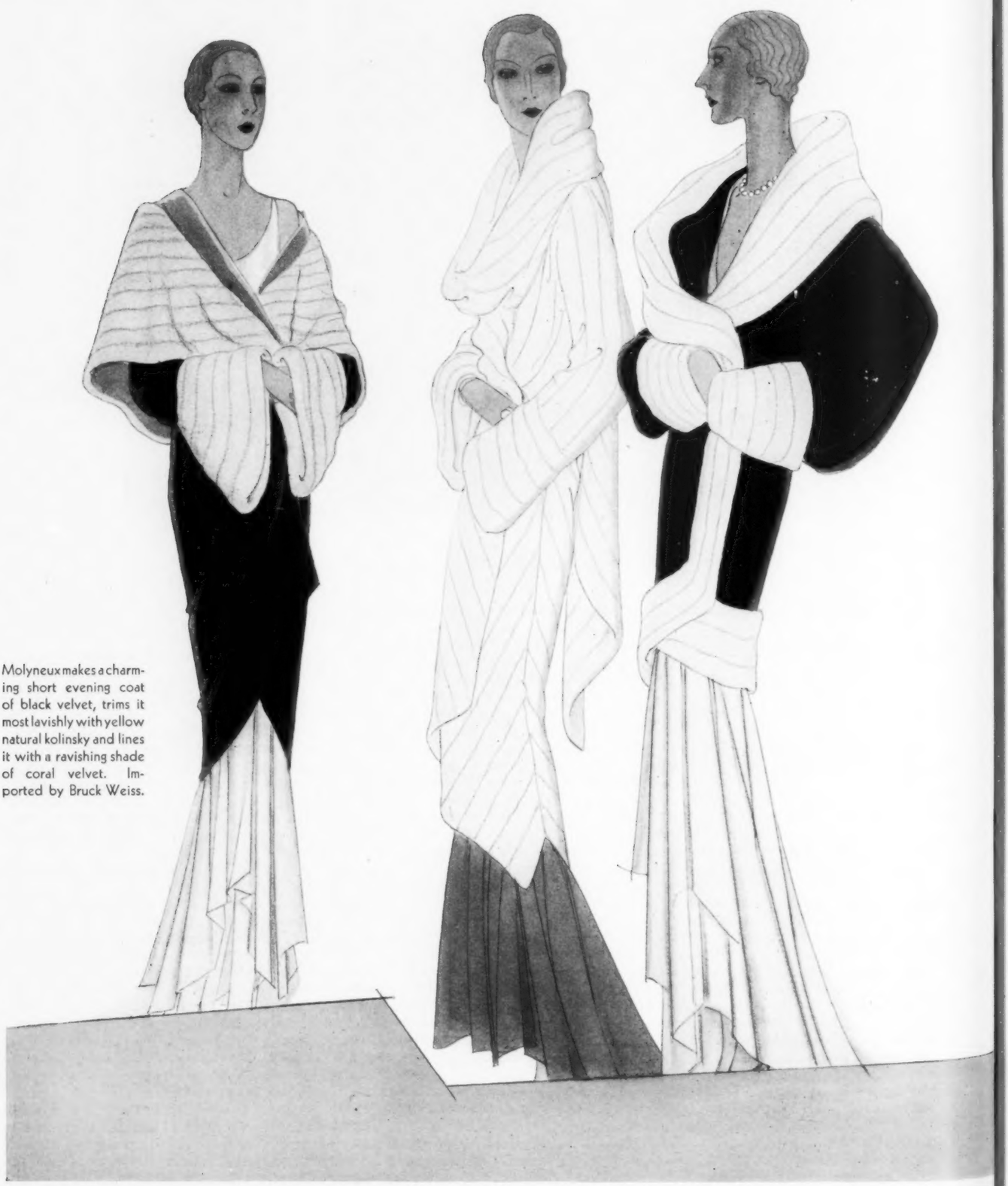
Taking the subway to his office, Mr. Bixby shouldered his way to a seat and retired behind his paper. He had been reading desultorily for about five minutes while being hurled through space, when he felt rather than heard the woman next to him sobbing. At first he paid no attention, for he remembered that it was Christmas, and the hussy might be trying to pick his pocket by distracting his attention with her crocodile tears. Taking a fugitive glance at her behind his paper, he saw that she was not young. The face had once been pretty; and a second glance placed her as one of those beings too spent with the strife of wresting a mere existence from the world to resort to any chicanery to better themselves.

This was the face of one of those women who have simply been going on and on exactly where they started from; and who, when age creeps upon them, find themselves without anything between them and beggary. Over her head she wore a shawl. It was an enigma to Mr. Bixby why a pair of sad eyes looking out from under the folds of a shawl so poignantly suggested female poverty. No woman would wear a shawl thus if she could beg, borrow, or steal something else. If he did not think it would encourage pauperism as a profession he would open his wallet. But in the subway—ridiculous! Never heard of anyone's doing such a thing. She continued to sob quietly the entire time he remained in the car, a passionless weeping such as is heard (*Continued on page 137*)

HERE ARE THREE DISTINCT TYPES OF EVENING WRAPS

An exquisite ermine evening coat from Vionnet, cut with uneven pointed hemline, and a huge scarf, which may be worn in a number of ways. Imported by the Salon de la Couture. Altman.

Lanvin creates a delightful short black velvet evening coat in the length which is so important this year. The ermine collar, cuffs, and banding lend a feeling of richness. Bonwit Teller.



Molyneux makes a charming short evening coat of black velvet, trims it most lavishly with yellow natural kolinsky and lines it with a ravishing shade of coral velvet. Imported by Bruck Weiss.

This black velvet Vionnet wrap, with its deep pointed hemline, gives the effect of being both short and long. It has a white satin lining and ermine collar. Salon Moderne. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

A very rich mink coat from Kurzman, dark and choice in quality. This fur is extremely smart for the short evening coat. The beauty of the pelts, the cut, and workmanship give it distinction.

Jaeckel shows the last of three types of evening wrap—a long cape, fitted about the elbows to give ample room for the arms. It is done in a marvellous shade of red velvet with sable collar.

Drawings by M. Fromenti

"Brocatelle," from Patou, is of white satin and shows the clever cowl effect in the back. Imported by Joseph.

Marcel Rochas employs white satin for this distinguished gown, with its long front point. Franklin Simon.

Crisply youthful is Chanel's white net gown from Best. It may be had in any colour, but is adorable in white.

Drawn in colour by Malaga Grenet

Chiffon with a velvet overlay is new and important. This Worth gown from Bendel is beaded at the top.

Bergdorf Goodman makes a frock of white marquisette, with which is worn a short velvet coat, fox trimmed.

White velvet shirred adroitly makes Paquin's coat. It is lavishly trimmed in ermine. Salon de la Couture, Altman.

HOSTESS GOWNS

An enchanting colour scheme is achieved in this pyjama ensemble from Dobbs. The straight trousers and sleeveless jumper are of transparent velvet in deep coral, topped by a coat of turquoise blue lamé.

Maize transparent velvet is used for a hostess gown from McCreery's. The neck is outlined at the front with a band of beaver which continues down the back edging an overdress of gold-embroidered net.

Mary Nowitzky's pyjama ensemble "Sunny Days" is made of narrow bands of green, turquoise, red, and brown crêpe de Chine, widening at the bottom so that coat, sleeves, and trousers flare in ripples. Stewart.

AND PYJAMAS COMPETE FOR HOUSE WEAR

Brocaded taffeta in green and ashes of roses makes a hostess gown which Hawes Harden names "Enchanted April." It is Louis Quatorze in feeling, with its tight sleeves, fitted lines and under-dress of lace and chiffon.

In line and cut this pyjama ensemble is typical of Mary Nowitzky, its maker. The sleeveless jumper and flaring coat are of fuchsia satin. The girdle blends into the tones of flesh satin trousers. Bergdorf Goodman.

Graceful sweeping lines characterize this negligée from Lord and Taylor, a Louiseboulanger origination. The long trailing coat of white georgette is embroidered in sprays of silver wheat. Maize georgette, gold embroidered, makes the trousers, cuffs, and scarf collar.

Dark blue trousers combine with a chartreuse sweater in a skiing suit from Altman. A second sweater beneath and the accessories are checked in squares of henna and blue.

Black cotton gabardine makes a skiing suit from Best, which is warmly lined with angora felt. With it is worn a cashmere sweater and a striped scarf and béret from Chanel.

THE

Franklin Simon imports a zipper skiing suit of tan covert cloth. The four-piece knitted set has a beige background, with polka-dots and stripes of brown and orange.

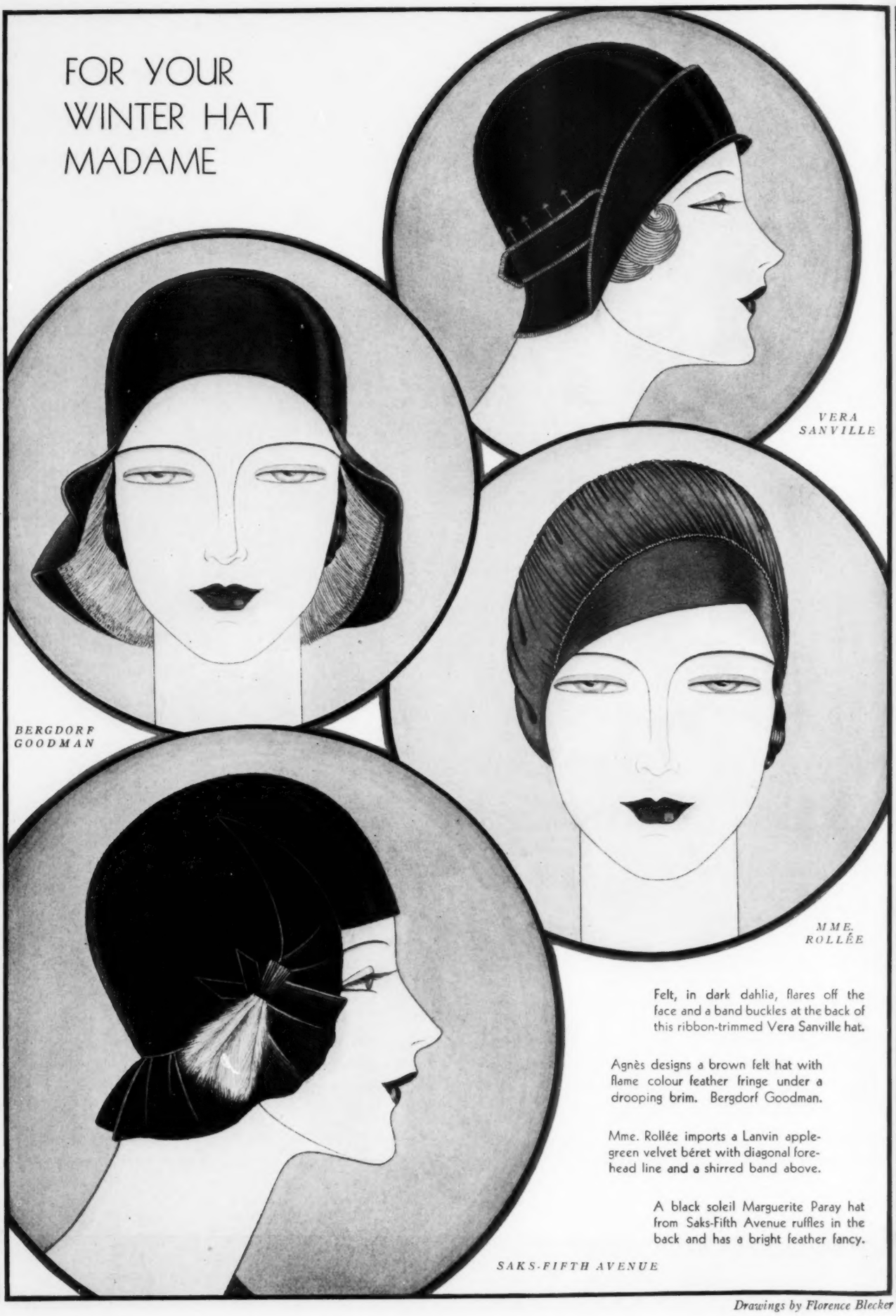
Black wool gabardine is used for a skiing suit from Saks-Fifth Avenue. The double-breasted coat flares about the hips. The accessories are in red, black and white.

Suzanne Talbot makes this sports ensemble in black and white tweed jersey with black skirt nubbed in white. The tight culottes match the jumper. From Bonwit Teller.

Mixed tweed in brown, yellow and capucine shades makes the skirt and chamois-lined coat of this skating suit from Mrs. Franklin. A chamois jumper is worn beneath the zipper coat.

WINTER SPORTSWOMAN

FOR YOUR WINTER HAT MADAME



VERA SANVILLE

BERGDORF GOODMAN

MME. ROLLÉE

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

Felt, in dark dahlia, flares off the face and a band buckles at the back of this ribbon-trimmed Vera Sanville hat.

Agnès designs a brown felt hat with flame colour feather fringe under a drooping brim. Bergdorf Goodman.

Mme. Rollée imports a Lanvin apple-green velvet béret with diagonal forehead line and a shirred band above.

A black soleil Marguerite Paray hat from Saks-Fifth Avenue ruffles in the back and has a bright feather fancy.

Drawings by Florence Blecker

VEIL OR REVEAL YOUR FOREHEAD

LORD and TAYLOR

A new Maria Guy hat from Lord and Taylor is cleverly cut in black soleil and has a white grosgrain ribbon bow

N. GIBSON CLARK

A dark dahlia felt hat from N. Gibson Clark turns up in front under a feather bird, and then droops sharply.

MILGRIM

Agnès makes this black and beige chenille "baby bonnet," which is worn far back on the forehead. From Milgrim.

Narrow lace veils the face under this small brown soleil Kurzman hat, and forms a deep cape at the back.

KURZMAN

FROM THE NEW YORK SHOPS

Maggy Rouff's brown antelope purse has diagonal stitching and a brass clasp. From Franklin Simon. Peck and Peck import a silver inlaid wooden necklace by Marcel Rochas.

From Saks-Fifth Avenue comes a sleeveless jumper in natural colour chamois, with three yellow glass buttons at the neck and a cinch belt at the waist.

A fringed woollen scarf from N. Gibson Clark has a purse to match. These accessories are beige shading to bois de rose and cream. The bag top and its handle are of brass.

An unusual clasp adorns this brown antelope bag imported by B. Altman, marcasite-studded silver mounted with carnelians.

This skirt is designed by Busvine, not for actual riding; but to be worn by the equestrienne over her breeches, when she is dismounted.

PARIS: MIDSEASON COLLECTIONS SHOW INDECISION IN MATTER OF SKIRT LENGTHS, WHILE LONG EVENING SKIRT GENERALLY ACCEPTED. VIONNET DRESSES SHOW UNEVEN HEMLINE WITH SHORT POINTS AND UNEXAGGERATED LENGTH. VIONNET FEATURES NEW PALE GREEN-YELLOW LIKE LETTUCE-HEART. LELONG LENGTHENS ALL SKIRTS EXCEPT MORNING AND SPORTS. AFTERNOONS ONLY SLIGHTLY UNEVEN, COATS USUALLY DIPPING BACK, CURVED UP FRONT. USING SPECIAL STIFF SATIN LIKE GAINSBOROUGH PORTRAITS FOR EVENING, SHORT FITTED WAISTS, LONG ORGAN-PLAIT SKIRTS. WORTH SHOWING EXCITING COLLECTION NEW ADAPTATION PRINCESS LINE

LATEST CABLE FROM PARIS

A rose and lamé envelope evening purse from Kurzman closes by a marcasite clasp mounted with a striking blue cabochon stone.

Bergdorf Goodman make a smart opera pump which combines moire and crêpe de Chine; narrow silver piping dividing the two silks.

Drawings by Veronica E. Kelly

Lelong's sport necklace has a number of quaint gold and wood ornaments depending from a brown silken cord. Imported by Kurzman.

This brown street shoe is of suède with calf trimming. It combines a leather heel with a turned sole. Stewart.

In a delicious wisp of an evening step-in from Stewart, Alençon lace is cunningly appliquéd on a flesh satin foundation, and cascades in deep flattering flounces around the hips.

SUPPRESSING BELTS ALTOGETHER AND LOVELY EVENING GOWNS, PRINCESS SLIM FULL BUT SLINKY SKIRTS VERY LONG BORDERED FUR. MANNEQUINS HAD BRIGHT GREEN FINGERNAILS WITH EMERALD RINGS. FEEL EPOCH OF PRETTY WOMEN APPROACHING WITH PRETTY COLOURS AND PRETTY CLOTHES. FIND THIS SIGNIFICANT. EXAMPLE RIVIERA COLOURS OFTENER SOFT MIXED RATHER THAN CRUDE STRONG AND FREQUENTLY TWO SHADES SAME COLOUR. GREENS PROMISE WELL FOR SPRING. FAR LESS PRINTS AND CLEAR LIGHT COLOURS, MANY CAPELETS AND CAPE COLLARS, ALSO QUANTITIES BOLEROS ACCOUNT HIGH WAISTLINE.

"'Don't you wish you had nothing particular to do but pay visits and go to balls and parties and that sort of thing?' asked the débutante."

By Berta Ruck:

SUCH A POOR CHOICE OF YOUNG MEN

Wherein England's famous Writer of Romances Speaks Her Mind on a vexed Subject

Drawings by Wallace Morgan

I WONDER why it should always be taken for granted that a girl belonging to what used, at one time, to be called The Lower Orders would, invariably, much prefer to be what is called A Lady? May I tell you of a side-light that was once given to me upon this subject?

A girl of my day (that is, back in the nineteenth century), a nice-looking, well-bred, well-brought-up young girl of the type who was presented at Court when she automatically came out (without any very definite promise of what she was to come out to) went on a visit to some family friends in the country. She would have quite a pleasant time there, as the neighbourhood was full of other nice girls; there would be tennis, otter-hunting, perhaps a little dancing. Certainly plenty of tea-parties and garden-parties. You picture the not-too-large country house where she had come to stay, oak-panelled, traditional, conventional. Beautiful old garden, less beautiful old bathroom. Mellowed family portraits, carefully trained staff of servants.

A young housemaid was sent to unpack for the girl-guest. That housemaid was about the guest's own age: she was neat and fresh without being particularly pretty, and had the nice, respectful manner which was always required (and in those days practically always found) in a young girl of that class.

The débutante (call her the Honourable Mildred Single) watched the housemaid (call her Milly) on her knees emptying the trunk, and putting out the toilette silver and "pretties." She imagined she saw, crossing that housemaid's face, a look of wistful envy. On a friendly impulse the guest spoke as one girl to another. "I say, Milly. You have to work pretty hard. Don't you get sick of it? Don't you wish *you* had nothing particular to do but pay country-house visits and go to hunt-balls and dinner-parties and that sort of thing; don't you sometimes wish very much that you had been born a lady?"

"A lady, Miss? Me? Ho, no, Miss," said the housemaid, Milly, with never a moment's hesitation. Her young but by no means dazzlingly lovely face took on a look of self-assurance, of security. She said, losing something of the nice, respectful manner in her surprise at the young lady's question. "Better off as I am. I wouldn't be a lady like you for all that I could see."

This was somewhat unexpected.

The débutante, Mildred, gazed at her over the dance-frock that she was shaking out of its tissue wrappings. "But . . . why not?"

"Because," replied the housemaid in the voice of one having authority and conviction, "because ladies, Miss . . . Well! They have such a poor choice of young men."

This is a true story.

Also if you think about it, that young housemaid was entirely right.

A girl of Mildred's stamp, who at that date was brought up to no profession, would (it was taken for granted) marry someone or other . . . But whom? It was all very well, but when it came to the selection of possible husbands, this would be found extraordinarily narrow. At that particular country house she would meet only such men as could be introduced to her by her hostess, such men as seemed to her hostess desirable, eligible or "nice." (Terrible word, as applied at that epoch to the male sex! "Nice" men still did not like the girls they would think of marrying to do, say, wear this, that or the other.)

And how many of these men would be available in a quiet country neighbourhood of that

"So many sons of the well-to-do and well-bred are so poorly endowed with magnetic qualities."

"What is it about milk that seems to produce gay spirits? I have never seen a milkman who was not whistling, and in tune."

"Also, among the chauffeurs I have known, not a man have I encountered who wasn't glad to wash up tea-things for Milly."

type? And of those who would be available as partners at the dance, the tennis-party, the picnic, how many of them would be thrilled at the idea of meeting this Miss Mildred Single? She was a girl young and fresh enough, but by no means dazzlingly lovely; probably with no money of her own. She played tennis and danced adequately, was agreeable to talk to; that is, she was just like sixes and dozens of girls of their own set. What were her chances of marrying well; even, of marrying? The chances of such a girl narrowed down, often enough, to about three men; her brother's school-fellow, her school-fellow's brother, and the new curate.

It sounds dull? It is dull. Those pre-war girlhoods contained many a drab tragedy. Not sufficiently out of the common or rich enough to find husbands of their own social standing; too well-bred, too sheltered and hedged about by tradition to dream of marrying beneath them.

I know of another Mildred of good family, living at home in one of those country houses of the exclusive, with whom there fell in love the young Welsh doctor who had lately come to the place. He was sound, clever, good looking, but of humble origin, as are many of these gifted Celts who make their way into the haunts of society like some mountain-breeze blowing through the curtains into a close drawing-room. He proposed; he was politely but definitely refused—oh, not by the poor Mildred whose heart from the first had been his! Nature, that unscrupulous and relentless old matchmaker, has a way of defying even the taboo of Caste. But Mildred's parents "couldn't possibly have that sort of thing, don't you know;" the doctor being quite a decent young fellow, no doubt; gifted, too in his line, but not of one's own class. So they were afraid that ended it.

It did not end it.

This particular "Mildred" saw herself doomed to choose among the young men approved of by her parents. Young men who fitted into the scheme of things in their particular little social whirligig. Uninspiring enough they seemed; all saying exactly the same things in the same way. Doing the same things. Playing the same games with much the same handicap. Sheep. This Mildred, who was a warm-blooded impulsive creature made for man's love, for marriage, babies, and a home, blenches at the thought of mating with one of perhaps three available specimens of this kind. The alternative was to wither on her stalk, year by year losing youth, vivacity, looks, until presently she could be classified as one of her set's large and pathetic collection of maiden aunts.

At which prospect, poor girl, she began prematurely to wither; literally, she began to pine away for love, like the Lady Ellen of the ballad. You remember, when

> "Earl March looked on his dying child
> And, smit with grief to view her,
> 'The youth,' he cried, 'that I exiled
> Shall be restored to woo her!'"

Like that Earl, Mildred's parents, though prejudiced, were not inhuman. Actually, they climbed down; wrote asking that young Welsh doctor to come back. He did so; they married, he and his Mildred. They thrive, and have done so for the last fifteen years.

"But," you will say, "these are pre-war stories. We have changed all that. All marriageable girls are given an equal chance (horrid word!) at the right sort of young men for them."

I query that. One still meets in the backwaters of quiet neighbourhoods, whence all the sons of good houses have fled, the corresponding daughters of gentle birth who have no associates but other girls, or elderly male friends of their parents.

I consider that the housemaid, Milly, still has the pull over the débutante, Mildred! For see how Milly's choice of young men she might marry remains large, varied, and rich! Why, to any house where she is in service there flows a perfect stream of attractive males, a procession of potential husbands! Daily, Milly can inspect a frieze of likely young tradesmen or their envoys. There is the milkman (what is it about milk that seems to produce gay spirits? I have never come across a milkman who was not always whistling, and in tune!); there is the butcher, the baker, the young man from the grocer's! These seem invariably good-humoured, optimistic, never at a loss for a pleasant word through the kitchen window. The rhythm of daily getting about a lot in the open air seems to keep them supple, shapely, bright-eyed and brisk, all these young fellows who pass the time of day with Milly (Milly, trim in her pastel-coloured working-print and that first and most provocative item of feminine attire—her apron!).

There are the various visiting chauffeurs. A chauffeur can be and usually is the world's charmer—is it the becoming peaked cap, the leggings? Also, among chauffeurs I have known, and who have "gone round to the back," not a man have I encountered who wasn't glad to wash up tea-things for Milly. To say nothing of that other masculine guest, the personable plumber. He, in the winter at least, is always with us. That is, with Milly.

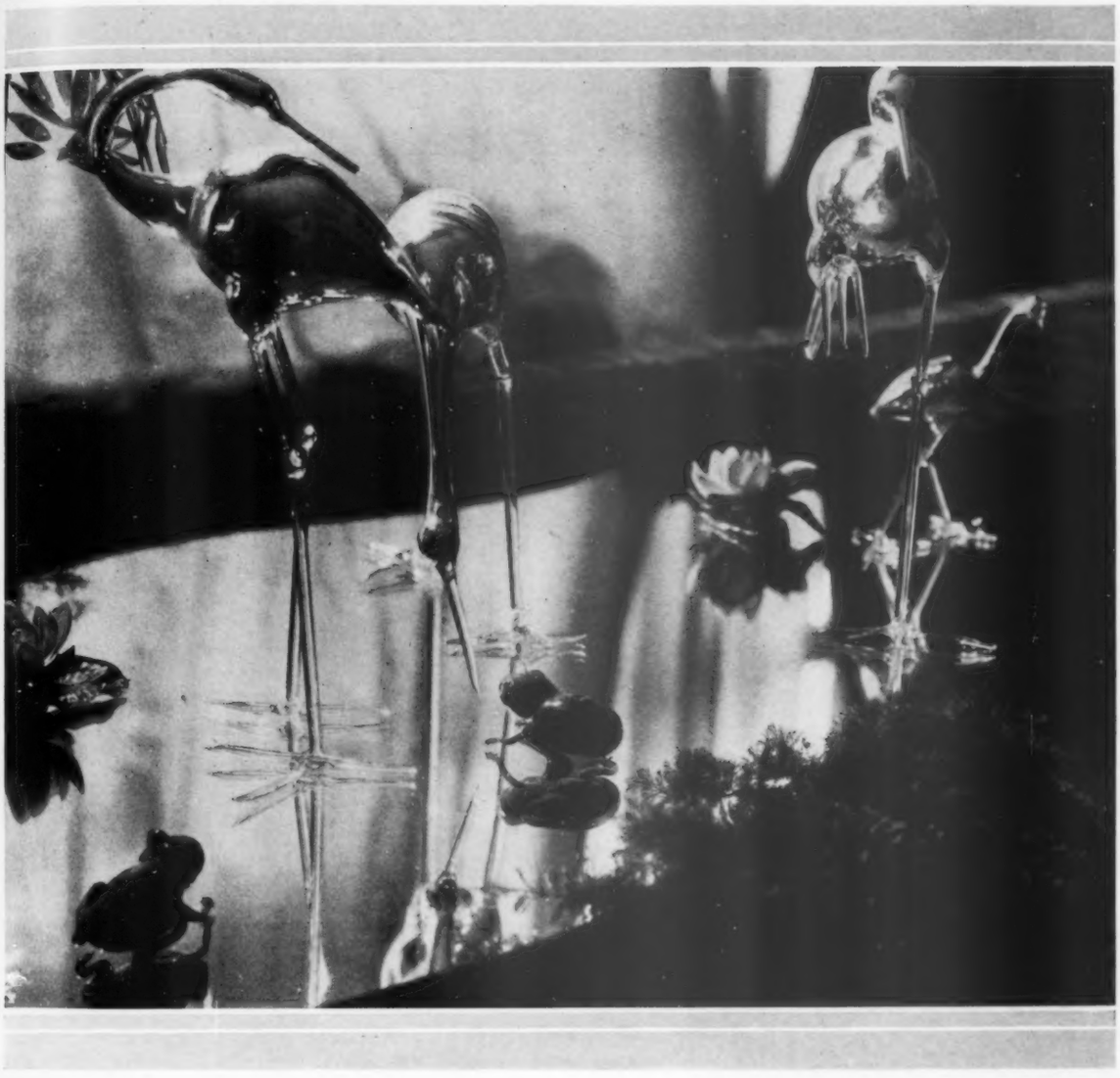
Indeed, the kitchen and the servants' hall have an atmosphere of courtship which is lacking in too many drawing-rooms. There is, too, a flavour of romance (*Continued on page 134*)

"The rhythm of daily getting about a lot in the open air seems to keep them supple, bright-eyed and brisk."

C. Smith Gardner

The princess was before her marriage Miss Baba d'Erlanger, daughter of the Baron and Baroness d'Erlanger of London. The Prince and Princess are spending the winter in New York, because the Prince has come here on business; their permanent home, however, is in Paris.

PRINCESS JEAN DE FAUCIGNY-LUCINGE



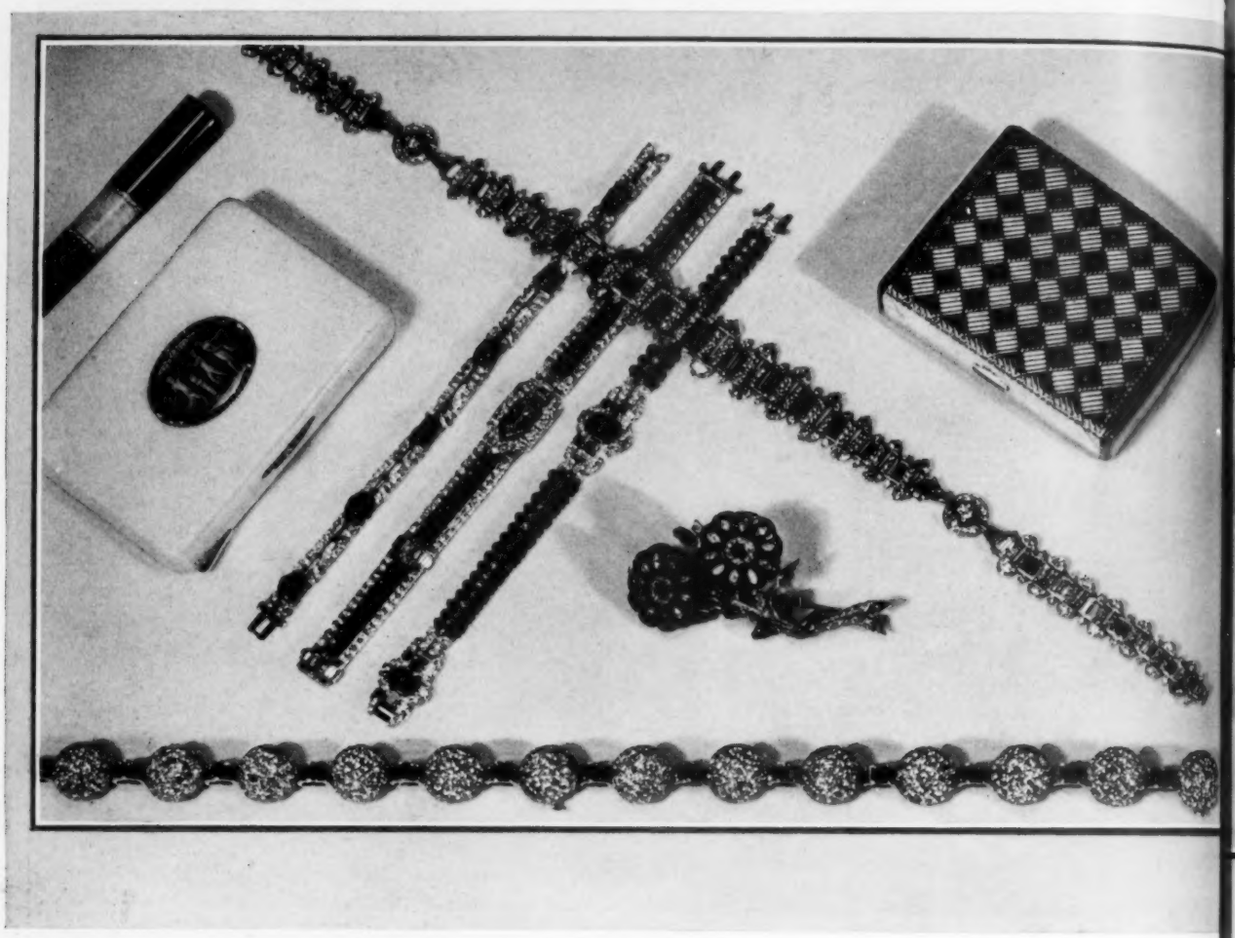
Photographs by Charles Garner

Silvered glass cranes stand upon a mirror where frogs and pond-lilies keep them company. With a crystal tree beside them, they lend radiance to a dinner table. Rose Cumming.

GIFTS
GIFTS
GIFTS
GIFTS
GIFTS

For the dinner table of the harassed bachelor, Rose Cumming provides a gay centrepiece. A pack in full cry is followed by two huntsmen in scarlet coats.

Of Udall and Ballou's three bracelets (centre) the upper and lower ones are ruby beads and diamonds; the other, sapphire beads and diamonds. In the diamond necklace which is shown lying across them, Van Cleef and Arpel use unusually long baguettes in a new pattern.

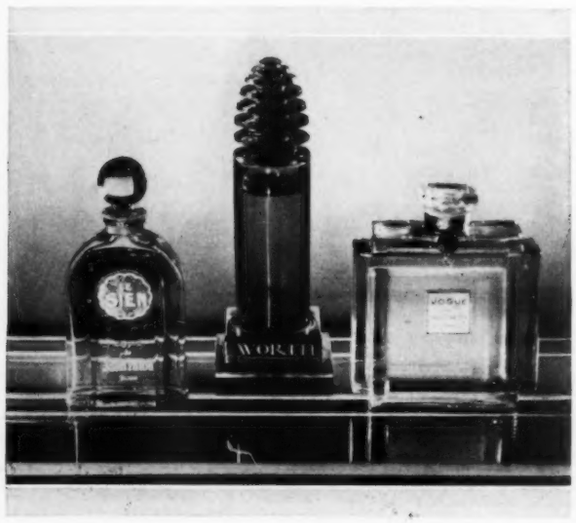


From Caldwell come a cigarette-holder (upper left) combining Whitby jet and clouded amber circled by small diamonds, and the ivory case below it. The small blue miniature is painted on ivory and surrounded by rose diamonds.

A novel brooch (centre) by Marcus, has diamonds set in carved emerald flowers. The necklace below, of diamond paved balls, makes two bracelets. Black, Starr and Frost-Gorham.

The cigarette-case at the upper right is of red and green gold basket-weave and has bright tomato-red enamel ends. It comes from Caldwell.

for HER

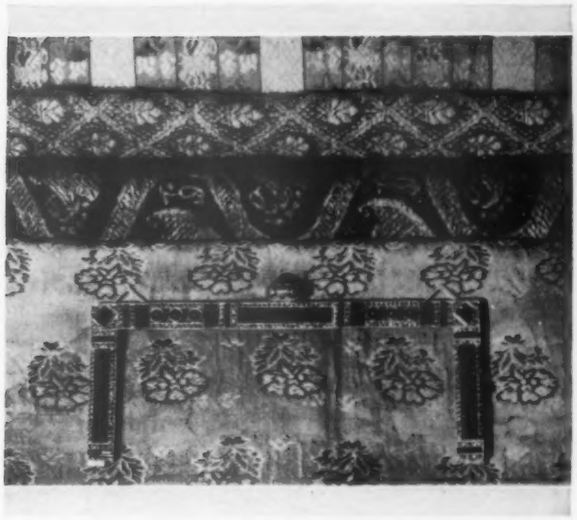


Patou's scent, Le Sien (left) is from Saks-Fifth Avenue and Worth's Sans Adieu (centre) is exclusive with Franklin Simon. Molyneux's Vogue has a Lalique bottle and comes from Wanamaker.

Udall and Ballou make the bracelet above, the principal motif of which is circles of jade with square-cut diamonds in the centres; also a "trap-door" cigarette box with a matching vanity-case of satinwood finish gold, with diamond clasps.

In the centre is Guerlain's new perfume, Liu. Lord and Taylor. Palo Alto, an Ybry creation from Jay-Thorpe, is at the right. Left, L'Aimant of Coty, which comes from Bonwit Teller. Dressing-table by the Hampton Shops.

Photographs by
Paul Outerbridge, jr.



Saks-Fifth Avenue introduces, for custom-made bags, jewelled mountings, no two alike, to be combined with rare antique fabrics.

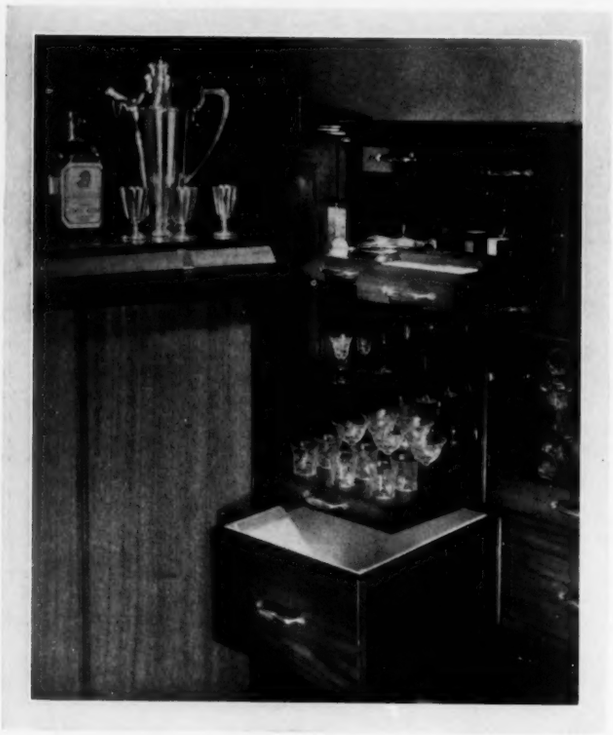
Brand-Chatillon suggests an elaborate gold toilet set as a gift, and the Hampton Shops present a charming Louis XV. dressing-table.

English Webb crystal glasses are from Ovington, and McCutcheon makes the Milan lace table-scarf with motifs of Point de Venise.

The face of the large semi-circular clock at the left pivots and discloses spaces to hold cigarettes on the reverse. Saks-Fifth Avenue. At right, a bronze desk clock which gently chimes the hours, from Abercrombie & Fitch.

Immediately above, the "paper-weight" clock for the executive desk. From Cartier.

This is Cartier's newest wrist-watch with three protected dials—hour, minute, second.



Suggestions for those who entertain with fluency, fervour, and zeal. On the portable bar-cellarette at the left, from Frances T. Miller, is a silver cocktail set from Cartier. At the right is Mark Cross' elaborate Hospitality Cabinet. It contains apparatus for practically all the indoor table games, a humidor, space for ice and linens, and ample glassware.

Photographs by
Paul Outerbridge, jr.

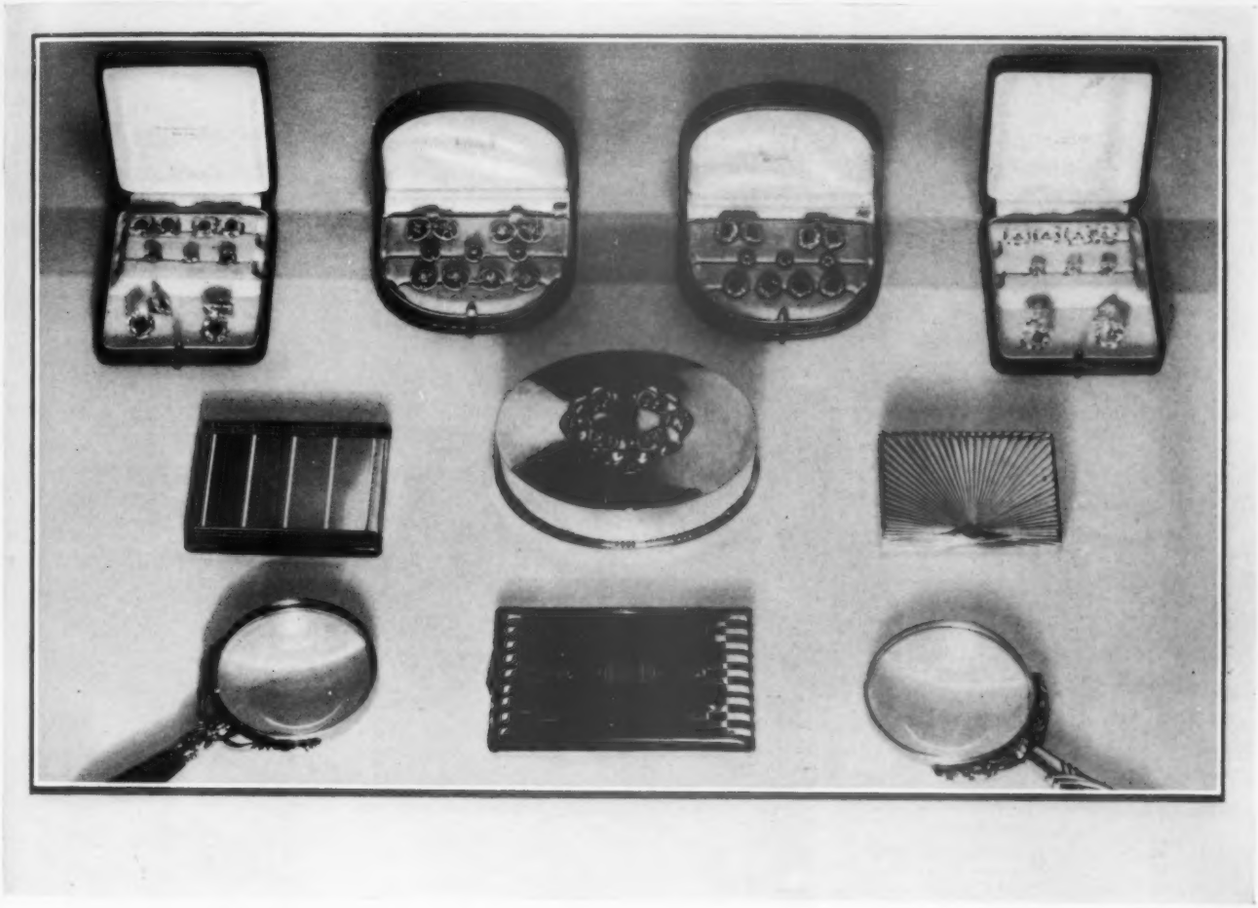
Below, light travelling case from Rumpp & Sons with cari-brose fittings and gold inlays.

Below, at right, a silk "Derby Handkerchief" from Peck & Peck; links from McLaughlin.

Across the bottom, left, are four of the newer suggestions for gift suspenders. Striped silk and gilt chains from Kaskel & Kaskel. White buck cloth, Albert Leonard George. Embroidered hunt scenes, Eldridge. Black silk and solid gold for evening dress, from Saks-Fifth Avenue.

Below, silver fitted travelling bag from International Silver, and silver fitted case from Udall & Ballou. Also cigarette case in black leather and silver (International Silver), and one of a set of English crocodile leather carrying cases for shirts, ties, etc., from Tripler.

Dress sets are always popular. On the outside, imported rock crystal sets, one all white, one black and white, from Tripler. Inside, similar colour schemes developed by Cartier in crystal and white enamel, and black onyx and black enamel, with paved diamonds.



Centre row: for cigarettes. In the middle, desk box in hand-wrought silver, from Jensen. Flanked by two gold pocket cases, one with ruby design and inset ruby, the other with enamel inlay, from Cartier.

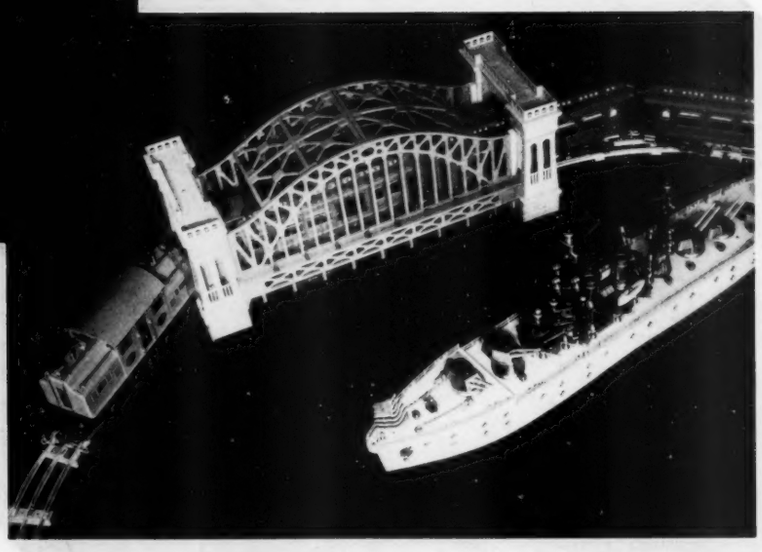
Bottom row, magnifying reading-glasses in hand-wrought silver and in silver and ebony, from Jensen. And a pocket cigarette case in "modern" black enamel, gold, and silver, from Saks-Fifth Avenue.

Below, the "Wiltshire Clubman," a light-weight suitcase on a new packing principle, which is guaranteed to keep a suit of clothes unwrinkled, and which Abercrombie & Fitch are introducing.

for HIM

The current tendencies in canes and neckwear. Ebony sticks with French lacquer caps from Sulka, carved dog heads from George, python-skin handle cane-umbrella set, from Saks-Fifth Avenue. The ties are from Kaskel & Kaskel, George, McLaughlin, Peck & Peck, and Sulka.

A smart wire-haired terrier is guarding Gaga Bird and Juggling Duck. Gaga Bird has the story of his life on his large, shiny foot, and Juggling Duck plays a tune while he balances a dumb-bell on his beak. They are from B. Altman.



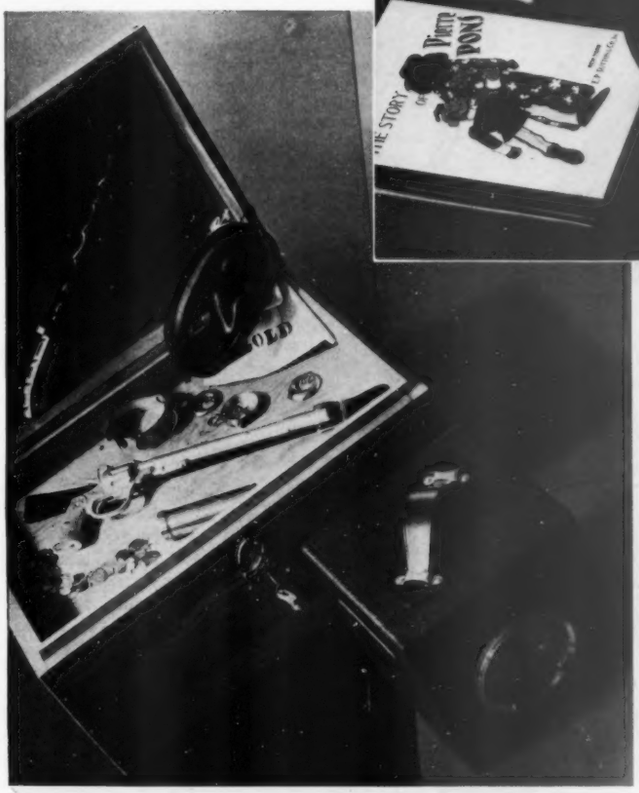
Across a miniature replica of Hell-Gate bridge races a powerful electric train, its tiny search-light blazing. This and other perfect toy trains are from The Lionel Corporation. In the river below is an armed battle cruiser, bristling with guns. It is from Schwarz.

for THEM

Photographs by Sherril Schell

The child's table and chair are of French fruit wood and come from The Children's Centre, as does the rug. The white-headed, sun-tanned doll is Widget. She and the Snuggle Bunny are exclusive with Best. The blocks are to teach elementary French. From John Martin.

Today, when it's "with trumpet and drum," the trumpet plays automatically by a paper roll. The drum, however, still beats in the traditional way. Three exciting books have brightly decorative covers. The playthings and book in this picture are from Mayfair.



Yo-ho-ho! and a pirate chest with pirate gold and the dashing costume de rigueur for buried treasure. The clock in the foreground is no less exciting, for you set the alarm and it awakens you dulcetly by playing the phonograph record of your choice. Schwarz.

In conclave round a map-of-the-world play ball gather Baby Bär, Baby Doll, who looks and feels exactly like a veritable infant, and Patsy-Ann, who has real eye-lashes and stands alone. Macy.

There may be rain without, but there'll still be croquet within, with this eight-player set in a marvellously ingenious rack. Saks-Fifth Avenue. If you are too young for games, the Montessori blocks at the left are a specialty of The Children's Centre.

A Novel by Richard Le Gallienne:

THERE WAS A SHIP

Drawings by Erté

"....At the moment, indeed the Dey was unaffectedly unhappy, for he had recently suffered two bereavements. That is to say that a month before, he had caused his favourite wife to be strangled from a suspicion of her infidelity; and, in a fit of ill humour, he had had his jester and boon companion bastinadoed to death before his eyes for an untimely witticism...."

Selim Hassan—Singular and Fearful, Courageous and Pitiless—Makes His Entrance.....

Part IV.

Chapter XIV: What Happened in the Palace of the Dey

AMONG the sumptuously clad officials of the port, including the Admiral himself, who had thus come out on the admiralty barge to greet the Agha and take possession of his captive in the Dey's name, stood a wiry little man with a much worried expression of countenance but a dauntless look in his small grey eyes and a firm fighting set to his determined chin. His clothes were dingy enough by the side of his splendid companion's. In fact, they had a look as though they had recently been half torn from his back; the knee buckle of one leg of his breeches had been broken and hung down, and his wig was awry.

He was the British Consul, John Ward; and he had just literally fought his way through angry crowds from the Dey's palace after a stormy interview with that potentate, in time to step aboard the barge and make to the Admiral formal claims to *The Happy Return* and its officers and crew, in the name of His Britannic Majesty, Charles II. He had wrung from the Dey a written order, which he held in his hand, to the effect that nothing whatever was to be done with the capture till the Captain and his officers had appeared before him. This order he waved fearlessly in the face of the Admiral, who, however, with his fellow officers, laughed sardonically, as knowing how little such an order meant. So soon as the barge was alongside *The Happy Return*, he sprang aboard and spoke hastily to the Captain without formality.

"We are in a hard case, Captain. England is in bad odour here just now. You couldn't have come at a worse time. If only His Majesty had given a little thought to us poor devils out here and had kept the Dey in good humour with his usual presents. Everyone is claiming that England has done no trading here for ever so long. And, well, we shall be lucky if we come out of it all alive."

"Not so bad as that, I hope," answered the Captain, putting his great hand on his shoulder; "we're Englishmen, after all, and . . ."

Here the peremptory voice of the Admiral and loud threatening cries from his officers brought this brief colloquy to a close; but the Consul was evidently heartened at finding the Captain so proper a man, with so calm a courage. The Captain's appearance seemed to have made an impression on the Admiral, too, as did that of Dionysus, for, as they stepped on board the barge, they were greeted with a certain aloof courtesy. But possibly this reception was more due to the tall cloaked figure of Calliope at the Captain's side, for the Turks have a great respect as well as love for women. Also, the news of the Frankish women among the captives had gone abroad, and their curious eyes caused Calliope to draw closer the hood of her cloak . . . But where was the other woman that had been promised them? The rumour had said two.

Yes! where was Gaya? The same thought was in the minds of both the Captain and Dionysus for, when the latter had sought her in his cabin a few moments ago, she had vanished.

"Don't fear for her," the Captain had reassured him. "She's a wise girl, and no doubt she has some plan in her head. Girls of her race are like birds of the air; and she's likely safer here than we are. I'm inclined to think she can take better care of herself here than we can."

"God grant it!" echoed Dionysus from a full heart, in which the gipsy girl of that far-off Surrey common still had her place.

By this time the barge was inside the crescent-shaped arm of the forts, and the Captain and Di exclaimed together at the immense blocks of stone that made the solidity and strength of the deep embattled wall. Again, as they came to the landing steps at the far end, they looked up with astonishment at the gigantic arches that roofed over a vast hall-like space of cyclopean masonry, grim as some subterranean cavern in the mountains, with huge iron rings mortised here and there in the oozy dripping walls, a veritable work of giants.

Here was the slave-market as well as the port; and, had they been ordinary captives, they would at once have been herded together and auctioned off to the motley crowd of slave-dealers. Moors, Jews, Turks and Christian renegades of all nations—Spanish, Dutch, Irish all were attended by slaves carrying their money-bags, and half-naked negroes looking like executioners, with chains and whips in their hands, along with scriveners, their parchments and ink-horns in readiness to make record of the sales.

When the news spread that the captives were to be taken at once before the Dey, a howl of disappointment went up from this infernal multitude, and the waiting janissaries in their scarlet and gold uniforms beat back the crowd and formed about the captives for protection. These janissaries were to be seen in extended lines mounting up the steps into the city all the way to the Dey's palace, Turkish soldiers of peculiarly savage appearance, almost, it might seem, making a veritable foppery of ferocity.

"No one could be quite so ferocious as they appear," said Di to the Captain, as they both looked with fearless amusement at their terrible guards.

Then, as they at length reached the top of the long stairs running by the walls of a mosque they came face to face with ferocity indeed, the wild gesticulating populace, hurling insults and execrations, yelling and spitting at them from every side. Such a seething mass of venomous hate seemed like nothing human. It was more like the writhing and hissing of knotted serpents, or like clouds of enraged giant hornets pouring out from a thousand violated nests. Brave as she was, Calliope drew close to the Captain's side, and even that worthy grew unwontedly grim as he looked upon that maelstrom of murderous faces.

The Dey who governed Algiers at that time, with the assistance of a council called The Divan, was one Selim Hassan, a singular and fearful personage, who had reduced the nominal Turkish rule to naught; and, by his courage as a soldier and his pitiless ferocity, had so imposed himself upon the so-called Algerine Republic, that he was virtually an absolute sovereign. On the hint of a conspiracy against him, he had recently even over-awed his janissaries by wholesale executions, filling their depleted ranks with Berbers from the mountains, he himself being of that mysterious ancient race. His homicidal ferocity was combined with a humour no less ferocious, and in addition to these gifts, he prided himself on being a poet and an authority on literature. He was a man of unusual height, with a slim steel-built frame; his face was handsome, fiercely aquiline, his skin of an unusual pallor, his hair jet black, and his eyes of a light hazel, capable at times of something like tenderness. He had fine manners and could, when he was so minded, charm as well as terrify. In addition he was highly dramatic, a deliberate fantast, and one of his favourite poses was that of a deep melancholy.

" . . . They came face to face with ferocity indeed, the wild, gesticulating populace, hurling insults and execrations, yelling and spitting at them from every side. Such a seething mass of venomous hate seemed like nothing human. It was more like the writhing and hissing of knotted serpents, or like clouds of enraged giant hornets pouring out from a thousand violated nests. . . ."

At the moment, indeed, he was unaffectedly unhappy, for he had recently suffered two bereavements. That is to say that, a month before, he had caused his favourite wife to be strangled from a suspicion of her infidelity; and, in a fit of ill humour, he had had his jester and boon companion bastinadoed to death before his eyes for an untimely witticism. For these his strange soul was in deep mourning, as so far he had found none to replace them. The women of his numerous harems were one and all disregarded, and he spent his time in writing elegies to the one beautiful face he had ever really loved, and the one amusing friend who alone could disperse the shadows of his dark hours. Such was the dread being, momentarily invested with absolute power, before whom our English captives were about to make their appearance.

The palace in which this histrionic monster awaited them was an ancient Moorish building of great loveliness, known as Jenina, or the Garden. One entered by a great arched doorway, the doors of which were of beaten copper, and immediately found oneself in a vast courtyard of white marble set about with vases and tubs in which the long frond-like leaves of the banana and the dainty stems of the bamboo made a luminously green freshness, and flowering shrubs spread abroad their fragrance. Above this ran a gallery supported by twisted white columns, and beyond was another smaller court paved with Dutch tiles, in the centre of which was a marble fish-pond, wherein grew delicate reeds and pink and white lotuses with their floating, disc-like leaves. Around this pond were marble seats, where sometimes the Divan sat in council. (*Continued on page 118*)

By Alec Waugh:

HAPPILY MARRIED

How one Doubter tested that Phrase, and the Surprising, the Unexpected Result

"WHAT other woman in the world was loved so much? What other woman in the world was given so much?"

"GRESHAM FORSTER? Yes, this is Mrs. Gresham Forster. Yes, Mrs. Oh, it's Mr. Gresham Forster that you want? I'm afraid he's out. He left for his office about five minutes ago. Can I take a message? No? You'll get him there, then? Right. Goodbye."

Pensively, May Forster hung up the receiver. A strange voice. And a woman's voice. And she'd leave no message. One of Gresham's clients, probably. That, anyhow, was what he'd say. But she had no time to weigh the problem. There was the cook waiting for her morning's orders.

"Yes, we're out to dinner, Mrs. Ford. And there'll be just myself for lunch. There's some of that raspberry tart left over, isn't there? I'll have that. And some scrambled eggs, and tea, yes. The tea with the eggs. There'll be six of us to dine tomorrow. The Beecham Boyds. Can you remember what we had last time they came? It was about two months ago. You could find out? Splendid. We mustn't give them the same things twice. We'll decide about that tomorrow. Oh, one other thing—Master Tommy tells me that he's been sleeping badly. I wonder if cheese at night is bad for him. I think it is, probably. Could you tell Matilda? Ah, here she is."

Matilda was advancing into the room in the wake of a vast bouquet of carnations. "Just arrived, ma'am," she said, "and with this letter."

May Forster tore open the envelope. There was the small pasteboard slip of a calling-card inside. Across the top was written in unaffectedly archaic script, "I adored our dances." In its corners an address, a club's, "55a Cheyne Park. The United Universities." In the centre was the printed name, Mr. Arnold Carrington.

"That boy," she thought.

"Any answer, ma'am?"

May Forster shook her head. "No, none, thank you, Matilda. You'd better arrange the flowers. And, as I was just telling Mrs. Ford, I don't think Master Tommy had better have cheese for supper. It gives him dreams."

"And that's that," she thought, as cook and housemaid left the room. She glanced at the clock above the mantelpiece. Half past ten. And at twelve the man from the *Times* would be calling to take away the novel he had left yesterday. She had read only a third of it but the remainder would not take her long. It was the story of a woman in the middle thirties, married ten years, who loved her husband and was not in love with him. Mrs. Forster knew how it would develop. There would be a young man who would beseech her to run away with him; and she would long to, but would not dare to. She would take him as a lover. A disenchanting experience would leave her with the resolution to be for the future a good and faithful wife. That's how it would go. That's how most novels seemed to go. That's what most novels seemed to be about. Married women on the brink of middle age fretting at the cage of marriage.

It wasn't surprising, possibly. What else but flirtation had women to fill their lives? Women in her position, that was to say; a woman of thirty-six, married for thirteen years, with three sons, two of them at boarding and the other at a day school. By half past nine in term time the house was empty. One talked about a woman's work, but what did that work amount to in a household with five servants?

A house was a machine that ran itself, when you knew how to get the machine started. One supervised, one gave orders to one's cook; an hour at the most sufficed. In the early years of marriage one was busy. There were the babies. One hadn't too much money. One had to do a good deal of the housework oneself. But by the time one had been married thirteen years, one's children were out of the nursery, one's husband was making enough money to take the hackwork of living off one's hands, one found oneself at half past ten in the morning with nothing to do except read library novels.

From its box above the door the telephone bell began to ring.

"Yes, who is it? Arnold Carrington? Oh, how are you? Yes, of course I did. They were divine. It was too sweet of you. And when are we going to meet again? Why, of course, I'd love to lunch with you. Let me see now. I can't on Thursday; and we're going away for the week-end. It'll have to be next week, then, I'm afraid. That seems a century? Oh, no, it won't; it'll pass very quickly. Yes, I know it will. Not a spare moment of any sort till then? Today? Well, yes, I suppose I could. Yes, I could manage lunch today. And you could too? Why, that'll be divine. You'll call for me then, at a quarter past."

"A persistent young man," she thought, as she hung the receiver back. "He's in love with me, or at any rate, wanting to make love to me." She must seem fair game to him, she, thought. Did Gresham realize, she wondered, how much fair game she was. She'd been married thirteen years. She'd nothing to do. She was more attractive to men than she'd ever been. Did he realize that? Had he ever bothered to realize it? It was different for men. They had their work. Or wasn't it different? Did businesses run themselves after a while as easily as homes? When the spade work was once done, was it easy going? Did Gresham have long hours that it was hard to fill? Was that really a client who had rung him up that morning? She shrugged her shoulders. She didn't know. She never would know. She thanked heaven she would never know.

At seven minutes past one Carrington arrived. At twenty-five minutes to two Mrs. Forster joined him in the drawing-room. A gleam of delight animated Carrington's pale, thin, drawn, rather handsome, rather anemic features.

"What a heavenly frock!" he said. "It's the nicest I've ever seen you in."

"That's what you said about my last, and you've already seen me in this twice."

He blushed, stammered, and became embarrassed.

With a laugh she put him at his ease.

"Silly," she said. "Perhaps it's me and not the frock you like. And if it is, that's a very flattering compliment which I don't deserve after having kept you waiting all this time. Where are we going, by the way?"

"Where would you like to go?"

She deliberated. Boulestin, or the Ritz Grill or Taglioni, or that new place—what was it called?—in Guard Street, Savala's. She'd be best fed, probably, at Boulestin. But on the whole it was more fun going to a place where you hadn't been before.

"I think Savala's."

She fancied that a shade of alarm crossed Carrington's face. But it disappeared so quickly that she could not be sure. Perhaps there'd be some woman lunching there he'd

Drawing by John LaGatta

"'A good evening,' Gresham was saying; 'a first-class evening.' She made no answer. What answer was there to make? Yes, he'd enjoyed himself, and because he had, he hadn't bothered to wonder what sort of evening it had been for her."

not care to meet. It was not worth worrying about.

"I'll ring a taxi," she said.

"I've got one waiting."

It was clear that Carrington was lunching at Savala's for the first time. He hesitated in the lounge, shifting from one foot to another till the head waiter piloted him to the noisiest and most conspicuous table in the room. He stared blankly at the large, embossed menu card that was handed to him till the waiter rescued him from responsibility of choice by turning towards Mrs. Forster.

"Now, what would Madame like? A little caviar? Yes, caviar. Then perhaps some melon, the cantaloupe, yes. Afterwards perhaps a plover and some salade japonaise, with a soufflé surprise to finish. And wine, Madame would probably prefer some German wine."

He opened the wine list confidentially. Names and dates and vintages meant little to Mrs. Forster. The price of a wine was the only means she had of guessing at its quality. She fancied that the liebfraumilch against which the waiter's pencil rested would prove satisfactory. It did. The cool, rich amber wine mingled reassuringly with her host's adulatory flow of talk. Arnold Carrington might not know how to order a lunch, but he knew how to make one entertaining. He had only one topic of talk, herself. He told her how much he had enjoyed their dances, how impossible every other partner *(Continued on page 140)*

LAST MINUTE SKETCHES FROM PARIS

Worn at the Villa d'Este

Comtesse Durini

Gown from Patou in dahlia georgette.

Signorina Arrivebene

Heavy white satin.

Comtesse de Munoz

White georgette gown from Augustabernard Earrings but no other jewels.

Donna Bice Fregerio

Turquoise chiffon from Patou.

Princess de Broglie

White georgette gown.

White crêpe frock. White wool cardigan.

Princess Rospigliosi

Rose crêpe frock.

Comtesse André de Robilant

LAST MINUTE SKETCHES FROM PARIS

Donna Bianca Varvaro

Dress of white shantung. Bandana turban of red and navy. Navy cardigan on arm.

Type of beach shoe worn at Villa d'Este.

Princesse Ruspoli

Black marquisette dress from Patou.

Printed yellow and beige chiffon from Patou.

Comtesse Zichy

Comtesse de Munoz

Gown from Augustabernard of blue-green lamé.

Madame Rolo

Dahlia georgette from Patou. Black satin pumps.

Rose-beige crêpe with orange scarf.

Madame Rolo.

By Kathleen Howard:

A LITTLE JAUNT IN GERMANY

With Rapid Notes of the Inspirational Feeling One Gains in Berlin and Munich

IN THE train, going from Paris to Berlin, lying in our comfortable separate compartments with the door in between open for air, we noticed instantly the change to the German roadbed, in the early morning hours. From that moment on we seemed to fly forward to Berlin with no hesitation, no more insistent jazz repetition of beat from the wheels, which always sets my head ringing with old tunes in their dictated rhythm.

I remembered that the Eden Hotel, for which we were heading, was near the Zoo station, so that we did not go way down into the old city before alighting from the train. It took us but five minutes from the station to the hotel, in a comfortable taxi.

My room was large and comfortable, with a huge seductive bathroom beside it, and after ringing for coffee and rolls, I bathed in the enormous tub and wrapped myself in the blanket-like bath towel which is one of Germany's happiest ideas. A big round table was rolled into the room and we sat down to delicious coffee with hot cream and the adorable crisp rolls I remember so well from my student days. But you can't have them on Sunday; the bakers want their holiday, so plan to have your first Berlin breakfast on a week day.

The comfortable beds, we noted, were stacked with down pillows; one at the head of the bed, one half covering it, to be used as a quilt. You think they are big and funny till you see the ones in Munich, when they seem like puppies compared to polar bears.

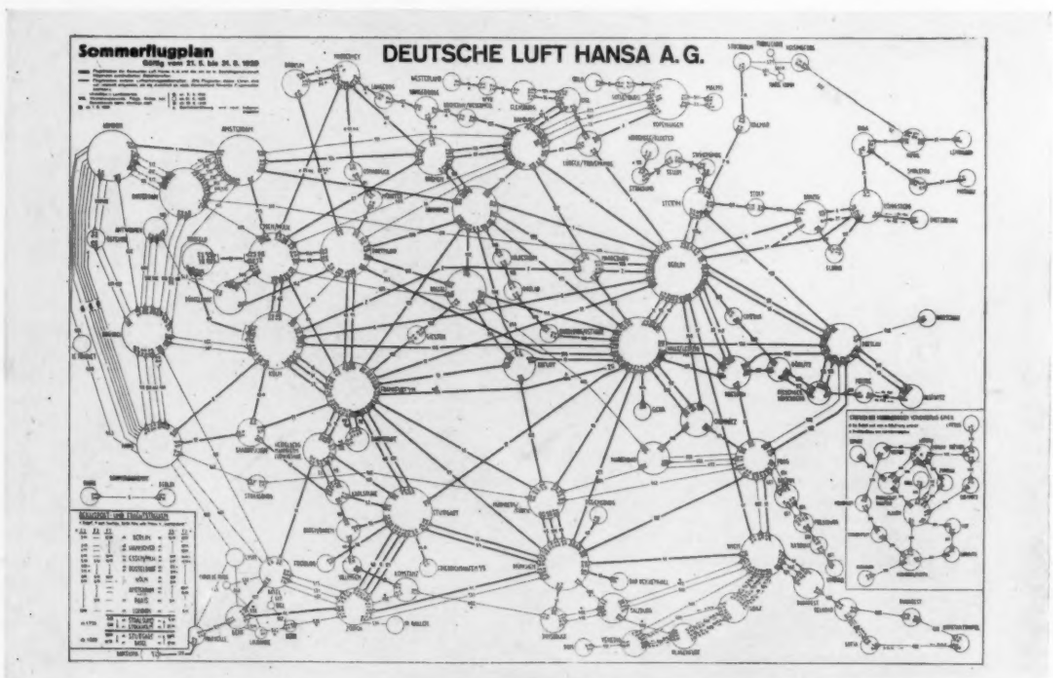
Then out into the streets we went for a first roam. Going hither and yon in taxis one is impressed by the light traffic compared to that in Paris or New York. Berlin is huge, but its traffic does not keep pace with its size. Enormous motor-busses, ventilated from the roof with revolving squat turrets, roll in yellow shininess, everywhere.

What strikes you most, in summer-time, is the quantity of outdoor restaurants. All the fronts of these are set back from the street, and open great windows upon fenced-in terraces, flush with the sidewalk, set with little tables and chairs. At all hours of the day these are more or less occupied by coffee and beer drinkers. Cakes of alluring stickiness are circulated before tempted eyes.

The shop windows are delightful. My editor told me to write about fashion. But where is it? Germans have great, sincere feeling for beauty, for art, for nature; but clothes do not interest them as they do us in New York and Paris. True, their girls' bodies are slimmer, more sport trained than before the War, but one gets from their women an impression rather of health and strength than of chic or elegance.

The book shops are enticing. German photography is preeminent, and they collect studies of ferns, sea-life, dancers, architecture, voluptuous women, beautiful women, vampire women, children, forests, plant life, and offer them to you in amusing bindings; page after page of wonderfully studied and analyzed examples, photographed with masterly simplicity and grouping.

Windows full of queer little wooden boxes painted in brilliant colours or left in their original charming grain. Windows of glassware, with bottles and liqueur glasses, original and smart in design. Fantastic miniature animals of brass which serve to squash out the glowing butt of one's cigarette and so save one's precious finger-tips. Silverware in practical, modern design; *(Continued on page 148)*



The summer flying plan of the German Air Hansa Company. Time-tables are supplied with train-like exactitude.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

With all the lure of the Orient
MULLIGATAWNY SOUP
...by Campbell's famous chefs!

Chicken Soup — Oriental Style! All the tang of the tropics, the rich seasonings and high spices so redolent of the Far East! How your epicurean sense of taste rejoices at Campbell's Mulligatawny Soup — that subtle blending of tender chicken, rice from the Ganges and fresh vegetables, with curry and East India chutney! 12 cents a can.

These choice ingredients in East India chutney are aged at least two years before using in Campbell's Mulligatawny Soup:

FRESH TAMARIND
RAISINS
CURRANTS
APPLES
ORANGE PEEL CRYSTALLIZED
CITRON CRYSTALLIZED
FRESH GREEN GINGER
CRUSHED DRY GINGER
DRY ENGLISH MUSTARD
ITALIAN GARLIC
SALT
SUGAR
CIDER VINEGAR
BERMUDA ONIONS

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

For Modern Nights! . . .

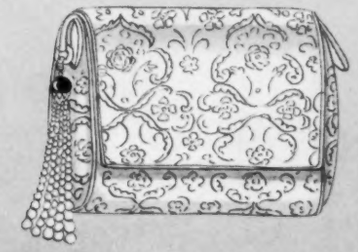
The Persian Brocade Evening Sandal

. . . with the matching bag

Brocade is the most important of our formal evening fashions . . . . and even more important, this is the season of *matching accessories. Candlelight* . . . our Persian brocade evening sandal . . . with heel and appliqued bands of gold and silver kid. . . . . 27.50.

The matching brocade evening bag is fashionably small and plump! . . . with zipper top and a pearl tassel 22.50

Women's Shoes — Fourth Floor



SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CHICAGO

Making their initial bows into the cosmetic world are Prince Matchabelli's Empress of India and Ybry's infusion, the latter in a hand-made crystal bottle with irregular lines of purple.

THE CHRISTMAS URGE

Cosmetics Offer a wide Selection of Gifts this Season

By HELENA LEIGH

DIANA DARLING:

I'm so happy to have finished my Christmas shopping early, for now I can sit back and write you of all the enchanting things I saw in the shops. Everyone seems to have something new and is offering it in an exceedingly attractive manner. I simply couldn't pass by the Matchabelli compacts; they are so intriguingly slim and dignified, with the Russian Imperial crown in gold staring out of the centre of their shiny black cases. They have blue and green ones, too, and adorable new tiny compacts that would be perfect for one's evening bag. Prince Matchabelli's three new perfumes have been poured into fascinating bottles of stately pyramidal outline. Contained in square gold-lined cases they look most regal. "Duchess of York" is a floral scent, "Queen of Egypt" has an oriental fragrance, while "Empress of India" has an indefinable bouquet. The last is expected to rival the divine "Ave Maria," so you know what to anticipate.

Have you seen the new Du Barry gift boxes? They've tops of deep Du Barry rose velvet and are gold lined. The section that contains the articles may easily be lifted out and, lo and behold, you've a lovely glove or handkerchief box. A happy and practical idea; Du Barry perfume, toilet water, talcum, compact, and lipstick are contained within. The boxes come in three sizes, with a box of face powder added to the largest size. The Du Barry bath salts are delightful and the crystals so small they dissolve almost instantly. There are so many people to whom one wants to give some little remembrance that I think a box containing ten individual packets of these bath salts would be ideal. They'd be a charming bon voyage gift, too.

I've looked about quite a lot for a loose powder compact that would actually hold the powder instead of spilling it, not only all over my bag but usually down the entire front of my favourite black dress. Having finally discovered one that solves my problem I've decided magnanimously to let none other than you, Di dear, in on my secret. Denny and Denny make these little silver and green cases, and they've christened them, "Silver Steps to Loveliness." Their other compacts for rouge, eye-shadow and cake powder are all that their name implies, and even more, for they refill with utmost ease, due to an almost infinitesimal spring just inside the lower edge.

You've always loved Guerlain lipstick so you'll be delighted to learn they've new one that comes in three shades. T cases are of silver combined with gre red or blue, and look like cylindri checker-boards. They've also a delicio new perfume called "Liu," with a cling oriental odour. It comes in a beauti modern black bottle, decorated in gol that was designed by Raymond Guerla

Vanity-cases are always such lov Christmas presents and Kathleen Ma Quinlan's are particularly so. The ca are made of white metal and German si ver; consequently they will not tarni and the tops are decorated with the Ka leen Mary Quinlan cameo. The large the Foursome, contains face powder, la rouge, lip rouge, and eye-shadow. H Débutante vanity is the smallest si and is made to contain rouge or powd She also has a double compact, and o similar to the Foursome containing but the eye-shadow. These cases a made with a chain, so that they ma be hung on the wrist. They come silver boxes lined with blue velvet.

You will be delighted to know th Elizabeth Arden has added to her divi compacts a new one for loose powd Gold finished, it is octagonal in sha and a well-fitted catch insures agai any spilling of the powder. She has most complete gift box in black lea which is filled with enough of her prep rations for three months' use. The j for creams and the bottles for her ton and astringent are of aluminum, and th not only hold more but are, natural of a much lighter weight than the or nary glass containers. Your every ne will be filled by this case, for it has sui and a nail brush and—you'd never gu it—a tiny sewing-kit. What more co you ask? You said you liked Miss L den's perfumes, so you will be happy hear that her new one, "L'Amour d'Eli beth," is as delicious as its predecesso

You've probably wanted some sets bath crystals and dusting powder, and have found an ideal one at Prin House. They are most attractiv packed in silver and black boxes bet boned in any pastel colour you choo These bath crystals are a decided im provement over the old bath salts, as the dissolve instantly, even in tepid wa and also tend to soften one's bath. T perfume of the Daffadowndilly dusti powder harmonizes with the scent of t

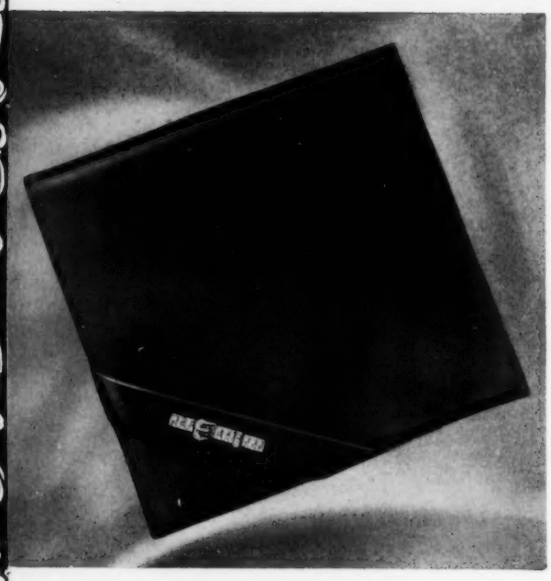
(Concluded on page 108)

A SOUTHERN MODE SO EXCLUSIVE IT CANNOT BE "SHOPPED"!

THIS year of grace marks the return of grace to the Southern mode ...it is literally a mode made to order for Stein & Blaine!...and it culminates in such a mode as only Stein & Blaine can make to order!...a mode that is simply gorgeous whether gorgeous or simple...striking whether casual or formal...lovely with the allure of an artistry that is inimitable...and revealing a beauty of coloration unique and incredible...a treasury of gossamer textures vanishing into a mist of chiffons brilliantly hand-painted with tropical flowers! ...dramas of beauty on backgrounds of dream!

Stein & Blaine
INC.
13 and 15 West 57th Street, New York

NAT LEWIS PURSES



The Purse Illustrated
$29.50
Others $15 to $200

The Purses designed and executed by Mr. Lewis, and recognized as a sublime and lovely standard in the ranks of smart women, are available in the New York shops of the maker as well as in one shop in each of America's principal cities.

Nat Lewis INC.

PURSES : GIFTS : HOSIERY : GLOVES

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A New Shop Now Open
Hotel Montclair, Lex. Ave. at 49th
30 West Fifty-seventh Street
St. Regis Shop, Fifth Avenue at 55th Street
409 Madison Avenue, at Forty-eighth Street
1580 Broadway, at 47th St. (With Men's Dept.)
Another Shop, Soon, 845 Madison Avenue at 70th Street

Nat Lewis Wholesale Corp., 578 Mad. Ave., N. Y.

SHERRIL SCHELL

A charming gift box in gold and rose with a velvet top fastened by a gold tassel. Five of the lovely Du Barry cosmetics repose on the removable tray.

THE CHRISTMAS URGE

(*Concluded from page 106*)

bath crystals. Primrose House compact in brushed silver, wrapped in its modernistic box of black and silver makes an adorable little gift. There are three sizes: single for powder or rouge, double for powder and rouge, and the largest contains powder, rouge and lipstick.

Soap can be intriguing when packed in an exciting modern box such as the one that contains Savon de Noël. It holds twelve cakes of soap in green, yellow and blue, delightfully scented. After you have used the soap, the box can be used for handkerchiefs or stockings, or even cosmetics for travelling, for there is a mirror inside the lid.

"Duo d'Orsay," the companion of the delightful "Le Dandy," is an excellent perfume in a charming oval crystal bottle. Encased in a box of beige suède with a burnished copper top, it is one of the most attractive packages I have seen and smelled. Really, Di, I know you will want it.

It seems that all the gift boxes can be used for some practical purpose after their contents have been removed, and the Lenthéric box in light tan, with its colourful French print, is one of the most charming I have seen. It holds a bottle of one of their delightful scents, a double compact of tailored simplicity that is nickel through-out, and last but not least, an unusually beautiful lipstick of mother-of-pearl. These three articles are set into a removable tray. This same perfumer offers a petite flaconette which would do beautifully for a simpler gift. Oblong in shape, a nickel silver cap fits snugly over the bottle stopper and prevents any possibility of its leaking in one's bag.

Corday perfumes have a wonderful atomizer which is absolutely safe for packing; excellent to put in one's evening bag are small bottles with their sure-cap tops. I have heard that the scent of "Femme du Jour" lingers even after one's handkerchief has been laundered. "Toujours Moi" is a heavy sandalwood perfume and has a very rich odour; a tiny amount of it goes a long way. Each Corday odour comes in a different style bottle, and they are all attractive.

You, who always liked to mix your own powders, will be delighted with Helena Rubinstein's Enchanté Vanity. This box has two compartments: in the upper rests a compact in a modern design, with a section for rouge and one for loose powder; in the lower compartment are six shades of powder in tiny individual boxes that can be used as they come to fill the compact or blended to attain the desired shade. The beauty box I saw at Madame Rubinstein's is most attractive and smart; it may be had in rose or green, lined with beige silk, or black lined with red. Its compartments are fitted with bottles and jars of special sizes filled with an assortment of Madame Rubinstein's famous creams and lotions.

There is something new under the sun! Ybry use all their divine odours to make their new "infusions." This can be used in the same manner as a toilet water, but the fragrance is much more lasting. It is delightfully refreshing after one's bath, and when sprayed on one's lingerie or frocks, one need have no fear of its staining.

You have always wanted a cosmetic case in which there would be room for your nightie and slippers and, apparently, Marie Earle heard your prayers, my dear Di, for she has answered them with a new one, which is lovely. The size of an ordinary travelling bag, covered with black leather and lined with emerald green silk, this box holds a complete assortment of Marie Earle's preparations. With its separate compartment for a nightie, negligée and slippers, this case provides for all the personal needs of the traveller.

Di, the very last thing I saw in my holiday shopping was irresistible both to use and to write about to you. By a slow and intricate process Coty's new manicure preparations are scented with a truly lasting perfume. The set comes in three sizes: the largest has liquid polish in any of three shades you desire, polish solvent, cuticle remover which is mild but effective, a silver topped jar of cuticle cream, and one of nail white. These things are all delightfully scented. Furthermore, there is cotton, orangewood sticks and a file in a sterilized glass tube, and to complete the chic ensemble, an adorable tiny nail brush. You may be sure that the contents of the modern little bottles won't spill when you're using them, for the grooves in which they lay have been cleverly cut to hold them firmly in either position. The smaller sets are equally adorable.

Have a merry Christmas, darling, but don't forget I am always anxious for your letters.

Devotedly,
HELENA.

An élite Bostonian of dark distinguished beauty

MRS. FRANKLIN MOTT GUNTHER

is a leader in the Diplomatic Circles of three Continents

LONDON, The Hague, Rome, Washington, Cairo—these brilliant circles have all acclaimed the charm, the chic, the dark distinguished beauty of Mrs. Franklin Mott Gunther, wife of the well-known American diplomat.

Tall and of regal carriage, Mrs. Gunther has the lovely coloring of a Velasquez portrait. Her head is crowned with dusky masses of smooth-coiled hair, in striking contrast with her wonderful topaz eyes and the clear pale olive of her perfect skin.

Aristocrat in the true sense, Mrs. Gunther comes of a fine old Boston family, the Hunnewells. As a young girl, she went abroad to finish her education in France and England. She became an accomplished linguist, and learned in Paris to dress with simple yet superlative chic.

In Paris, as in America, a beautifully-kept skin is the first essential to chic. What a tribute to the efficacy of the Two famous Creams that Mrs. Gunther has always chosen them to keep her own skin smooth and clear!

"I have used Pond's," she says, "ever since I was a young girl. For Pond's Creams are utterly wholesome, and I believe the skin should receive simple care."

Now Mrs. Gunther finds Pond's two new products just as dependably fine and pure. She says:

"The new Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues complete Pond's Method of care. The Freshener tones the skin so gently, and the Tissues are the only immaculate means of removing Cold Cream."

MRS. FRANKLIN MOTT GUNTHER, *wife of the distinguished American diplomat, is a gracious hostess, whose hospitality has delighted hundreds of travelers abroad.*

This is the complete Pond's Method of caring for the skin:

First, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times during the day, and always after exposure. Pat on generously with upward, outward strokes, letting the light, pure oils sink deep into the pores and bring the dirt to the surface.

Then with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, gently wipe away cream and dirt. These new Tissues economize towels and laundry.

For scrupulous cleanliness, repeat these two steps.

Next, after cleansing, dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over face and neck. It closes the pores, firms, invigorates the skin, leaves it without a trace of oiliness, rosy and fresh.

Last, smooth in a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a velvety powder base.

At bedtime thoroughly cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream, removing cream and dirt with Tissues.

Pond's famous four products — Cold Cream for thorough cleansing, dainty Tissues to remove cold cream, Skin Freshener to banish oiliness and tone the skin, and Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

(left) *Since she was a girl at school in England Mrs. Gunther has excelled at golf. During her residence at The Hague she was a familiar figure on the links and two years carried off the amateur championship honors of Holland.*

(right) *Mrs. Gunther is known for the unusual loveliness of her neck and arms; their beauty is revealed in this striking Paris model of intricately draped black* crêpe romain.

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 preparations

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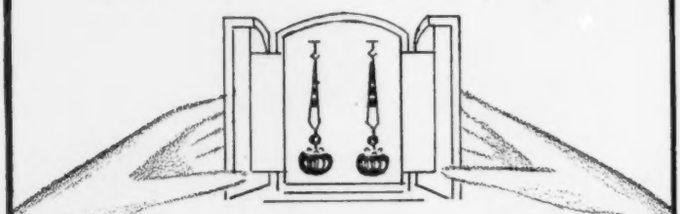
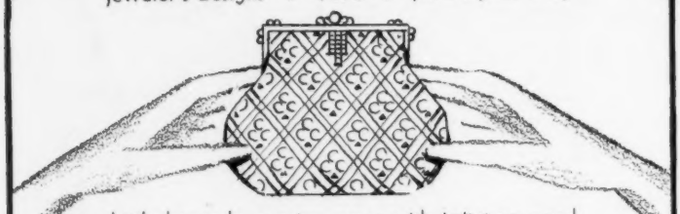
Evening Accessories
from Kurzman
are a flattering gift



Earrings of reconstructed stones; emeralds, rubies, sapphires . $45 . (*Other earrings from $10*)

"Reproduction" bracelet, made from real-stone jeweler's designs . $175 . (*Others from $75*)



Little brocade evening purse with imitation pearl and crystal clasp . $20 (*Others up to $175*)

Brocade evening purse with semi-precious stone clasp, $45 Antique brocades, from $65

"Court" jewelry necklace, copied from French paste $75 . (*Earrings, bracelets, pins from $25*)

Hand-made French filet net hose, $20

importer Kurzman

661 fifth avenue

THE PENTHOUSE

(*Continued from page 71*)

the rear and that the attractive living-room took up half the roof space of the old house that had, some eight years before, been done over into apartments.

It seemed as if the designer of the penthouse had said: "I must have two bedrooms for sleeping purposes, a bathroom for comfort, and an electric kitchenette for convenience; but every foot of space I can squeeze from these gross means of existence I'll stick into the living-room for beauty." So there was that marvellous room—irregular, erratic, and the very thing for the perfect disposal of my treasures.

I told the agent that I would like to see the place. But he seemed embarrassed, and said that he was not allowed to show it. I reminded him that I had lived in one of the smaller apartments for some time, hoping to get a chance at the penthouse; surely it was unreasonable to expect me to take a place sight unseen.

The agent said deprecatingly: "I'm sorry, Mrs. Ellerton. But the tenants are arbitrary on this point."

I persisted: "The janitor tells me that they haven't lived in the place since the first few months of their lease. Why on earth can't I see it? Certainly there can't be personal belongings scattered about, after all this time."

"That's true," said the agent uncomfortably. He brightened, pulled the floor plan into view once more, and began bragging about this pioneer in the fashion of penthouses. "There's an Italian fountain in that loggia out front, behind the balustrade. You can keep goldfish in it, in summer-time. You like goldfish," he suggested craftily. "And in the living-room there's a Caen stone mantel." He got me back on tiptoes.

"When can I get it?"

"You can sign right now—on the dotted line!" He rubbed his hands together, almost purring at me. "I've just got a letter from the tenants, saying they won't renew their lease."

I went home, mentally rubbing my own hands.

THERE was no attraction in the block that lies west of Fifth Avenue and east of Sixth to hold me, for it happened that this particular year saw what is called the improvement of the West Fifties. These improvements went on every day to the accompaniment of demoniacal clashings. Antheil had not yet interpreted modernity, but I used to think that inharmonious noises might be called the concert of New York. But that day I was in fine spirits, and turned the corner from Fifth Avenue into bedlam, with only the one whimsical protest that the various steam shovels might be so managed that they worked in tune.

On a temporarily stable bit of sidewalk I stood and gazed up at my loggia. Behind that stucco balustrade was my future peaceful home. I said to the aged negro janitor, John: "The agent tells me that balustrade cuts off practically all noise of the street."

"Yaas'm," he replied amiably. He went on sweeping up the dust from the blasting. He said over his shoulder, and meditatively: " 'Tain't de noise frum de street—up dere."

I said smilingly: "It will be nice, to be away from this mess." I waved my hand at the nearest engine.

The old man turned to look earnestly at me. "You ain't studyin' on movin' up dere, is you, Miss?"

"I've just signed the lease!" I said joyfully.

He turned away once more, shaking his head. He was muttering.

I liked old John. I asked indulgently: "What was that you said?"

"I said it's bad luck to move in de same house."

I laughed at him. "The bad luck is when you move *down* in the same house. I'm moving *up*."

"I know you is," he insisted. "But mighty bad luck, Miss. Mighty bad luck."

"I'll risk it," I said, on the same high note.

THE last thing was in place; and it was almost dark. I decided to run to the corner restaurant and have dinner before shaking myself down cozily for a happy life.

I returned about nine o'clock, and with the greatest pride and joy let myself in the door at the foot of my own private stairway. I pushed the electric light button beside the door and, up above, the entire apartment blossomed into light. I started up the narrow stairs. Suddenly, for no reason whatever, I was assailed with the most dreadful feeling of foreboding. I was seized and held, by the deep conviction that I had made a ghastly mistake.

"Idiot!" I said to myself; clenched my teeth, and went determinedly up the stairs. And it needed determination, too, because my feet seemed to stick in something as I lifted and set them down. I fixed my eyes on the glow of the hallway above and marched doggedly.

To have insisted on moving in and settling all in one day, had been foolish; for here I was, tired out on my first night of occupancy. Nothing for it but to go to bed and tomorrow take possession in reality.

. . . But I knew, as I reasoned thus, that what I really did not want to do was to go into the living-room.

My sleep had been broken. But the sunny day was reassuring; and the agent had been right about the noises of the street coming over the balustrade as a chastened monotone. The world was just outside, roaring, while safe within my penthouse there was nobody but me.

As I walked from room to room, admiring my acquisition, I said this several times—aloud. "Nobody in here besides Louise Ellerton, until her boy comes home for the holidays. Louise Ellerton—all alone, all alone." And I laughed, because it was splendid, this morning; and I had more sunlight than ever had been in New York, and my treasures looked their best.

I stood for a long time in the archway between the hall and the living-room, looking in at my lovely arrangement of a rare collection. The turquoise-blue silk curtains were drawn back from the glass doors that formed an entire side of the room, and through the panes I saw the loggia. The flowers, planted the day before, had brightened during the night, and the fountain threw up a fine broken spray in which sunbeams danced. "How beautiful! How beautiful!" I breathed.

. . . But I did not want to go into the living-room. I sought about for an excuse, although I did not know what it was I excused. "It is necessary to get the bedrooms and closets settled first," I decided with relief. It was pleasant to know I owned a fountain that tossed into the city air a mist to catch the sunlight and shatter it into a rainbow; but it must wait until I . . . until I felt used to the room. That was it: I must grow used to the room. I would start, that very evening, by sitting on the great sofa and reading a new novel. It would be homelike and snug, to sit there reading a new novel. A roaring fire was needed, naturally. The room, with its fresh paint, was possibly chilly.

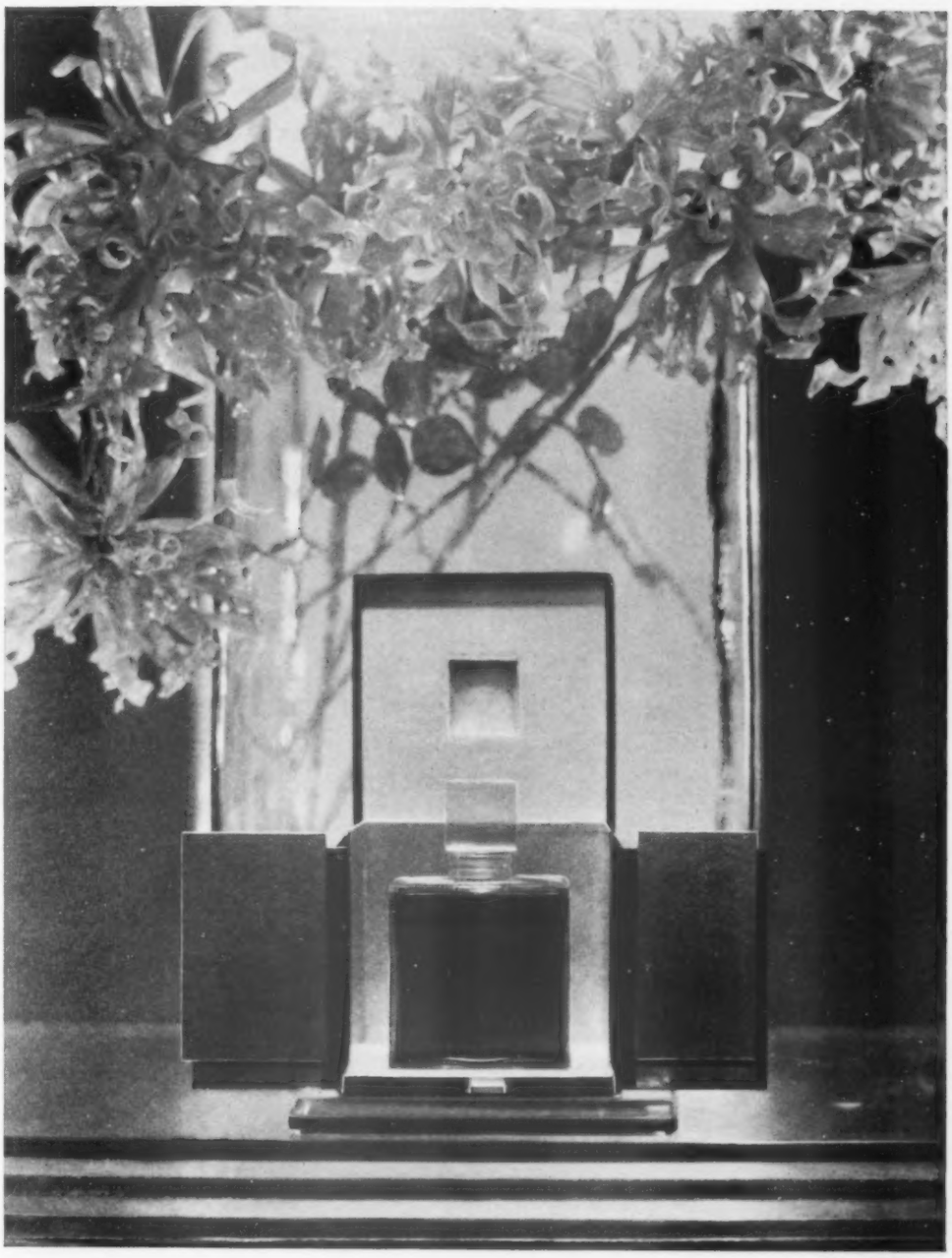
I HAD every intention, when I again let myself in at my blue door and switched on the lights, of going gaily up the stairs and at once proceeding to the business of inaugurating that centre of domesticity, the open fire. But I felt a reluctance to sit in that exquisite room and read. I could not say why. It was not, in fact, until I had been in the penthouse for almost a week that I overcame this reluctance and lit the fire. It was a chilly night, and over the loggia the moonlight lay cold and white, and the flames of burning logs would cheer me. But, not greatly to my surprise, the fire was balky.

A thick cloud of smoke bellied down from the chimney and spread over the room, halfway between the floor and the low ceiling. For a while I struggled with it, put out because never before in my

(*Continued on page 113*)

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS GIFTS

the world ever knew were perfumes borne across the desert by three wise men



WITHOUT beauty, life would be a desert, trackless and empty.

Beyond the famous red door-way of the Elizabeth Arden Salon are gifts of beauty, for beauty. Perfumes which in their fragrant loveliness, symbolize the most beautiful of human relationships and moods.

Mon Amie Elizabeth — the perfect gift of a friend to a friend. L'Amour d'Elizabeth — the glory of love in fragrance. Le Rêve d'Elizabeth — the perfume of dreams. La Joie d'Elizabeth — the joyous ardor of life.

Delightful imported gifts personally selected by Miss Arden, with the same warmth of interest she would use in choosing them for her own friends. And the Beauty Box—filled with the loveliness which every woman longs for. Who could resist one of these perfect gifts from Elizabeth Arden! Could you?

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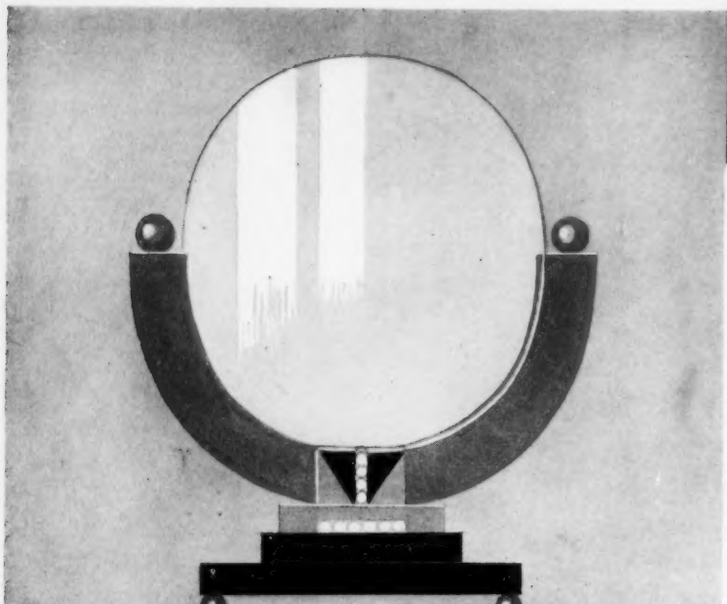

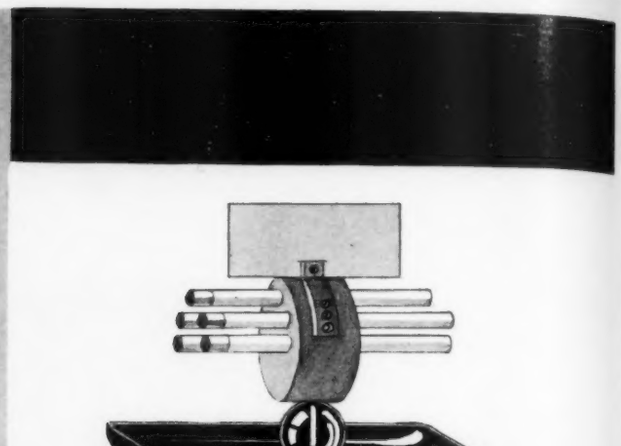

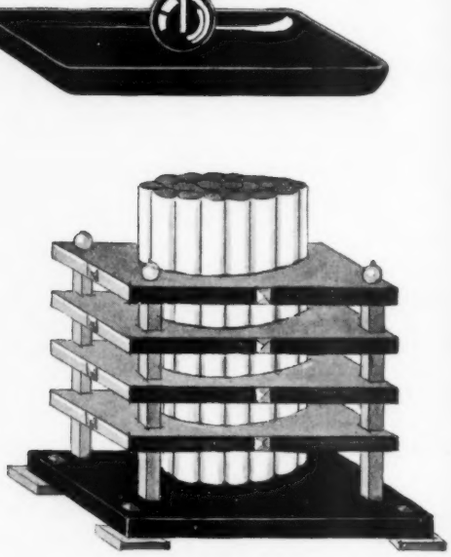

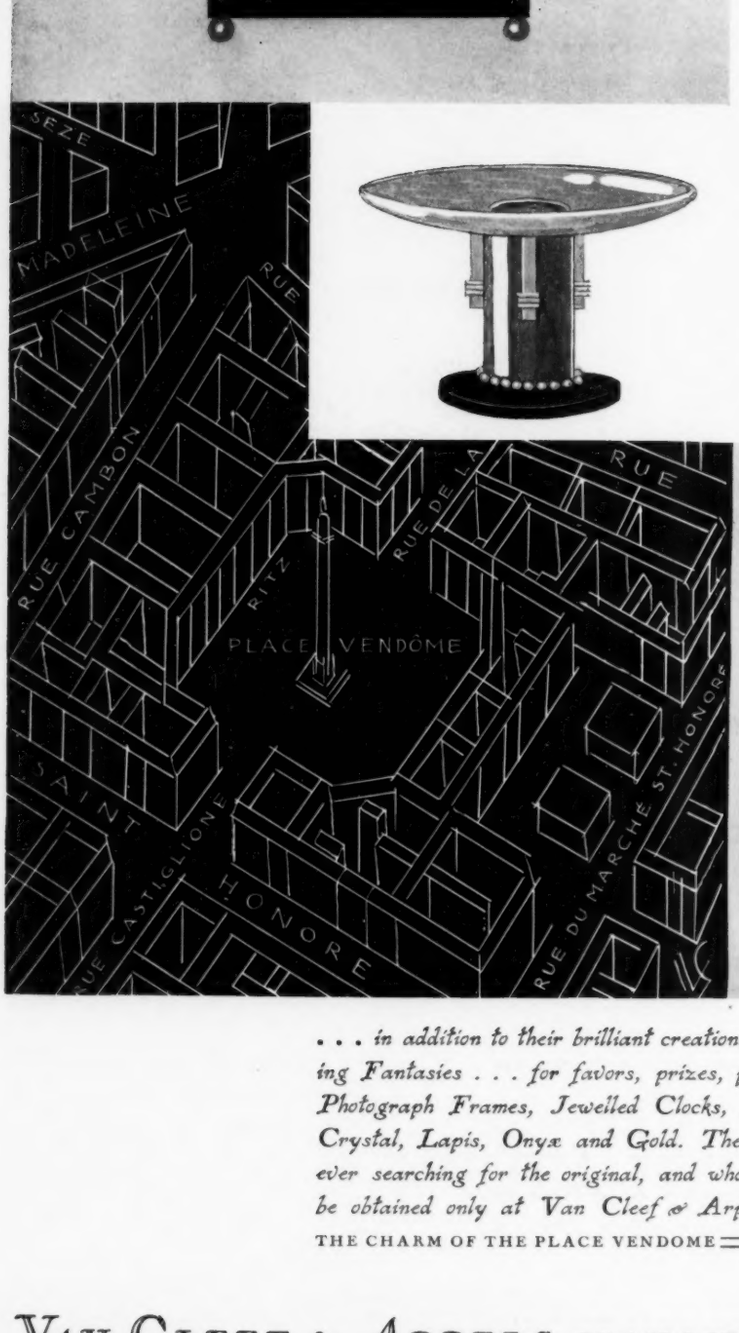

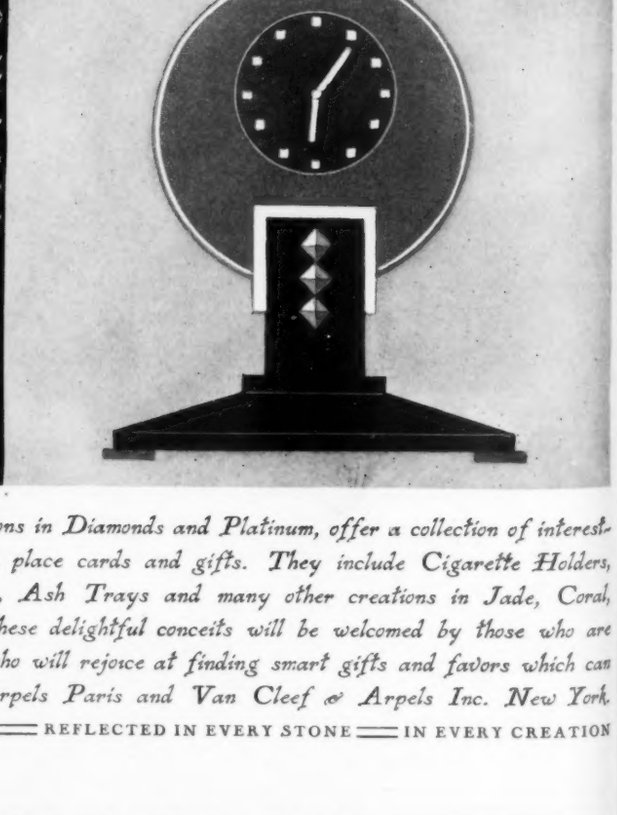

. . . in addition to their brilliant creations in Diamonds and Platinum, offer a collection of interesting Fantasies . . . for favors, prizes, place cards and gifts. They include Cigarette Holders, Photograph Frames, Jewelled Clocks, Ash Trays and many other creations in Jade, Coral, Crystal, Lapis, Onyx and Gold. These delightful conceits will be welcomed by those who are ever searching for the original, and who will rejoice at finding smart gifts and favors which can be obtained only at Van Cleef & Arpels Paris and Van Cleef & Arpels Inc. New York.

THE CHARM OF THE PLACE VENDOME — REFLECTED IN EVERY STONE — IN EVERY CREATION

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS JOAILLIERS *Place Vendôme* PARIS

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS Inc. JEWELERS · FIFTH AVE., at 53rd ST., NEW YORK

THE PENTHOUSE

(*Continued from page 110*)

life had I failed with a fire. "The chimney's badly built," finally I reassured myself. "I'll have to get Todhunter to send in and alter its shape." . . . I reminded myself that it was the smoke that had run me out of the room.

Todhunter's men tore down the chimney, rebuilt it, and left with the statement that nothing on earth could now stop its drawing like an angel. I was busy at the moment, introducing into their new tank the grotesque Korean fish with their faces like yellow Boston bull terriers, and I left the testing of the chimney until later on—that is to say, as I instantly reflected, when I should have to come up those stairs at night.

Strangely enough, I still felt a demoralizing premonition when, after dinner, I locked the blue door behind me and started up the stairs. The bright mornings—tending my flowers, watching the sportive fountain—these were good hours; but the afternoons, with shadows falling from the high buildings along the block—my little nook of a home the first to get the shadows—that was not so good. Shadows made me cold. The stair-well was too shadowy. The lights above only served to illumine the oriental knives that I had hung to brighten the steep ascent; they were powerless against the sticky, viscid, invisible mess that held my feet.

I said to myself: "This is imagination. Be calm. This is but imagination."

TODHUNTER'S men said firmly but disparagingly: "Now, mum, this is the third time we've been at work on that chimney, an' if it won't draw this time an' no smokin', it ain't our fault but the fault of something in this house, an' that's that." They picked up their tools and left—forever.

A peculiar, sullen smoking, with the thick white smoke dropping from way up the chimney, to spread out halfway between the floor and ceiling, and to hang there with sharp edges so that you could stand and look out over it as if it were clouds below a mountain peak; it was bad as ever. But some chimneys never drew properly. I shrugged it off, with the doleful reflection that it meant I could not revel in the combination of a good book, a cheerful fire, and the resultant feel of home. But it did not matter; for by this time I was certain that another thing I could not do was to read cozily in that room. I could not become oblivious of the fact that something seemed to be looking over my shoulder.

By imperceptible degrees it had become literally noisy in the penthouse. It was full of strange sounds. The noise of the street below was muffled in order to make way for the noises within the apartment. At first I had thought that it was someone knocking at the door; but it was someone knocking within the living-room. Rappings in the living-room—sharp, impatient, and always in series of three—sounding off behind where I might be sitting, skipping across the room and rapping out their summons.

At first they occurred only when I was alone, and then, as if growing bolder, when friends were calling. At last I mentioned the matter; but my guests pretended they had noticed nothing. Old furniture, they reassured me, always made those sharp cracking noises at night; not—they repeated, somewhat nervously—that they had heard anything. I wanted from them a warmer interest, to help me through what I had begun to recognize as a test of my steadiness of nerve, and I said to them that I had lived with this same furniture for years. I had moved it from house to house, and never before had it so "adjusted itself to the change in temperature when the heat went down at night." And would inanimate furniture always crack in series of three? And then, while I argued, there came three loud raps on the table behind the sofa—three.

I sighed deeply. "You heard?" I asked my friends.

"Well—yes," they said uncertainly. "But there must be some explanation—some sensible, natural explanation; some law, don't you know? It certainly isn't—oh, let's be reasonable!—it *can't* be ghostly?"

As if jeering at their puny wits, the three sharp raps sounded off; and this time they seemed to come from the heavy mahogany arms of the sofa on which sat the most skeptical.

The men laughed. "That's a good trick, Louise!"

BUT the party broke up. They left in a hurry that was almost flight, and it was with a perceptible effort that they said at parting: "Now, Louise, get a grip on yourself. You're unconsciously making up things. Oh, I know you're genuine about it, my dear girl; don't be offended, will you? But you really ought to see a psychoanalyst. Or a doctor. It might be just a matter of diet—a slight derangement that might affect your hearing. It isn't uncommon to go all to pieces from the wrong diet. And you women living by this silly 'light housekeeping' scheme—!"

"Have I ever been the sort of woman who brags of being psychic? Have I ever been the sort of woman who tells of 'seeing' things?" I asked steadily.

"Well—no. But—" brightly, because they were nearly outside the blue door—"be sensible and see a doctor, won't you?"

I understood them. They had been frightened into turning tail and running. I understood, too, when from that time on they refused my invitations. They were nice about it, making all sorts of excuses which I accepted with equal suavity; but it was plainly shown that they considered parties in their apartments more comfortable, more homelike. I tested them: "I am the only one of us who has a garden." But I had to accept the fact that my beautiful penthouse was now taboo. I shuddered as they left me.

I BEGAN to feel imprisoned. The loggia was now banked with snow so that the glass doors that were one side of the living-room would no longer push open. But my comrade, the sun, shone over the white drifts, and into the room, and picked out the goldfish in their tank near the glass panes. They were friendly goldfish, although I might not have noticed this had I been surrounded by human friends.

When I entered the room they would swim excitedly and press their snub noses against the confines of their own little prison. This welcome of a wriggling mass of shiny golden bodies came to mean something to me. I became absurdly attached to the fish, during those long evenings when, no matter where I sat, something looked over my shoulder. It was not that I felt I was alone in this high-up apartment; for even from my bedroom I could hear the raps in the living-room.

And I began to notice that the viscid mass along the stairs had spread throughout the place, spilling even into my own room. I wondered if it had instinct; I wondered if it was pursuing me. I brought all my intelligence to my aid, striving to understand. For now, when I walked into the living-room I had almost to fight my way—push my way—through what seemed a kind of solidity of the air. The room was crowded with something.

A day sooner than he was expected, my young son came home for Christmas vacation; and I had a dinner engagement that I felt I should not break. Reluctantly, I left him alone for the evening—reassuring myself that a boy of fourteen would have none of the sick fancies which had taken possession of my maturity. As soon as I decently could, I hurried home. In the taxi I kept up my chant to my heart: "A great hulk of a boy won't be frightened!"

Why had I said that? I started—not before had I realized that I myself was frightened.

I found him sitting up in his bed, which was so placed that it commanded a view along the hallway into the living-room. He had turned on all the lights, and his eyes were fixed on the living-room. I ran to him and kissed him agonizedly. Now I knew that all the evening I had sub-

(*Continued on page 114*)

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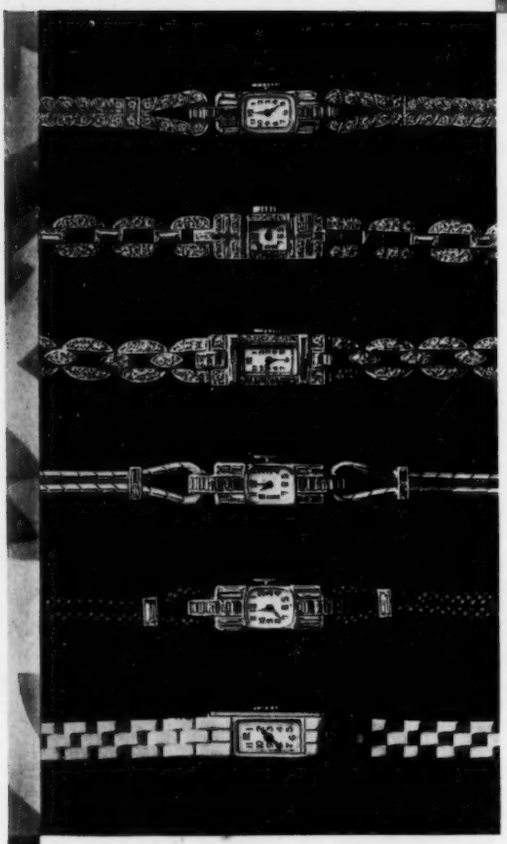

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THE PENTHOUSE

(Continued from page 113)

consciously been fearing something dreadful would happen to him. I asked him, in as ordinary a tone as I could summon up—for above all things I wished to put no notions into his head that were possibly not yet there: "Why didn't you go to sleep, sonny?"

"Because I believe someone is in the living-room," he stated flatly. He looked defiantly at me.

I controlled myself. "What on earth do you mean? You didn't see anybody?"

"No," he admitted, "even after I'd lit up and looked all through the apartment. Not a sign of anybody. But as soon as I got back to bed and put out the light I was sure again that someone was in that room."

"You silly boy! And did you look once more?" I asked as casually as I could manage.

"Sure," said the boy. "I lit up and chased round several times; and I never found a trace of a soul. But I just thought I'd leave the lights on till you got home. I didn't want some bozo to be brainin' you as you came up the steps."

"What were you staring at when I came in?" I could not help asking.

"I don't know," he said reluctantly. "I just thought I'd watch that room."

"Well, let's forget about it," I said at length. "Let's get to sleep and think about it in the daylight. It's possibly just nothing."

After this, I cancelled my engagements and stayed with him until his return to school. The last thing he said to me was: "Why don't you get a dog, Mother? He'd be company for you in that lonesome place you've got."

FOR the rest of my life I shall hate to think about the dog.

I bought a Scottie, because Scotties are afraid of nothing. He took possession with the assurance of his breed and immediately began familiarizing himself with his new bailiwick. Through the bedrooms and the hall he sniffed superciliously, until he came to the archway leading into the living-room; and there he suddenly stopped stiff in his tracks. No amount of persuasion could induce him to cross the threshold.

I had actually to pick him up in my arms and carry him, quivering and restive, through the living-room to the loggia. I thought: "We are in the same boat. If only I can break up his horror of that room, I'll maybe break my own at the same time." And over and over again, with my own teeth clenched to keep them from chattering, I would take him in my arms and place him on the sofa. Then, carefully, I would edge away from the bundle of wiry fur.

But no sooner did he find himself alone on the sofa than, before he could leap, he was, as it seemed, literally thrown off. You understand that he neither rolled off nor jumped off; but he would fly through the air as if he had been violently lifted and flung; and his poor body would hit the floor in the cruellest way. Then he would whimper and slink from the room. The mystery was all the greater because I knew the breed of dog too well to suspect it of cowardice. Besides, once out on the street, he was the doughty Scotch terrier again, never looking for trouble but certainly never looking away from it when it came his way.

It was his death that came to prey upon my mind, because I knew that I had brought the little dog into the penthouse to stand between me and the horror.

I STARTED bolt up in bed, trembling, for the noise in the living-room sounded tremendous. And in an instant the little dog came flying out, exactly as if it had been kicked through the archway. He died the next day. The veterinarian looked suspiciously at me, I thought, as if he suspected me of brutality.

I had had no right to condemn a dog to such a fate; I would stick it out alone. I would be afraid, I acknowledged to myself, that I might be impaled with one of the knives that hung in a now ghastly decoration along the stair-well. For the poltergeist—if this thing were a poltergeist—had now taken to slinging the knives down the stairs late at night. I would hear the swish of the keen blade as it hurtled through the air; I would find it, next morning, with its point so deeply driven into the wood of the bottom step that my strength was scarcely up to the job of pulling it out. I sent for old John and asked if he could tighten the nails with which the knives were fastened to the wall. Old John scratched his whitening head.

"Dere ain't no nails with strength to hol' knives on dis here stair," he said. "Knives an' dis here stair jes' nachelly got er hate terwards each other."

I had given up trying to keep a maid. No colour of maid would stay after one talk with old John. Old John said: "No, ma'am! You jes' cain't s'pec' me to sen' maids up here. What God doan' mean ter be meddled with hadn't oughter be meddled with; an' dis ain't no place fer people what traffics with God an' not de Debbil."

I said, rather hysterically: "You don't think I traffic with the Devil, do you?"

"No, ma'am," he said mournfully, and shaking his head with commiseration. "Dat ain't what I thinks. I done tol' you not to move in here becase I seed you didn't stan' in with de Debbil."

I was now so afraid of the penthouse that when I was in it there was a steady light trembling inside me where my heart alternately beat heavily, and skipped, and caught up with a leap.

The raps had invaded my bedroom, and I got little rest at night. At first they were dispersed, but eventually I heard them on the headboard of my wooden bedstead. Later on, I began to hear what I afterwards described as picking sounds inside the box spring—as if someone were playing the harp, or a banjo, on the concealed coils of the spring. Once again I summoned all my common sense and sent for the man who had made the box spring the year before; I made him take it apart before my eyes. I explained that a mouse might have got inside the upholstery. The man stared at me.

"A mouse would uv gnawed his way out," he remonstrated.

Of course there was no mouse. I had known there would be no mouse. The man put the thing together and left, grumbling. That night the picking on the coils of the springs went on as persistently as before.

THE horrible idea seized me that I might be going crazy. It was now springtime; and my winter had been one series of shocks, nervy jumps, and whirrings in the solar plexus. But with the glass doors flung wide open to let in the fresh spring air, I thought things would be better. Spring weather and that awful sense of a hostile invisible crowd could not possibly go together. Health was what I needed—health, physical and mental. I decided to spend all my time out on the loggia. There I would be nearer to the everyday, in actual contact with it. For the neighbourhood was in New York's permanent process of improvement.

Sitting in one of the gay painted porch chairs, smoking and thinking over the winter just past, I could have laughed at my fancies. Could have, except that always, on the flowery loggia, I remembered that ahead of me was the journey through the inferno of the living-room that remained crowded. There was no way around it. I would have to force my way through the thickened air, get—some way (I used to think that my clothes might be torn off by the pressure)—into the hall with the pushing against my chest removed, and scuttle into my bedroom that was no longer an impregnable fortress.

The repetition of this procedure fairly infected the day. Hanging over me, no matter where I went for diversion, was the hour when I must come in for the night and mount the stairs into trouble—up, up, step by step, nearer and nearer to the trouble, whatever it was.

With some courage, for he was skepti-

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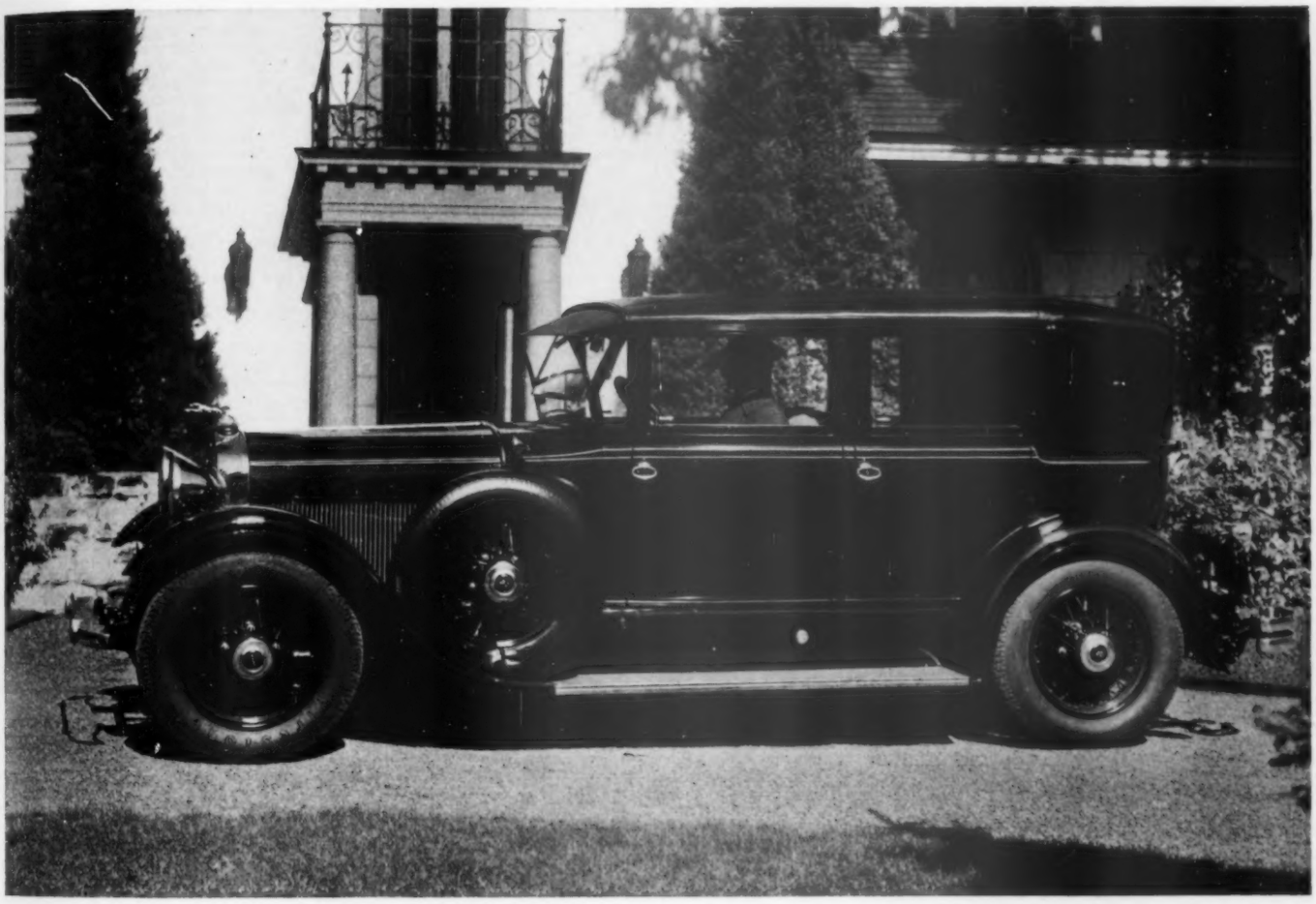

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THE PENTHOUSE

(*Concluded from page 114*)

cal, I finally spoke to my brother about it. I could see from his manner that he was worried—not at what I told him but how I told it. He earnestly advised me to move. "It's the cheapest penthouse in town," he said, "and one of the prettiest. You'll find it easy to get rid of the lease."

All the same, I knew that if I moved I would be a coward for the rest of my life. I knew that I was fighting for my nerve—fighting, I knew not what, to save, not my soul, but my lifelong self-respect. To preserve my sanity and courage was everything. I refused to give up the penthouse: it came to that. I would not run.

I sent my boy off to camp immediately upon his return from school. The penthouse was by now so crowded with what I could not see, but could almost feel as I pushed my way, that I was thankful when I saw him safely out of it. And I settled down to endure the summer.

NO WAY to avoid his sojourn at home when camp had closed and boarding-school had not yet opened. I determined to get through his stay with a surface cheerfulness that might pass his sharp inspection. But he complained: "Say! This living-room is the worst we've ever had!"

"What's the matter with it?" I demanded, with brittle cheerfulness. "Don't you think it's a pretty room?"

He shrugged this off with scorn. "Oh, it's that, all right. But it just ain't *comfortable*. You just don't feel *comfortable* in it."

"Why," I said, "I do believe you're actually remembering the scare you got at Christmas when you believed someone was in the room. Haven't you got over that?"

He looked wise. "That ain't it!"

I was uneasy about him. At his age, who could predict the result of a real fright over something that seemed supernatural? I felt something of my old courage flowing back to my heart now that I had the boy to shield. A schoolboy's sense of illicit pleasure in sleeping late in the mornings helped me; for I could easily pass off anything upon which he might stumble as a "bad dream."

On a particular morning, then, I was up and dressed, had finished breakfast and had turned to the newspaper that old John left at the door. I was thinking that a year ago I would have said the morning was the most perfect September sample. Then I thought, looking at my hands, how dirty newly-printed newspapers are; and I came from my bedroom and went towards the bathroom to wash off the smudge. The sun was shining so gloriously, and streaming through the glass doors in such a flood of benign mercy, that I ventured a glance along the hall and into the living-room.

Just as I was saying to myself that it was absurd to have such feeling about so pretty a room, I saw that a man was standing in front of the goldfish tank and looking at me out of the corner of his eye. The man was as ordinary as the sunshine in which he stood. I could see nothing of his face except his eyes, for his hat brim was pulled low over his brow; just the whites of his eyes showed in the shadow of the brim. I was never nervous about burglars; and, besides, this was ten o'clock in the morning. Quite boldly I marched into the living-room—feeling actually an enormous relief that at last my grievance against that room was no longer ghostly but simple flesh and blood.

"How dare you come into my place?" I demanded in a loud, clear voice. And I glared at him.

Suddenly I realized that I was seeing the goldfish in the tank through his dark garments . . . I saw them. I tell you, I saw them . . .

I then did exactly what all people in ghost stories do: I began to shrink and shrivel backwards out of the room, my hair not quite on end but feeling as if a wind were blowing through it. I had regained the archway leading to the hall when the man's head and shoulders began to fade and to let through the sunlight that shone behind him.

. . . I perceived that the goldfish were pressing their noses against the side of the tank and appeared to be seeing what I saw . . . I suddenly screamed at the top of my strength . . . one long scream after another . . . on and on.

As my son rushed from his room, rubbing his sleepy eyes, the man completely faded. Not a trace of him was left. He was not a mist in the room, he was not a wisp of vapour—nothing prose or poetry; he had not stalked gibbering away; he had done nothing a ghost is supposed to do. He simply faded out; while the goldfish on the other side of him visibly got more and more brightly gold and red.

Of course the boy and I rushed out on the loggia; and of course the man was not getting away over the roofs. I had not expected to find him . . . I had seen the goldfish too plainly.

"I KNEW then that the time had come for me to move," Louise Ellerton told the circle around the fire. "If I was so beaten that I'd call in my own child to save me, I'd better cease to pretend to be courageous and turn tail and run for my life."

"Hm!" said Mr. Dent. "Is that all?"

"That's all my part of it," she replied. "I did run, and I tried to put it out of my mind. Two years later I picked up the link—if you would call it a link. At some party or other, where I was almost a stranger, the talk veered to the new fashion for penthouses; and I said that I had had one of the first in New York and gave the address. One of the women stared at me in amazement. 'You lived *there*? How long?' I told her. 'Did anything strange happen?' she asked. She appeared to take it for granted that something should. I said: 'Yes, something I don't care to talk about because it still makes me ashamed.' "

"Ashamed?" exclaimed Amy impatiently. "How like you, Louise! Ashamed of what?"

"Why," Louise Ellerton explained with surprise, "I did call my own child into it, after all! But I was going to tell what this woman said about the penthouse. She had lived next door when the roof of the old house had been leased by an artist recently back from Europe. He it was who built the penthouse, installing the mantel and the fountain and other of his cherished belongings. What sort of evil life he led up there nobody knew; but there was a girl who often called on him—alone—and finally she disappeared, the neighbours noticed.

"A few days afterwards, the police were in, called by a man who had gone up on business, who had tried to stir up a smoking fire in the grate, and who had made the awful discovery of the girl's body stuffed up the chimney. It seems the artist was very placidly painting, when the girl's leg bounced down on the hearthrug. The caller must have run as fast as his own legs could carry him—down the stairs, yelling for the police; and the artist ran after him and hurled a knife, which barely missed him. Violently insane, the neighbours thought."

Louise paused. "You can see that I hate to talk about it! The artist's defense, it seems, was that the woman had got on his nerves. He had disliked a lot of things she did, he said. He got to loathing her dog, kicking it brutally, because it irritated him by always sniffing around when he was at work. He said, in court: 'Yes, I did kill her. She had the most dreadful way of breathing over my shoulder when I was painting.' "

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 57th STREET

THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 99*)

At one corner a fountain made its whispering music, and here, too, a cloud of pigeons fluttered and cooed as two slaves with sacks of barley at their waists scattered amongst them their evening meal, a function at which the Dey himself often looked on, for he was particularly fond of these pretty peaceful creatures.

In another angle of this court was a broad staircase of elaborately carved wood, leading up to another gallery, once more paved with Dutch tiles and supported by fluted columns alternately of white marble and white stone. At the far end of this gallery was a low canopied dais, covered with marqueterie of many bright colours, where the Dey often sat to receive visitors on a magnificent lion-skin. And there he was seated this day as the Admiral, the Agha, and other functionaries ushered the Captain, the Lady Calliope, and Dionysus into his presence. He was clothed in a robe of white damask, and in his turban was a crescent of softly shining pearls. Over his head, embroidered on the green silk of the canopy, was the name of God in heavy letters of gold.

He sat there with a beautifully illuminated manuscript in his hand, on which his eyes were bent, as though oblivious of his surroundings. A little distance from him sat a scrivener with his parchments, and a young man stood by who proved to be his interpreter. As the Dey bent over the manuscript, his lips moved as though he were saying over to himself some of the verses he read. His visitors stood still at the end of the gallery a little while, awaiting some sign of his pleasure. Presently he raised his head, gazing at them in silence with his strange hazel eyes, and then he made a motion of his hands and the group moved towards him.

BUT between him and them, what were these recumbent figures lining each side of the gallery? At the sight of them Calliope gave an involuntary cry of horror and covered her face with her hands, for these recumbent figures were corpses, some of them without heads. Here was an example of the Dey's peculiar humour. It was his whim sometimes thus to receive foreign visitors, particularly consuls. Following Calliope's cry of horror, the Captain—strange man!—after gravely scanning the dead bodies, and doubtless of set purpose, let out one of his great laughs; and turning to Dionysus remarked in his deep voice: "There is no rampart, Di, like a wall of dead enemies."

At this laugh everyone looked at him in amazement, and the Dey's eyes kindled, though rather, it would appear, with impatient curiosity than anger. But he clapped his hands to hasten his visitors to his presence, and before anyone could speak he addressed the Captain.

"Who are you that dares to laugh so loudly in my presence?"

The Captain bowed low before him and answered.

"I am Richard Thunder," he said, "a captain in the navy of His Majesty, King Charles of England, the illustrious and very good friend of Your Highness."

"And why did you laugh?"

"I laughed, Your Highness, because it seemed to me that these dead men being placed here was one of those strokes of humour for which Your Highness is famous, and I wished you to understand that your jest had not been lost upon us."

"And what did you say?" pursued the Dey, whose eyes met the fearless eyes of the Captain with something strange stirring in them that was certainly not anger.

"I said, Your Highness, that there is no rampart like a wall of dead enemies."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Dey, "you speak wisely, for there are times when dead men are the best protection of a state. And you are a brave man too, Captain, braver perhaps than you know."

The Captain bowed low once more.

"I would not insult Your Highness by bringing a coward into your presence."

"It is well," said the Dey, whose eyes had suddenly fallen hawk-like on the cloaked and hooded figure of Calliope. "I shall hope to hear your laugh again, Captain, for it is long since I heard laughter. But who is this lady who hides her face from me as though she were afraid of one who has more reason, belike, to be afraid of her?"

At this Calliope impulsively drew herself to her full height and snatching the hood from her face, looked full into the eyes of the Dey.

"I am not afraid," she cried haughtily.

As her face was thus revealed in all its loveliness, the Dey gave a little startled cry and his cruel features became suddenly transfigured.

"How truly I spoke!" he said. "Indeed, it is I that am afraid. Dear lady, I would do you no wrong," and, as he spoke he rose, and, reverently taking her hand, led her to a place at his side. "How mysterious a thing is beauty! And how strange that you should come to me in this hour!"

And then, as though forgetful of all his surroundings, he looked into her face with an admiring worship, as a man looks at the moon in a solitary place. She bore his glance as calmly as she might, for her woman's wisdom told her that this was no time for prudish airs. There was one there, however, who was not so wise.

"Your Highness!" he exclaimed.

Suddenly the Dey's expression changed to a haughty sternness as he looked up.

"Sir," he said, "who are you that interrupts my speech with this lady?"

"I am her protector. She was given into my care by her father, as he died."

"So . . ." commented the Dey, sardonically.

But the Captain here interposed.

"Foolish boy!" he said; "you will mar all." Then turning to the Dey, "Will Your Highness give me leave?"

"Say on, Captain," answered the Dey, suspending his anger for a while.

"I ask Your Highness' permission to speak for this lady. She is the Lady Calliope York, and, while what this young gentleman says is in a manner true, she is first of all in my care as a ward of His Majesty, King Charles, and to him I must answer for her safety with my life."

The Dey mused awhile. Then suddenly he drew himself up as though about to give judgment.

"You have spoken of King Charles as my friend. But is he my friend? It is long since I had evidence of his friendship, and till I receive that evidence it is my will and pleasure that I detain you here in Algiers as my guests. This lady shall be my ward till word comes from your King. I have a little palace in a garden which shall be hers alone, and she shall have her own attendants and all else that she desires. I will be responsible for her with my life, and no harm shall come to her. You, Captain, shall lodge with me, and I shall appoint you as my jester; and, as for this young gentleman, I will advise me further. But let him guard his tongue, for your King is far away. As for your ship, your crew, and your treasure, Captain, I must take council with my Divan. I have spoken."

ALL this was said with a decision against which there was no appeal. The Captain bowed and thanked His Highness as though well content. As the Dey rose, to pass into the council-chamber with his Divan, he was able to reassure Calliope, and receive assurance of her courage in return. Indeed, she was curiously tranquil minded, and she was, perhaps, the only one in that company who did not fear the Dey. As for Dionysus, he remained silent. He was young, uncompromising, and very much in love. What wonder that he could not bow his head to the Dey, who bestowed on him, as he swept out with his attendants, a sinister glance that boded him no good. Before leaving, he had bent over Calliope's hand, saying that his chamberlain would immediately have her conducted to her palace and that in a day or two he would beg leave to visit her and assure himself of her comfort; and, perhaps, he added, they might sometimes read the Eastern poets together. No one could seem less like the monster into whose presence she

(*Continued on page 121*)

BY APPOINTMENT

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RALLET

THE BESTOWAL OF KINGS AND EMPERORS — For those women who are fastidiously difficult to please, what gift more fitting than one of the Parfums modernes of Rallet — whose fragrant creations won the tribute of royal selection.

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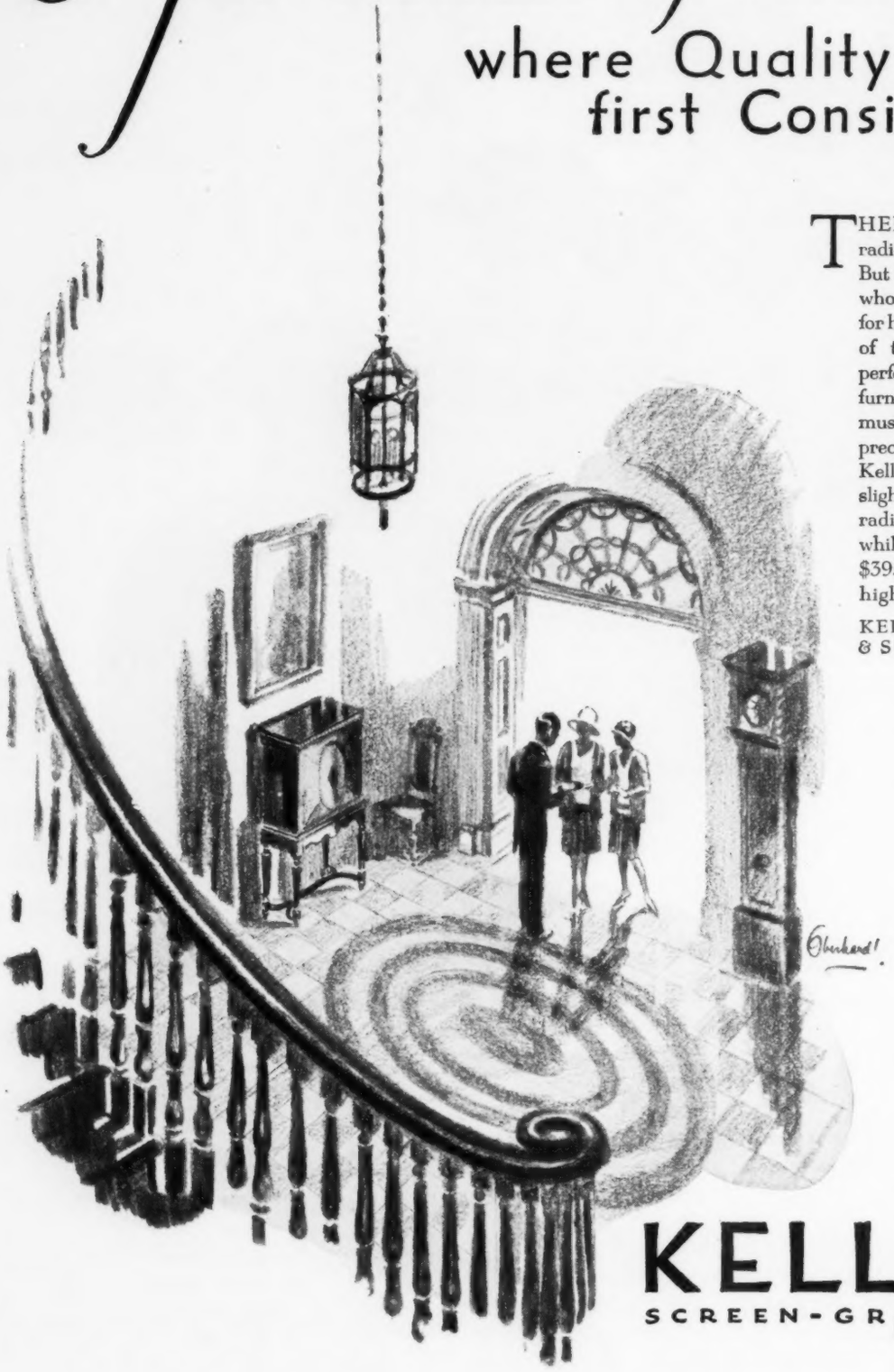
For homes of distinction

where Quality is the first Consideration



THERE are many low priced radios for people who want them. But Kellogg is made for those who want something better . . . for homes where the quiet beauty of the Kellogg cabinet is in perfect harmony with the other furnishings . . . for families of musical discrimination who appreciate the finer qualities of Kellogg tone. To such people, the slightly higher cost of a Kellogg radio is an investment well worth while. Prices range from $175 to $395, not including tubes. Slightly higher on the Pacific Coast.

KELLOGG SWITCHBOARD & SUPPLY CO., CHICAGO

KELLOGG

SCREEN-GRID *Radio*

FAMOUS FOR ITS CATHEDRAL TONE

THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 118*)

had passed through rows of corpses than Selim Hassan, as he bowed over the Lady Calliope's hand.

CHAPTER XV.

GAYA

FROM the first sight of Algiers—the Captain had been right about her—Gaya had conceived a plan, seeing how the city was surrounded on every side by gardens and woods that came up to its very walls and down to the edge of the sea. But it was a plan of which she said nothing to Dionysus, as during the turmoil of events on deck, he had stolen down to his cabin to give her what reassurance he might. Indeed, that brief colloquy was but little an affair of words or plans. All, in fact, that she needed of him was that he should take her in his arms once more, and that she should strain him to her bosom and draw him deep down into her eyes, perhaps for the last time.

Never once in their thoughtless hours among the Surrey heaths and spinneys had her love for him looked to any future. For all her wild passion, she had realized that his world was not hers and that only sometimes in the moonlight their worlds touched and allowed them to bridge the gulf that divided them. That she, a gipsy of the wilderness, could ever be his wife had not even entered her mind. Doubtless, some day he would marry a great lady and be lost to her; but such an event was outside the world of dreams and shadows in which they stole to each other, and in enchanted oblivion, clung heart to heart from the rising moon to the morning star. In that world of spirits she had been his and he hers, and when and wherever they found themselves together, that world spread about them and shut them safe within a sphere of fire and dew.

Even with the roar of cannon about them, that little cabin, the moment his arms were about her, became that secret world, a world into which even the face of the beautiful girl she had seen in his arms in the whirl of battle could not enter. Her love was prouder than jealousy, and the dagger in her garter was more likely to find her own heart than that of any rival. She had said that the blood of ancient mysterious kings and queens ran in her veins, and she had said true. Her love was a high, lonely, fated thing, and its sorrow was a part of its joy. While she lived, that of him which was hers would always be hers, and even the death she had seen written in the stars could not divide them.

So in that little cabin, with his arms about her, she was happy. The wild uproar above decks faded away, and the imminent future with its terrors served only to give a deeper zest to their kisses; while she drank from his eyes, as from wells of immortality, joy and courage to live on in the lonely days to come. Therefore, when at last he must tear himself away, there were no tears in her eyes, but a proud brave smile on her lips, as she girded herself to do the perilous thing she had planned.

STEALING out below decks, she had mingled with the mob of excited men, who paid no heed to her. While the cannons were belching salutes from the forts of the city, she saw that all eyes were fixed landwards. In all that thunder and wild commotion, who was there to take note of her one small head, or keep watch on yonder green gardens? Besides, the sun was already sinking behind the hills, and the shadows beginning to gather over the sea. So at the moment when the great barge, with its flashing oars, had drawn alongside *The Happy Return*, and all on board were thronging to the bulwarks facing the city, she had found an open port on the leeward side near to the water's edge and had silently slipped into the sea.

Swimming swiftly under the surface, she covered many yards, and then, rising at length, she was able to take a deep breath and dive again. And so she swiftly made her way, "like a bird in the air," the Captain had said; he had not thought of her as a fish in the sea. It proved as she had hoped, for no eye had noted that small head moving through the water towards the far green gardens, any more than they would have noted a sea-bird swimming and diving after its food. On and on she went, and before long she was far away from all the ships and the cannon and soon she could hear the sea-breeze rustling among the trees outside the city.

When at length she drew herself up out of the water into a little grove of palms that were already filled with twilight, she sat still awhile watching and listening. Far up the hillside a white country-house glimmered among the deep foliage, but there was no sign of life anywhere. Everyone had been drawn into the city, the wall of which, however, was still perilously near. So after resting awhile, she made her way along the water's edge, which was everywhere overshadowed with trees. At length, when she judged that the city was a mile or so behind her, she sat herself down to ponder what next she should do.

The darkness was fast coming on, and as her strength was no little spent, she deemed it best to find some secluded place where she could lie hidden till the dawn. Night under the stars had no fears for her, she had so often slept under them on her Surrey commons. At length finding a grassy place under a rock, surrounded by groves of trees for which she had no name but from which spread forth a balmy fragrance, she lay herself down; and, while the sounds from the distant city still murmured in her ears, she fell asleep. The dawn came at last, and she still slept the sleep of youth, and weariness too, for even her strong young body had been taxed by her arduous swim and all the perturbations of the past days, and would take its rest, oblivious of the danger that surrounded her.

WHEN at length she opened her eyes, it was full day, and, still half asleep, she became aware of a sweet sound near by. Someone was softly singing and, as she roused herself, she saw that the singer was a beautiful girl in Moorish costume, seated on the grass but a few yards away and looking at her with friendly, laughing eyes. The eyes, too, had mischief in them, amused, it would seem, at their discovery. Her costume also seemed to interest the young singer, who, as Gaya sat up quickly, pointed with a beautiful arm on which was a bracelet of gold set with precious stones; and, as she pointed, she laughed a little musical laugh. Then, as Gaya looked where she pointed, she saw that her sleep had betrayed her. She was clothed, of course, as a boy, but her dress had become disarranged in the night, and there was a white breast openly declared to the morning sunshine.

Evidently it was the incongruity between this feminine exposure and her masculine costume that the Moorish maiden found so amusing, and, after the first shock of being thus discovered, Gaya immediately perceived that the accident might well prove fortunate. So, as she covered up the truant breast, she herself joined in her new friend's merriment. For a friend it seemed she had most opportunely found in this good-natured laughing girl, as they laughed together, making a charming picture indeed in that garden of exquisite sunlit leafiness, where amid hundreds of blossoming shrubs and bright-coloured flowers the perfume of oranges and lemons filled the morning air. Gaya strove to convey in a medley of languages made up of her own gipsy tongue, some little Arabic she had been taught as a child, and the *lingua franca* she had learned from her sailor companions, the story she had previously framed to account for herself before she undertook the adventure.

At length Zuleika—for that was the name her friend immediately confided—came to understand that she came of a family of "Egyptians" living in Sicily, by whom she had been so cruelly used that she had run away to sea in the garb of a boy. But a few days before she had been captured by French pirates, from whom, as they sailed near the land, the previous night, she had escaped and swam ashore,

(*Continued on page 122*)

ONLY HORMEL FOODS ARE "FLAVOR-SEALED"

CHICKEN

MODERN *to the minute!*

CHICKEN *that is sound, wholesome, clean. Government* INSPECTED.

CHICKEN *improved. More flavorful; more tender; more convenient.* FLAVOR-SEALED.

GOVERNMENT Inspection means that you get healthy birds every time.

To know the meaning of Flavor-Sealing, try this test. Step into a kitchen where chicken is being cooked. Note the flavor-laden air. Flavor *lost*. Then, try Flavor-Sealed Chicken on your own table.

Flavor-Sealing *saves* all the natural flavors and juices lost in ordinary cooking. This chicken is cooked in the sealed vacuum tin. The flavor is cooked *in*, not *out*.

Here, too, is *convenience*. Chicken ready for immediate use. A tin direct from the refrigerator yields the best jellied cold chicken you've ever tasted. For fried chicken — warm the tin and pour off the jelly; cut the chicken up; fry in hot fat 3 to 5 minutes. To broil or roast—pour off the jelly, wipe dry, and give the chicken 15 minutes in a hot oven.

And do not fail to make use of the jelly. Marvelous for soups and gravies. In broiling or roasting the chicken, use it freely for basting.

In Flavor-Sealed, you have chicken *modernized* — all you have wanted in chicken. Wholesome chicken, U. S. Inspected and Certified. *Better* chicken, *made* better by Flavor-Sealing. And *convenience!* Time, labor, fuel saved.

At all leading food stores from coast to coast. In sterilized vacuum tins, 2 to 4½ lbs. net weight. Whole Chicken, or Halves. Geo. A. Hormel & Company, Austin, Minnesota.

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OF ALL the treasures that Christmas showers on women of beauty and distinction, none is more delightedly received than luxurious McCallum Hosiery.

Faint silken glimmerings against the flesh, colors as elusive and strangely lovely as forgotten twilights, McCallums are a hundred times worth their weight, in beauty and charm.

In smart shops everywhere, $5.00, $3.50, $3.00, $2.50 and even $1.95 and $1.65. Avia 57, America's sheerest stocking, is the gift hosiery desired above all others.

SHE WILL *applaud your taste if you select one of the exclusive new McCallum fashion shades. Lafaire is an appealing shade that is worn with most of the important costume colors and the darker evening gowns. Marette, a new beige with a mauve cast, is the proper choice for the sophisticated lady. Barcelo is the deep warm brown so much in demand to accompany the rich red and brown tones. For evening, French flesh, a tender peach-beige, is ultra smart.*

At all smart shops and at Bayard's, 12 Rue de la Paix, Paris; and 10 Quadrant Arcade, 82 Regent St., London.

McCALLUM HOSIERY

"You just know she wears them"

THERE WAS A SHIP

(Continued from page 121)

her intention being to join some company of her own people of whom there were many tribes, she had been told, in the country thereabouts. Or, if that should fail her, she had planned to earn her bread in the city of Algiers by some skill she had in telling fortunes.

As she said this, Zuleika held out her pretty hand, smooth and innocent of lines as a lotus flower, and, taking it in her own, Gaya bent over it and unfolded for her the fairest future that a girl could desire. While they thus confided in each other, there was a sound of someone approaching through the garden, and presently a dignified old Arab with a long white beard was seen coming towards them. Zuleika put her fingers to her lips, with a "sh!" of warning. "My father," she whispered. The old man, though of benignant appearance, suddenly showed signs of anger as he hastened towards them, seeing his daughter, with her face uncovered, thus engaged in talk with a young man, with whom she seemed, indeed, on the best of terms.

"What is this?" he cried sternly, as he stood over them, but the only answer he received from his daughter was a burst of laughter which convulsed all her pretty contours and did not, needless to say, improve the old man's temper. At length, however, she controlled herself, and with tears of laughter still in her eyes, she rapidly explained to him the whole situation, with the result that his brows gradually unclouded again, and he turned with a kindly smile towards Gaya, and signified that he, with his daughter, welcomed her to his house. Thither they presently moved together, and Zuleika, having taken her up to her own apartments, gave certain orders to an old negro slave, who had brought her into the world as her mother left it, and been nurse and mother to her ever since.

Gaya was led to a marble bath, cleansed of the salt of the sea, refreshed with perfumed waters and had fragrant essences from crystal phials poured over her. Her boy's clothes were folded away and some snowy garments of Zuleika's spread out for her in their place. Thus after a time, Zuleika appeared before her father leading by the hand, in place of a gipsy boy, a tall Arabian girl, of whose face nothing could be seen but her brave splendid eyes.

ZULEIKA was her father's only child, for he still mourned a gallant son drowned at sea some years before, and she was as the apple of his eye. There was nothing she could ask of him that he knew how to refuse. Therefore, when she bent down before his knees and begged that Gaya might remain with her and be as her sister, the request was hardly made before it was granted. Indeed, the old man was glad that this beautiful girl had thus strangely come up out of the sea into their garden, for his child was lonely, and here suddenly was a companion for her to whom his own heart had gone out also, and whose noble qualities his own discerning eyes had been quick to perceive. It was settled, and in the mysterious vicissitudes of life, the gipsy wanderer of Surrey woodlands was become an Arabian lady, with a warm-hearted Arab sister, and a great Arab nobleman for her protector.

Luxury was hers such as she had neither dreamed of nor desired, and above all a haven of deep peace was hers—troubled only by an unspoken ache at her heart. Dionysus! where was he? What had befallen him? Perhaps he was toiling as a slave under the fierce lash of his captors, while she lived exquisitely amid perfumed gardens, guarded by the affection of these miraculous friends. But she told herself that here too the stars were at work, and all this had befallen her for his good perhaps even more than for her own.

As day followed day, she watched and waited and listened. More and more the little loving Zuleika became indeed her sister and wound herself about her heart, as seated on the broad colonnade looking over the blue sea, they bent over Arabic books together, and she learned from her friend, a swift and eager teacher, the language that, maybe, she was learning for him too. Sometimes in playful exchange, she taught Zuleika something of her own far-descended tongue. That English which had been her language, too, for so long, she kept hidden, though the time might come in the fuller security of their friendship when she might avow it, together with the true story of her heart.

Meanwhile, the two girls lived thus secluded as in some secret paradise. Zuleika had been within the walls of the city but on some occasion of religious ceremonies, to kneel at the shrine of some saintly marabout maybe, for her father was no great friend of the sinister powers that governed it. A merchant of vast wealth, his own affairs took him there at times, for he was the owner of several vessels trading with Venice and Constantinople. One of these he kept continually at anchor and ready for sea, in a little rocky bay that sloped down in a distant part of his garden which spread along the shore for an immense distance. With a blood-thirsty madman such as Selim Hassan on the throne of Algiers, one never knew what might happen.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ASTROLOGER

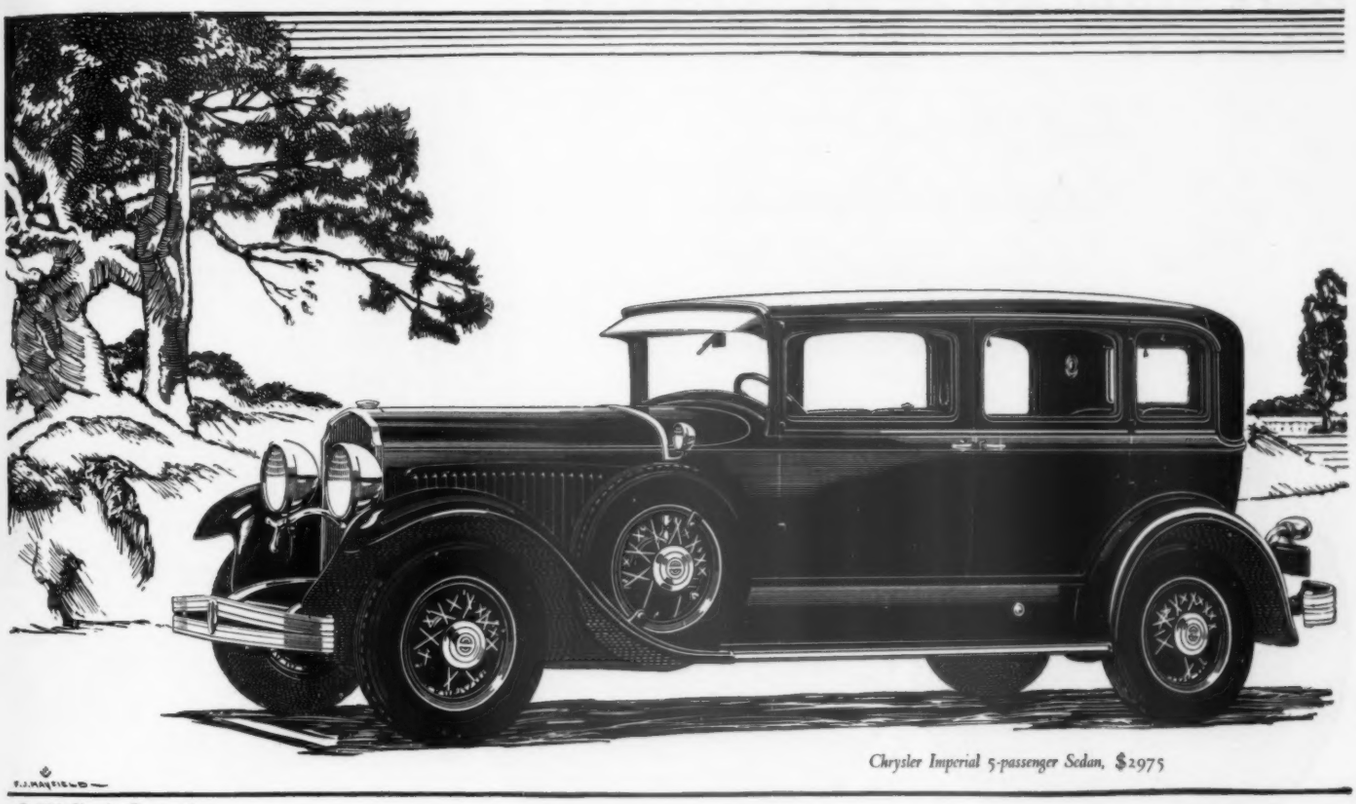
THIS history has now arrived at that stage in human affairs which is best suggested by the old phrase *in status quo*. That is, it remained more or less stationary, on the surface, at all events, for seval weeks. And, in fairness to the Dey, it must be said that the several persons involved were much more comfortably off than anyone watching their entrance into the harbour of Algiers could have conceived. We have just left Gaya at peace with wonderful friends in a wonderful garden. Captain Thunder's position as court jester left nothing for him to desire. His huge commanding charm for the Dey, his broad humour, his ready wit, and the unfailing resources of a mind that hid and laughed and planned behind the strange mask of his big, stern and smiling face made his position at court secure and enviable.

There were janissaries who would gladly have changed places with this technical captive who could move about Algiers where and when he would so long as he was at hand to chase away the shadows from the haunted mind of the Dey, with that magnetic laughter which no one could hear without forgetting the heartaches and the fears that beset the future. His crew, to whom he had given that promise of protection, as a shepherd to his sheep, were perhaps even more comfortably circumstanced than they might have been hanging about the Deptford docks without employment. Some comparatively light work on the masonry of the fortifications, without chains and guarded against whips by the Dey's own mandate, was nothing to complain of. There were taverns, kept by Christian renegades—because the law of Mohammed forbade the faithful to drink of those liquors which cheer the lot of sorrowful men—were open to them at the day's end. Here they could sing their song and feel at home in a strange land, as sailormen have always been accustomed to do. There were some of them, including Phineas Elderberry, who could see little difference between their lives on English battleships and their lives in this paynim city which was their temporary abode.

As for the Lady Calliope, the Dey had kept his word with that strictness which proved that even so fantastic a murderer might yet be something like a gentleman, with the chivalry of Christian knighthood. She lived in her palace and her gardens, safe as an English lady in her manor-house and her park. All she had to suffer was the daily worshipping visit of the Dey, who begged leave to enter her presence as though she were not a woman at his mercy, but a woman whom he loved, with a reverence which, after a while, caused her to wonder. And the Dey, with all his blood-thirstiness, proved that in the complexity of his nature, his pretensions as a poet were not entirely without warrant. Accompanied by an

(Continued on page 126)

CHRYSLER'S BEST IS MOTORING'S BEST



Chrysler Imperial 5-passenger Sedan, $2975

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NO CAR in the world better exemplifies the fine ideals of smart design, true devotion to quality, scientific engineering and exacting requirements of custom craftsmanship than the magnificent Chrysler Imperial, with Multi-Range Gear Shift.

Merely to look at it is to see that the Imperial is primarily and particularly designed for those motorists who not only appreciate finer things, but are able to possess them.

In addition to being impeccably smart and luxurious in every detail—the Chrysler Imperial definitely and easily rules the road in all phases of performance.

There is literally no describing the sensation of this car's performance. It has the already-famous Multi-Range Gear Shift—a brand new and unparalleled development of Chrysler engineering—creating an amazing difference in driving ease, in quickness of acceleration, in smoothness and in power range.

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Roadster (with rumble seat), $2895; Sedan (5-pass.), $2975; Town Sedan, $2975; Standard Coupe, $2995; Convertible Coupe, $2995; Phaeton (7-pass.), $3095; Sedan (7-pass.), $3095; Sedan-Limousine, $3475. All prices f. o. b. factory. Special Equipment Extra.

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with Multi-Range Gear Shift

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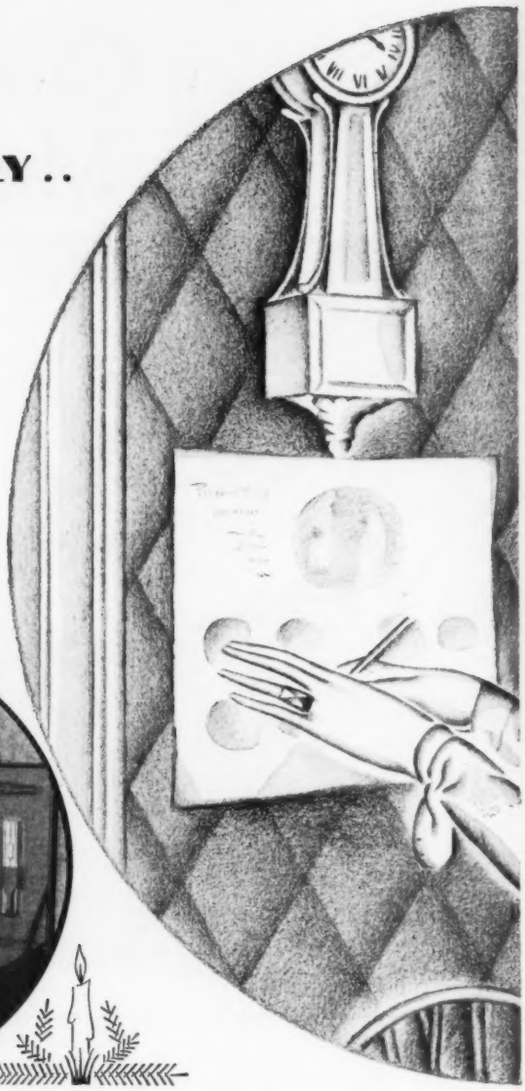
Devoted Husband,
Sweetheart,
Brother, Sister



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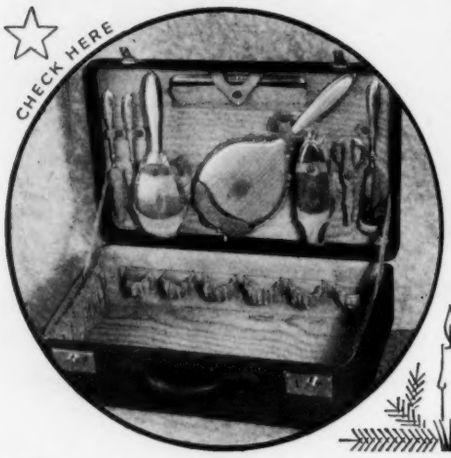

Globe trotter or merely a week-ender—you will love this bag. A solid silver dresser service, ample for all purposes, in the rich Lady Louise pattern, is fitted in the cover. The tan hoghide bag will serve you well on many a trip. A lavish gift.....Complete...$100.

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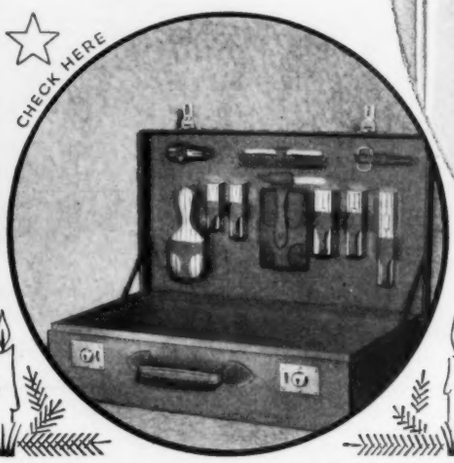

For men who want room to pack in, this is the bag. London Russet Steerhide—solidly built. Eleven sterling silver toilet articles—taking up almost no space at all—add to its usefulness. He will like Varsity, this simple silver pattern.....Complete...$196

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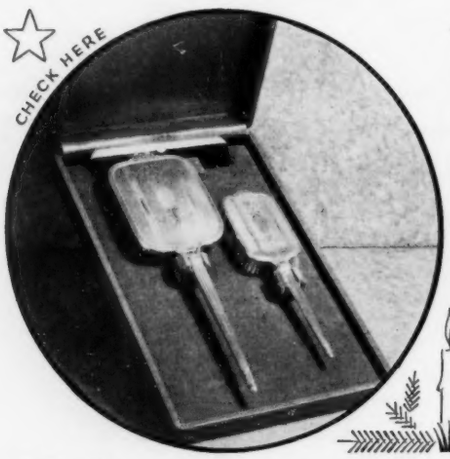

Give her this case and watch her eyes open with delight. What can be in it! As lovely a solid silver mirror as white hands ever held. A long-handled brush to match—and a comb. All in the Fedora pattern—a pattern she will never cease to love. Complete with three pieces...$82.

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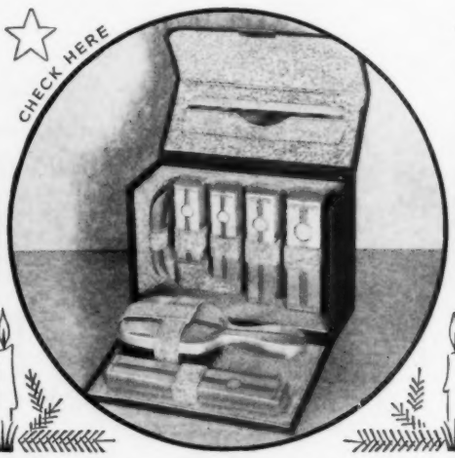


These compact cases are becoming more and more popular with men. Here we have ten silver toilet articles in the mannish Chevalier pattern—snugly packed in a not-too-large case. The leather is genuine brown sealskin with Iceland grain. It will wear like iron. Case and nine pieces..$165.

CHECK HERE

Was ever silver so lustrous . . . so satiny? The International Silver craftsmen have accomplished this rich effect by intricate engine-turning and brocading. Every feminine heart will beat happily at the sight of this pattern. Other pieces to match. Mirror, comb and brush..$90.00.

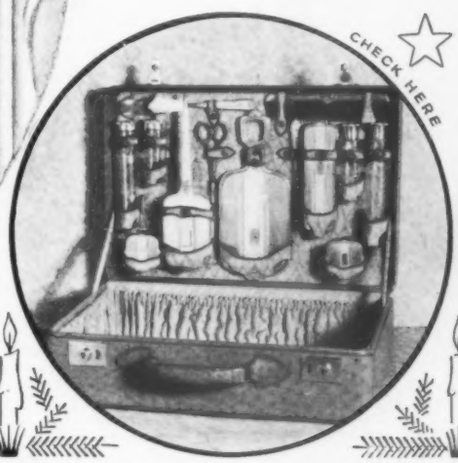
Dear Santa Claus:
I love the sterling silver gifts I have marked---Do you think I will find any of them in my stocking?

Name_____

Address_____

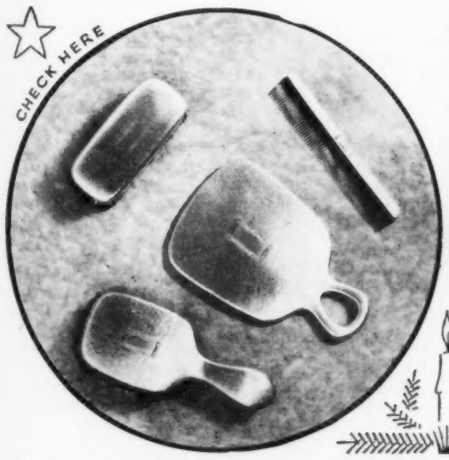
INTERNATIONAL STERLING

FINE ARTS DIVISION INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO. MERIDEN, CONN.

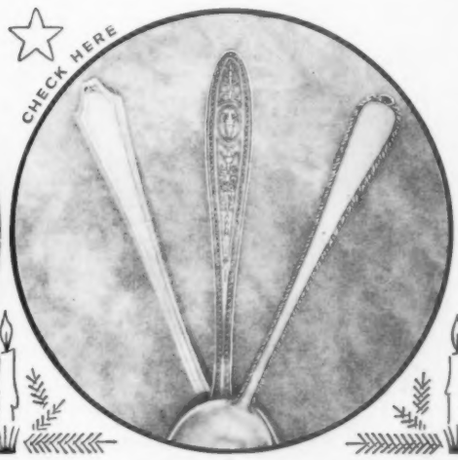


As perfect a piece of luggage as you could wish for in a year of Christmases—of tan ostrich leather. Thirteen pieces of dresser silver are tucked inside its cover—all in the star-sprinkled Adrienne pattern—a lovely combination of brocade and engine-turning . . . . . Complete . . . $299.

Because many men have asked for a two-piece case, the International Silver Company has designed this new set. We trust the many men who called for it will find it on the tree. The silver design is Courtier—lustrous silver unadorned by scroll or line. Complete . . . . . $15.00.



Four solid silver toilet articles to stand on his dresser. Four handsome presents all in one. Mirror, hair brush, cloth brush and comb. The pattern is called Champion and its hand-hammered effect brings forth rousing cheers. Other articles to match. Four pieces . . . . . $65.



Have you thought of giving flat silver? Here are three of the most popular patterns you could find. Minuet on the left—of noble Colonial ancestry—lacy Wedgwood, and on the right dignified Pine Tree. Six teaspoons in Minuet are $11. In Pine Tree $11. In Wedgwood . . . . . $12.

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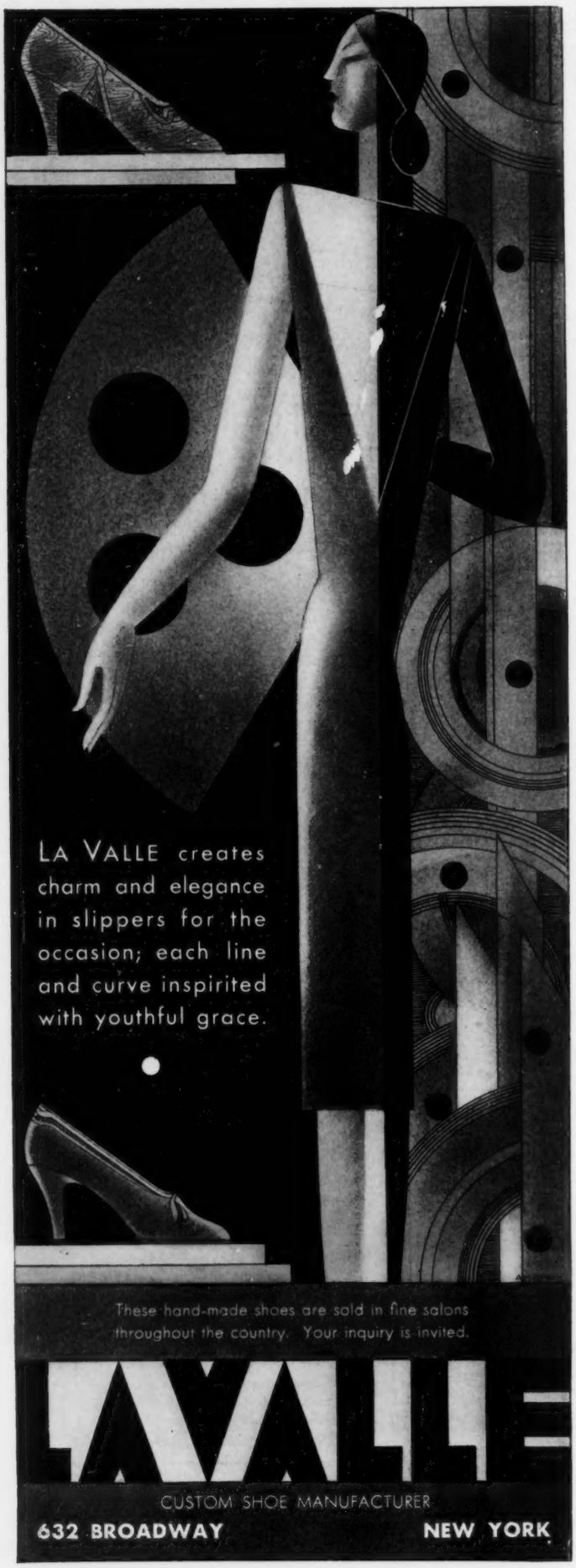
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THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 122*)

interpreter, he would bring with him an illuminated manuscript of Hafiz, and occasionally he would bring verses of his own which were better than those of the professional poets who hung about his court with their songs and their lutes.

The Dey, in fact, was seriously in love with her. His anguish for that lost beautiful face which he had adored more than all the beautiful faces he had ever seen found solace in the lovely proud face that had thus come to him out of the sea. In his harem were many beautiful faces, but the face of the Lady Calliope had made him forget them all. His, indeed, with all his warlike gifts, was that disastrous love of beauty which has always proved dangerous to ruling men.

THERE was only one man who had sailed in *The Happy Return* who was not satisfied and whose expectations had not borne the fruit he expected. This was the Astrologer, who indeed had brought about the whole situation, to whom the Dey owed the beauty of Calliope, the laughter of the Captain, and the treasure which was no longer aboard the King's ship, but had been transferred no man knew where.

As the friendly Agha had said to the Captain before landing, the use of traitors was necessary to public men, but, once their usefulness was at an end, their promised rewards might well prove different from their hopes. Once a traitor, always a traitor. Such has always been the wisdom of governments, and the Dey, it is hardly necessary to say, was not troubled with gratitude or concerned to keep his word with one who had so flagrantly broken his faith with his previous employers.

Thus the Astrologer, whom indeed the Captain had expected to see flaunting himself before the eyes of his betrayed ship-mates, had kept himself out of sight, fearing to face the Captain's laughter, and the blond youthful strength of Dionysus, who beyond all men he hated since that morning in the Captain's cabin when he had been so ignominiously humiliated. But he had been there in the background, observing all that happened. He had not failed to note the face of the Dey as he turned on Dionysus that sinister glance and threw at him those minatory words. Here perchance might still be some reward for all the debt that he regarded as his due.

THEREFORE, choosing a moment when the Dey was alone, and judging that the Dey would not enquire too curiously of that splendid Englishman should he be suddenly missing from his court, he bent obsequious knees before him. Daring to remind him that he had been the prime agent in all these recent events, he asked but one boon: that Dionysus Lancaster should be his to do with as he pleased. He did not ask for place or power or for any reward in gold or silver. All he asked was that young Englishman who, he implied, was not indifferent to the beautiful lady whom the Dey loved with that madness which governed all his actions. The Dey smiled grimly at his request, and, after a moment's thought, granted it, with the condition that he, the Dey, should not be credited with any knowledge of the matter.

So it befell that, when the Captain sought his young friend, he was nowhere to be found; and, when he fearlessly questioned the Dey, that potentate shook his head. He knew nothing of him. Englishmen were incalculable beings, and it was more than probable that he had effected his escape to work the Dey such evil as was in his power, for love of that lady, whose guardian he had proclaimed himself.

Meanwhile, Dionysus, walking carelessly at twilight about the labyrinthine streets of Algiers, as Englishmen are wont to do, found himself suddenly overpowered and beaten into forgetfulness, and when he returned to himself, he became conscious that he lay bound and chained in a noisome dungeon, far underground, where there was no sound but the grating swish of the sea on the shingle, coming and going in the darkness.

Chapter XVII.

A COSY CORNER IN ALGIERS

THOUGH it is hard to imagine it of a community whose business was rapine and murder, there was no lack of good-natured people of all races in Algiers. Simple quiet lives were lived there as they were lived anywhere else in the world, just, for example, as they were lived in Paris during the days and nights of St. Bartholomew, or during the bloody orgies of the French Revolution. As has been said, "The milkman does his rounds during the crash of empires," and dramatic events, such as the fall of the Bastille, which steep the pages of history in blood, have always been more specialized than we realize, the affair of those who take an active part in them, tyrannical princes or tyrannical revolutionaries and idle destructive mobs who do their work for them. Everywhere and in all times it has mattered little to the governed what government was in power, so long as the governed paid their rents and kept strictly to their affairs.

So in Algiers, one dey might be assassinated in the morning, and another be in power by evening, but the murderous commotions incident to such changes were little more than matters of rumour to the general population. Only in times of great excitement such as that of an unusual capture of "infidel" warships, as we saw in the case of *The Happy Return*, were the people roused to make a ferocious holiday of the event. Next day everything settled down once more, and the workers went about their work again as though nothing had happened. For even piratical communities must eat and drink and wear clothes, women must play with their children, and, after the long day, men need to relax and refresh themselves with social intercourse among their fellows, music and the telling of tales, and the various other forms of human conviviality.

Bakers must bake their bread, cooks must cook, goat-herds must milk their little flocks, market-gardeners bring into the city their donkey-loads of fresh vegetables and herbs, and tailors keep their scissors and needles busy for their rich masters and their poorer clients alike. All trades and crafts must go on in their customary way; and not least necessary and active even in a Mohammedan city was the business of the tavern-keeper. As the Koran forbids fermented liquors to the faithful, the taverns of Algiers were usually kept by Christian captives who had won favour from their masters, to whom they paid a considerable share of their profits for the privilege.

ONE of the most popular of those houses of entertainment, in the time of our story, was kept by a renegade Englishman, a jovial rubicund fellow, for all the world like an inn-keeper in his native land, who had the inn-keeper's art of making friends with everybody, and who, with his rosy English wife and a flock of curly-headed English children, led apparently the most contented of lives. Though his tavern was situated almost next door to that terrible eastern gate of Bab-el-Oued, where was a caserne of brutal soldiery on guard, and where gleamed those fearful hooks which were seldom without some writhing occupant.

Here John Quince made all comers welcome. Here huge negro executioners unbent and roared with laughter as they drained their cups of heavy sweetened wine side by side with Berbers from the hills, Turkish janissaries, Greek, Dutch, French, and English sailors, wandering gipsies, minstrels, pedlars, all sorts and conditions of vagabonds, a jostling, motley crowd of all nations and colours drinking and making merry. Here, too, on occasion, richly clad individuals might be found, captains of the guard, and officers of the palace, and for such there were alcoves apart in the great caravanserai, where they might sit with their great

(*Continued on page 129*)

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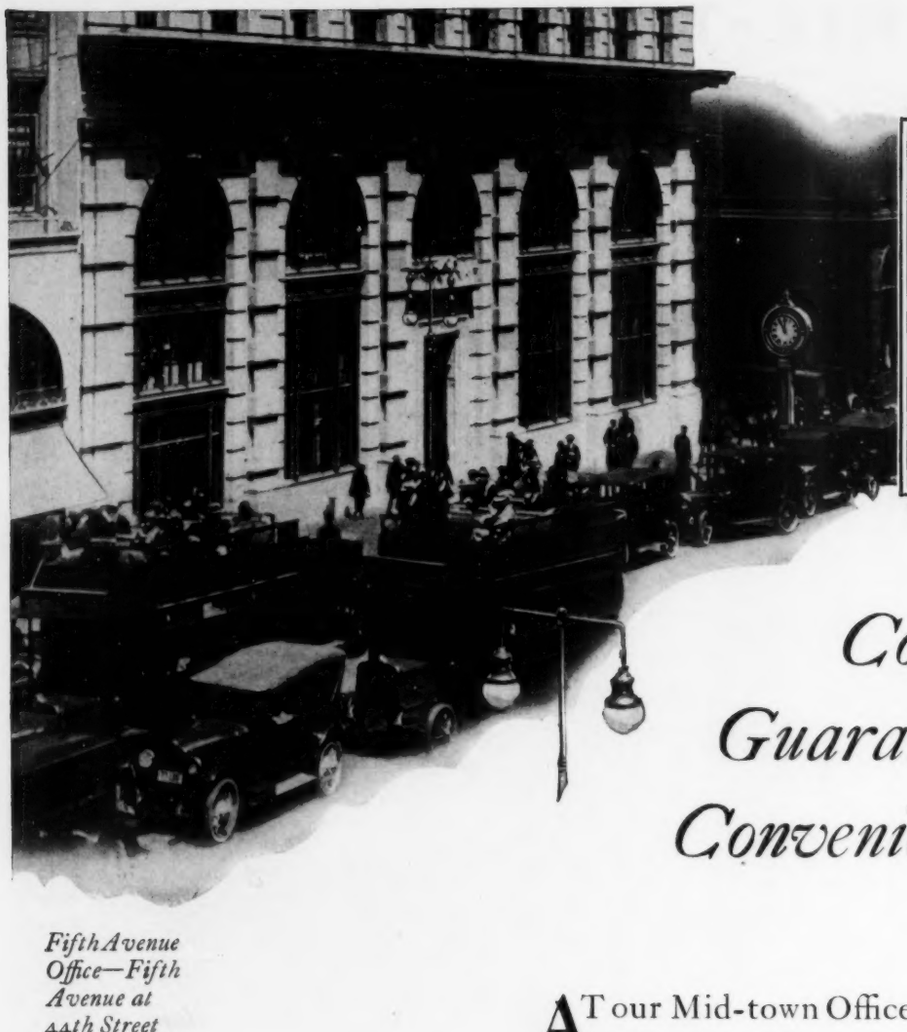

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 44TH STREET

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MADISON AVENUE AT 39TH STREET

THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 126*)

pipes and exchange the news of the hour, with eyes and ears open to all careless talk in the crowd near by.

Here the Captain would come once in a while to exchange a laughing word with his crew towards the end of the afternoon, for in John Quince he had re-discovered an old ship-mate of his sailing days, whom he had known in his previous captivity in Algiers, though at that time the inn-keeper had not been so comfortably situated, he and the Captain, indeed, being fellow captives in the Bagnio with heavy irons on their legs. That was some years before; and since then John Quince had learnt the better part of valour, and had wisely compromised with circumstances which he could not otherwise control. He had thus so won the confidence of his masters as to become a prosperous tavern-keeper, with an English wife and children. At length, after much persuasive theological argument on the part of a friendly Mohammedan, he had changed his religion. Though Richard Thunder was not a religious man, this, on the occasion of their first meeting again, had been quite a bone of contention between them. After their first friendly recognition, John Quince had taken the Captain apart into one of those quiet alcoves, and over a glass of honest English liquor which he kept for his friends, he had thus expounded the matter.

"Richard," he had said, "have you ever read the Koran?"

The Captain had not. He had never been a great reader of anything; but that did not prevent his being an obstinate adherent of English Protestantism, as expounded by English divines.

"You should read it," said the rubicund inn-keeper. "Believe me there is little difference between religions, and, though it took me long to see it, it seems to me that a good Mohammedan is very much the same as a good Christian."

But the Captain shook his head.

"Another thing, Richard," John Quince went on, "if you were only an inn-keeper you would understand that human nature is very much the same wherever you find it."

From where they sat they could see the steel hooks gleaming over the gate of Bab-el-Oued.

"Did you ever see that in a Christian country?" asked the Captain.

"Have you never seen a man hanged, drawn, and quartered?" countered John. "Have you never heard of men broken on the wheel? Have you never heard of the Inquisition? And as to the bastinado, you, an English sailor, have you never seen a man flogged on a battleship, till his back was in rags, or seen a man after he had been keel-hauled?"

"Traitors are traitors, and discipline is discipline," said the Captain grimly.

"Well, the deys here say the same thing," said John Quince.

AS WITH many unlettered men, the facts of life and the necessity of dealing with them as facts rather than fancies, had made John Quince a philosopher. As he had told the Captain, that, first and last, was the business of an inn-keeper. And he carried out his philosophy as few philosophers do, merely by putting it into practice. There were few who entered his tavern whom his wise eyes did not understand. Life had made them all. Therefore, among his acquaintances he counted some very strange friends, and it might well have puzzled an onlooker to watch him going to and fro among his motley guests, with a nod and a smile for most of them, but always with keen eyes for those in whom human nature had been left out; that is, those spies and informers whom he knew at a glance, and against whom he was always on guard for himself and others.

Among his strange friends were some of those brutal soldiers at the gate, for example. He alone understood that there were those amongst them who were kindly men compelled to do work they hated. Even one of those negro executioners laughing there over their wine was one of his friends. No one but he, John Quince, understood, how that ferocious looking giant was longing to be away among the hills, on a little farm with his sheep and goats, his tall wife like a bronze statue, and the babes of her bounteous black bosom. John had some influence in the palace; also he had a farm of his own up yonder among the rocks and the cork-oaks, to which he could give little care, and of which he had promised him the management as soon as he could pay the ransom which would free his friend the executioner from the axe on his shoulder and the blood-clotted whips that hung in rows out there on the walls of the barracks.

Meanwhile, that negro drank and sang among his companions in the interval of cutting off heads, and impaled and tortured the enemies of the state, as his duty demanded, dreaming always of that little farm among the cork-oaks. This negro was known among his fellows by an Arabic name, which meant Pear-Blossom. It will be understood from what has been said, that, for all his wise head and clear eyes, John Quince had a kind heart—that is, as kind a heart as he could afford.

HE WAS always ready to help those whom he thought ought to be helped; but, of course, these were numerous, and he could not help them all. Also, like a sensible man, he never lost sight of the interest of himself or his family. Next to them he counted Englishmen, particularly English sailors having been, as has been said, a sailor himself. He was a subscriber to that sound maxim: "Charity begins at home." Englishmen first! A son of the Kentish marshes, born but a mile or two from his friend Captain Thunder, it would have been strange indeed if he had felt any other way. But even his love for Englishmen was restrained by the caution which his situation demanded. Otherwise what help could he bring them? To lose himself by imprudence would help no one.

But also, there were Englishmen against whom it was necessary for him to be on his guard. Among these was our acquaintance the Astrologer, who not infrequently dropped into the tavern, with his astute, daring face, which, for all its hardihood, had inspired no one with fear, and whose ingratiating manners had merely brought distrust. John Quince understood him at a glance. He did not belong to his category of human nature.

So when Captain Thunder, long after that theological discussion which has been recorded, and which, like all such abstract discussions, had made no difference between friends, had sought a pipe and some English liquor in one of those alcoves, having in mind the disappearance of his friend Dionysus, John Quince was ready to help him with all his knowledge of the conditions and all his wisdom; and these on a hint from the Captain, centered on the Astrologer. It would not have been a good moment for that reader of the stars to enter that abode of human nature.

It would seem that the stars had given him warning, for on that particular afternoon his business, apparently, had called him elsewhere. But, as John Quince and the Captain smoked and talked together, the Captain caught sight of Phineas Elderberry in a group of his sailors, and to him he beckoned. Phineas was his go-between between him and his crew, and to him occasionally he had handed a purse to make their lives easier. Today he merely hinted to him to keep a look-out for the Astrologer, and, when the chance came, to put him somewhere in a quiet place, where the Captain might have a few words with him. Phineas pulled his forelock and withdrew. Time had hung heavily on his hands, of late, and here was something at last to give it zest.

The thing was as good as done; and John Quince and the Captain returned to their pipes. But they had not long sat together in that peaceful intercourse before the Captain's eyes were attracted by a figure among the crowd in the main room that seemed familiar to him. It was a gipsy girl, and she was reading the palm of a giant negro who sat at one of the

(*Continued on page 130*)

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THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 129*)

tables drinking and laughing with some of the soldiers from the gate.

In a moment he recognized her. It was Gaya.

"John," he said, in as near a whisper as he could make his great voice. "Here is where you can help me." And the Captain explained.

John nodded. Phineas Elderberry was still in the tavern, inside among his companions, and the Captain beckoned to him again. Presently he stood by their table.

"Phineas," said the Captain, "look at yonder gipsy-girl." Phineas looked and understood.

"Thank God she is safe," said the Captain half to himself, and then to Phineas: "She is here looking for some of us. She has something to say. Speak to her when you can, and find out when and where I can talk to her."

So Phineas went, and the Captain and John Quince sat on smoking and talking for a full hour, and their talk had once more taken a theological direction when Phineas returned.

The message he brought from Gaya was that she would await the Captain at moonrise by the little cove at the bottom of Mohammed garden.

When John Quince heard the name he merely said "Ah!"—though with a certain approval—adding, "he is very rich and a very good Arab." Presently he said, "Richard, he might prove a friend. But we will speak of that later."

Then he explained to the Captain that he would make arrangements for him to pass through the gate—his friend, the dreaming executioner, would see to that—and arrange for a skiff to await him outside the walls. But it might be as well for him to take a little body-guard with him. So it was agreed that Phineas Elderberry, with three staunch companions, should meet him at the tavern; and then the Captain shook hands with his friend and returned to the palace where he found the Dey somewhat out of humour, for the Lady Calliope, for all his love and admiration of her, was beginning to tax the endurance of his poetic nerves.

So the Captain sat with large leisure on a cushion a foot or two below the imperial dais, and told the Dey a story that not merely chased the shadows from his brows, but made him laugh so humanly that all the watching curtains near by were discreetly moved aside, and the watchers wondered what the story was that could thus make the Dey look like a boy again. If you would like to hear the story, I will tell it to you later on. The gist of it was that the moon, however apparently inaccessible, was always to be drawn down to earth with the appropriate nets. And that, white and immaculate as she seemed, there was no net like the net of laughter to make her set her silver feet upon the ground, if only for a moment, just to hear some simple human foolishness that she had no opportunity of hearing up there in the loneliness of the sky.

"If you can only make the moon laugh for a moment," said the Captain, "she is yours." Not unnaturally the Captain had come to believe in the power of laughter.

So the Dey and he parted good friends as ever. The Captain repaired to John Quince's tavern, where he found Phineas Elderberry and his escort awaiting him. Then the great negro whose name was Pear-Blossom opened the gate for them, and, having found the skiff, they rowed silently till they came to the little fountain at the bottom of Mohammed garden. By the whispering fountain under the feathery bamboo trees, the Captain found Gaya waiting, dressed once more as a Moorish maiden, with the little Zuleika at her side. As they met, the young moon rose over the garden, making indescribable enchantment among the cloudy pepper trees, and casting strong shadows under the fronds of the bananas. The Mediterranean lapped along the pebbles of the beach, and the water of the marble aqueducts talked softly through the garden.

Here the big Captain sat with the two white-robed girls, speaking nothing for a while, as he took Gaya's hand, saying to her, whom he loved as a daughter; "I am glad to find you safe, dear child."

Then Gaya told all there was to tell, including information that was later to be of value, regarding the little Zuleika's father, his business with Sicily and Constantinople, the ships he sailed thither and so forth. Nor did she fail to ask concerning the fate of Dionysus, and he, who had long since read her heart, assured her that all was well with him—for of that he had no doubt, knowing his tall English friend as he did, and knowing too that no stars could avail the Astrologer while Phineas Elderberry was on guard.

AFTER a while, the Captain returned to the palace with some thoughts in his head which Gaya had put there, soon to bear their fruit; and Gaya and Zuleika lay in each other's arms where the moonlight fell through the mimosa trees at their window, and the little runlets of water talked along their marble channels. For these weeks had brought them nearer and nearer to each other—so near that Gaya had confided all her story, told the little Arab girl all about the young Englishman she loved, laid bare to her all the ache and glory of her heart. It had been with her help, of course, and that of an old negro woman who was as a mother to both of them, that Gaya had been provided with her gipsy dress, and so able to win the kindness of Pear-Blossom, the executioner, and deliver her message to the Captain. But, as the little Arab girl lay like a child sleeping safely upon her shoulder, Gaya's eyes watched the moonlight at the window till the light of dawn came to take its place. Then at last she slept, but even in her sleep she was back on a Surrey moorland, and the boy she loved was pouring gold pieces between her breasts. (*To be continued*)

SEA-DREAM

WHY must I always dream of ships at sea?
For years I have not felt beneath my feet
A tilting deck, nor seen the long waves beat
In far, eternal pulse unceasingly.
Why must this dream forever press on me
Not only in my sleep, but in the street
Like an old friend it hurts the heart to meet?
Why must I always dream of ships at sea?

Am I not settled? Am I not secure
In all the ordered ways that ought to be
Through which the smaller certainties endure?
Why can I not put by what I have known?
Why will the waves not let my heart alone?

Harry Kemp

THESE ARE THE DAYS

when even the most rigid stoic will unbend a little . . . and feel the better for it. For at this time we of a rather realistic age still find pleasure in giving Christmas gifts . . . sincerest gestures of our affection and esteem.

Much may be asked of gifts of such significance. But above all they must bring the greatest happiness to those who receive them. For it is this happiness, given to others, that in its last analysis *is* Christmas.

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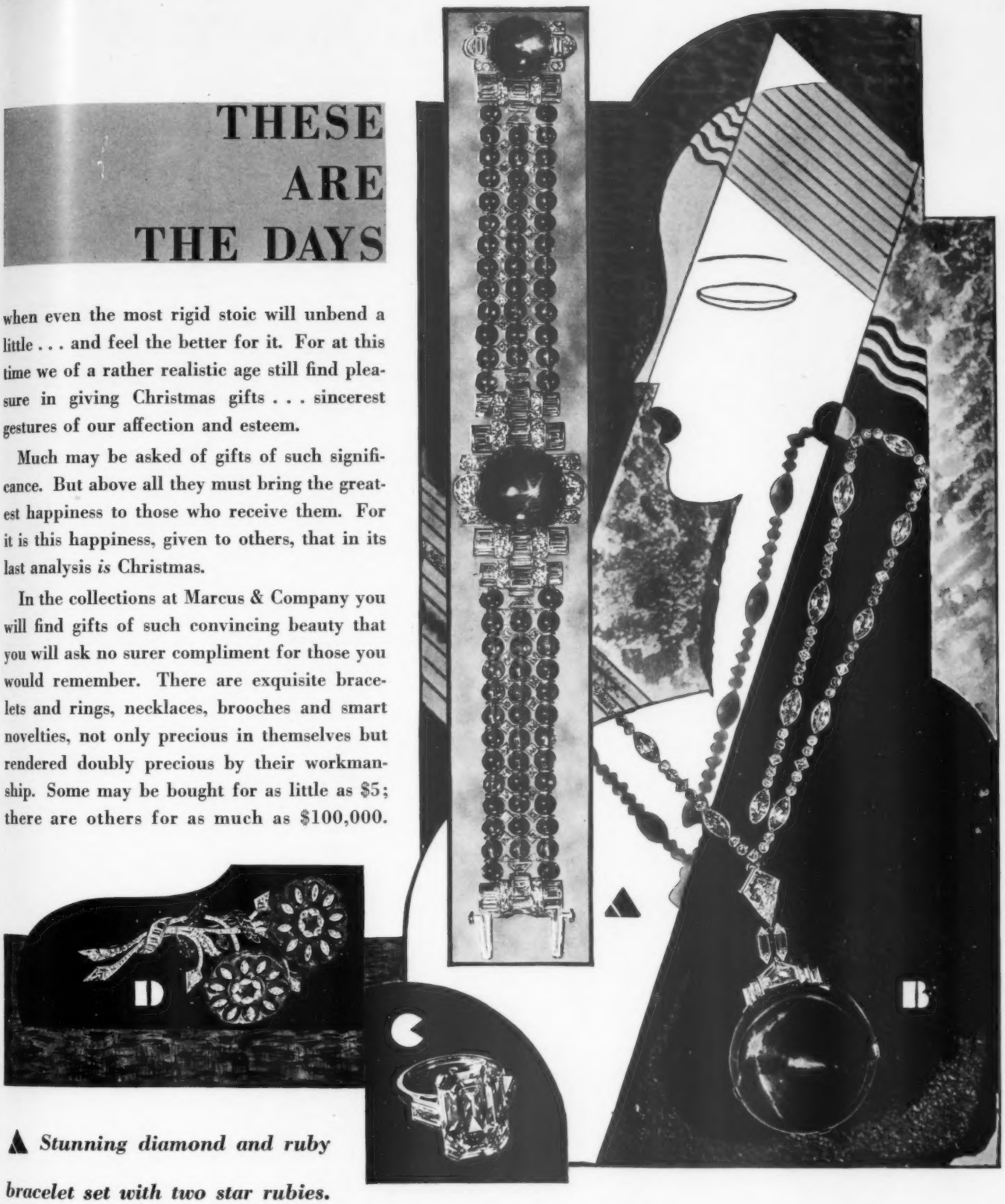

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SOCIAL CALENDAR

for December 1929

MONDAY, DECEMBER 2—First of the series of Monday morning musicales under the direction of Albert Morris Bagby at the Hotel Astor.

Women's Carolina Golf Tournament, Pinehurst, N. C. To continue through December 5.

Dinner dance, Miss Marion L. Blake, Boston, Mass., for her niece Miss Elizabeth B. Blake, daughter of Mrs. Robert Parkman Blake.

Dance, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lindon Smith of New York, for Miss Lois Smith, in Boston, Mass.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 3—First of the Yorkville dances under the direction of Mrs. A. Mansfield Patterson, Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4—Second of series of Schola Cantorum musicales—concert by the Aquilar Lute Quartet of Madrid at the home of Mrs. M. Orme Wilson, No. 3 East Sixty-fourth Street, New York.

Sixth annual opera benefit in aid of the Southern Women's Educational Alliance at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

First of series of dramatic reviews by Frederick Paulding at the Hotel Plaza, New York.

Tea, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Eaton for their daughter, Miss Dorothea Newman, Boston, Mass.

Dance, Mrs. Chester S. Day for Miss Carolyn Day, Boston, Mass.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5—Wedding of Miss Etheldreda Folsom Satterlee, daughter of Mrs. Churchill Satterlee of Boston, Mass., to Norman Lamont Macy, in Trinity Episcopal Church, Lenox, Mass. Reception to follow at "Sunnyridge," Lenox.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6—First of the Junior Assemblies at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York.

Dinner at Pierre's, in advance of the first Junior Assembly, by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Outerbridge for their débutante daughter, Miss Marion Outerbridge.

Dinner at Pierre's, in advance of the first Junior Assembly, by Mr. and Mrs. Buell Hollister for Miss Anne Valentine, débutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Langdon Barrett Valentine.

Dinner at Pierre's, in advance of the first Junior Assembly, by Mr. and Mrs. Yorke Allen, for their débutante daughter, Miss Carolyn Allen.

Dinners at Pierre's, in advance of the first Junior Assembly, by Mrs. Archibald Douglas, for her débutante daughter, Miss Katharine Douglas; and by Mrs. Floyd R. Du Bois for her débutante daughter, Miss Mary Delafield Du Bois.

Dinner at the Ritz Carlton, in advance of the first Junior Assembly, by Mrs. E. Maitland Armstrong for her débutante daughter, Miss Gwendolen Armstrong.

Tea by Secretary of Commerce and Mrs. Lamont in Washington, D. C., for their débutante daughter, Miss Gertrude Lamont.

Ball, Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Grew for Miss Ethel H. Grew at the Hotel Somerset. Ushers' dinner at Chilton Club, Boston, Mass.

First dance for very young people at Hotel Somerset, Boston, Mass., in charge of Mrs. Walter A. Hunnewell.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7—Dinner dance by Miss Eleanor Post Hutton, daughof Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Hutton of No. 2 East Ninety-second Street, in the St. Regis Roof Garden, New York.

Dinner dance at the Ritz Carlton, New York, by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dimon Bird to present their débutante daughter, Miss Carita Esther Bird.

Supper dance at the Park Lane, New York, by Mrs. Robert A. Gardiner for her daughter, Miss Alexandra D. Gardiner.

Dance at the new Junior League Club, New York, by Mr. and Mrs. Lyttleton Fox in honour of their débutante daughter, Miss Cathleen Fox.

Dinner dance in Washington, D. C., by Secretary of Commerce and Mrs. Lamont, in honour of their débutante daughter, Miss Gertrude Lamont.

Dinner dance at Sherry's, New York, by Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Delano, in honour of their daughter, Miss Leila Delano.

Dinner dance at the Colony Club, New York, by Mrs. John M. Howells, in honour of Miss Clorinda York, débutante daughter of Mrs. Edward Palmer York.

Annual costume party by Mr. and Mrs. William May Wright at the Sherry-Netherland, New York.

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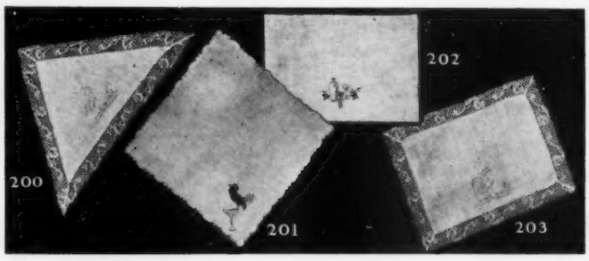

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It takes the English to do some things—at Yuletide, Plum Puddings come from Fortmason, which you doubtless know only as a shoe shop.

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The Pastime Table is one of those unique gifts that may prove to be an inspiration.

Now that hair has again become an individual question, the services of the hairdresser assume an even more important rôle. How about consulting Louis Parme?

Where to Shop in New York

SOCIAL CALENDAR

Benefit concert in Carnegie Hall, New York, by Harold Bauer, in aid of the Women's Trade Union League.
Tea, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Duane, for Miss Marion L. Duane, Boston, Mass.
Dance, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Powning, for Miss Jane Powning, Boston, Mass.
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10—Annual bridge-tea of the Churchwomen's League at the Hotel Roosevelt, New York.
Autumn Polo Tournament, Sandhill Polo Club, Pinehurst, N. C. To continue through December 17.
Tea, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brewer for Miss Elsie C. Brewer, Boston, Mass.
Dance, Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Evatt for Miss Marjorie Evatt, Boston, Mass.
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11—Lecture, J. McLeod Armour of England, at Algonquin Club, Boston, Mass., benefit of Boston Children's Friend Society.
Tea, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Lang for Miss Margaret Lang, Boston, Mass.
Dinner dance, Mr. and Mrs. Howard W. Brown for Miss Deborah Brown, Boston, Mass.
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12—Wedding of Miss Joyce Phipps, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Phipps, of London, England, to Reginald Pascoe Grenfell, in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. Reception to follow at the London home of the bride's aunt, Viscountess Astor, No. 4 St. James Square.
Tea, Mr. and Mrs. James M. Newell, Boston, Mass.
Dance, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lowe, jr., for Miss Elizabeth Lowe, Boston, Mass.
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13—Second of the Friday Assemblies in the Crystal Room of the Ritz Carlton, New York.
Tea, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rice, for Miss Virginia Rice, Boston, Mass.
First Senior Supper Dance, Copley Plaza, Boston, Mass. Ronald T. Lyman, Chairman.
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14—Wedding of Miss Charlotte Elizabeth Carnahan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Holmes Carnahan of No. 20 East Seventy-sixth Street, New York, to Lewis Henderson Gordon, in the chapel of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York.
Dinner dance jointly by Mr. and Mrs. John Marcus Davis of No. 1035 Fifth Avenue and Mr. and Mrs. James Oliver Boone of New York at Pierre's to present their respective daughters, Miss Mildred Davis and Miss Louise Boone.
Tea dance by Mrs. Elgin R. L. Gould of No. 15 East Sixty-ninth Street, at the Colony Club, New York, for her granddaughter, Miss Mary Adelaide Ingram, daughter of Mrs. Melzar M. Whittlesey.
Dance at the Apawamis Club, Rye, N. Y., by Mr. and Mrs. Reginald W. Pressprich, to present their débutante daughter, Miss Elizabeth Pressprich.
Tea, Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Stevenson, for their niece, Miss Elizabeth Thomas, in Boston, Mass.
Tea, Mr. and Mrs. Louis E. Vose, for Miss Phyllis Vose, Boston, Mass.
MONDAY, DECEMBER 16—Seventh annual Cholly Knickerbocker Charity Ball at Hotel Plaza, New York.
Schola Cantorum concert at the home of Clarence H. Mackay, No. 3 East Seventy-fifth Street, by Jose Iturbi.
Dinner dance, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence P. Dodge for Miss Miriam T. Dodge, Boston, Mass.
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17—Dance, Dr. and Mrs. Langdon Frothingham for Miss Ann Frothingham, Boston, Mass.
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18—Luncheon at Pierre's, New York, by Mrs. Francis Hillhouse, for her débutante daughter, Miss Marian A. T. B. Hillhouse.
Wedding of Miss Margaret Leslie Lane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Lane of No. 575 Park Avenue, to Robert D. Steefel, in the Italian Garden of the Hotel Ambassador, New York.
Dinner at Sherry's, New York, by Mrs. R. A. Carter.
Luncheon, Mrs. Leonard Wheeler for Miss Ruth L. Wheeler, Boston, Mass.
Dance, Mr. and Mrs. George Peabody Hamlin for Miss Elizabeth Hamlin, Boston, Mass.
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19—Tea dance at Sherry's, New York, by Mrs. Henry Walters Taft of No. 300 Park Avenue, in honour of Miss Elizabeth Behn, débutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hermand Behn of No. 1009 Park Avenue.

(Continued on page 160)

Mayfair Christmas Gifts

Playthings, Toys, Games, and Gifts . . . you can find in very few other establishments in America. Gathered from the master-craft shops of Europe and America, every worthwhile plaything (for grown-ups as well as children), is included in the superb display in our new large store at 9 East 57th St. You must come to see these wonderful Playthings.
If You Cannot Come . . . Send for Xmas Catalog.

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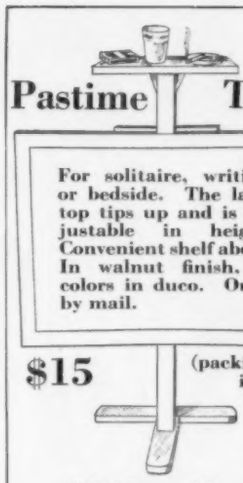

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IN A MANUEL TRANSFORMATION YOU WILL FIND AN EXACT REPRODUCTION OF NATURE. COMFORT AND CHIC. MANUEL'S LONG EXPERIENCE IN THIS ART IS UNEQUALLED, AND A VISIT TO OUR NEW SALON WILL BE CONVINCING.

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EXQUISITE NAPERY FROM PARIS—
A gift the discriminating hostess will adore

A LADY who wanted to buy a gift for a friend saw this appliquéd luncheon set and was so enraptured, she bought it for herself! But she wasn't so selfish after all, for there are so many other exquisite things at Kargère's that her friend will prize as much,

such as a set of intoxicatingly lovely cocktail napkins like this.

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For the southern season . . . new sports clothes, new chiffons, new versions of the classic Franklin sweater suit . . . This hand-knitted ensemble is in soft yellow with the design in brown and orange . . . A casual little brown chenille cap completes a costume typical of the Franklin collection for resort wear.

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WATCH HILL
SOUTHAMPTON
BAR HARBOR
YORK HARBOR
PALM BEACH

SUCH A POOR CHOICE OF YOUNG MEN

(*Continued from page 89*)

about the looks and ways of democracy's young sons. They are smart, vital, unblasé, muscular from toil; they laugh easily, they are eager to shine in the eyes of their female contemporary, and somehow they convey the fact that they *are* men more compellingly than do Miss Mildred's men friends—or does one malign those gentlemen? The truth remains that I have heard daughters of good houses sigh, "What *marvellous* young men one sees about, that one will, of course, never *meet* because they are only policemen, or labourers mending the roads, or taxi-drivers! So brown, such broad shoulders, such a twinkle! Isn't it a pity that one never seems to get taken in to dinner at a party by any man who is as attractive as that?"

Whereas, one of these sun-burnt, broad-shouldered, twinkling, attractive young labourers, mechanics, police-constables, plumbers, coal-heavers will be the ultimate pleasant fate of Milly, the housemaid. Milly has no need of hurry. Milly can take her time—and her pick.

Not only are there all these young men for the girl of the working class, but she is hampered by fewer inhibitions in dealing with them. She does not know the cold touch of the inferiority complex. Possibly her lady-sister is haunted by fears labelled, "Shortage of men" and "The Superfluous Woman Question." She has begun to worry on these lines, "I am not growing any younger, and this is the only proposal I have ever had! Unlikely that I shall get another; this man doesn't particularly attract me, but—" Or on the other hand she worries, "I could care for this man, but does he really think about me in that way? There are so many other prettier girls! If I show him he attracts me, will it put him off? If I do not show him, might it be a fatal mistake . . ." In any case, she *worries*. Than which nothing is more aging, more destructive of a girl's looks and appeal!

But not so Milly. She blooms, secure in the curious fact that, whatever statistics show, there have always been plenty o' men to go round in *her* class. She follows the advice of the Irish mother to her daughter: "Hold up your head, there's money bid for ye!" The workingman, masculine edition of Milly, looks to marriage to help him on his way; Mildred's male peers postpone marriage as an added expense in these hard times.

You remember the old *Punch* story of the young lady inspector of a factory girls' club, who tells the girls with gentle reproach, "*Ladies* never go out for walks with men who have not been properly introduced, nor dream of '*keeping company*' until they are definitely *engaged!*" To which a buxom jam-hand replies with robust compassion, "We knows it, Miss, *and we feel sorry for yer!*"

I FELT very sorry, lately, for an unknown American girl reader of mine, who, writing to me a delightful letter about my novels, complained that my heroines fell in love too happily, since they never loved any but eligible young men of their own class! Whereas my correspondent had just fallen in love with a young man ideal in every way, but socially, from her standpoint, impossible. He was a young English steward on board one of the transatlantic liners, and her people were furious, and what was she to do? What was my opinion, as a novelist interested in the problems of young love?

What could I say? I had to write back that my heart sympathized with her; that it is practically impossible to avoid falling in love during a sea voyage unless you are a hopelessly poor sailor, knowing how attentive, how courteous, how nicely groomed, well drilled, and altogether delightful are these white-jacketed stewards on the big liners, and knowing also that any young Englishman looks his best on, in, or near blue water; that my common sense, or what there was of it, forced me to adopt her parents' viewpoint. I urged her to think of the gap between her probably luxurious and cultured upbringing, and the sort of home from which this lad had probably come. I pointed out to her that apart from the language of love-making, they spoke different tongues—she, the rich man's daughter, he the working lad. They inhabited different worlds. Details would presently repel her. I was bold enough to mention some of these. I warned her a shock might await her even the first time she beheld her hero out of uniform. I begged her to leave her romance in its sweet, initial, unspoilt stage! In short, I was horribly sensible.

But I cannot help wondering if that girl's infatuation for broad shoulders under a white jacket and a sunburnt, jolly, boyish face below the peak of a steward's cap, her susceptibility to a tale of love told by a youngster of a class below her own, might not be due to a scarcity of romance in her own world? What were the young men at home whom her parents would consider suitable? *Were* they sufficiently stimulating for a girl who was obviously of a forceful and original trend of mind? *Were* they magnetic, intelligent, physically delectable? Or did they conform too much to type, or did they not attain her ideal of what a man should look like, or were they mild, or had they blackheads, or what was the matter with them? So many sons of the well-to-do and well-bred, generally approved of by a girl's "set," are so poorly endowed with magnetic qualities that one is tempted to sigh "fortunate Milly, who need not be limited to putting up with one of these! Poor Mildred, for whom it is one of these or no sweetheart at all! Poor Mildred, who perhaps has not even the choice of one of these!"

IN ONE way and another the Mildreds have taken the law into their own hands.

Once, when they were deprived of their birthright of love, they went into a galloping decline or a nunnery; thus decreasing the number of the surplus without sweethearts. Then there were the exceptional cases, such as the Mildred of high degree who married, as I told you, the democratic young doctor. Also, a lady who ran her own racing-stables and whose escapade was told to me by her sister, a friend of mine. "Imagine, my sister Mildred ran away with one of her own grooms and married him!" "Did she? What was he like?" Answer: "Oh, my dear, a splendid fellow; far too good for her," was the reply!

Later on, a change came over the spirit of these numbers of young women. It seemed, on the face of it, as if it was no longer the idea of a lover after which these girls of gentle birth were hankering. Just before the War, we saw that Urge-to-the-Professions-for-Girls, about which their elders were so deprecatory . . . "Not the slightest need for you to work. Haven't you a good home, my dear? You be thankful, and stay in it until you marry."

To which girls replied with much defiance, gallant feminist gesture, and utterance of the then-new slogans of "Their own Lives to Live," "Other Interests," "Wider Spheres," "Throw open to us the worlds of politics, art, a career," "We do not wish to be dependent upon marriage—" . . .

Now I wonder!

I do not mean that consciously any of these girls thought, "If we stay on as we are at home, we shall never meet any men but the curate and the dull boys we have always known. We can't say that without shocking everybody (in those days people were still shocked by such remarks), so let us put it to them that we want to go in for this profession or take up the study of that!"

No, no. Only, deep down in their subconscious the dread was hidden. And from deep down in their subconscious the poignant appeal went up, "Let us get out of this cage! Out of this cramped family circle! Out of this narrow set! Away from this monotonous neighbourhood, this reservoir of old maids! Let us get out, for heaven's sake, while we are still young enough to find mates for ourselves!"

(*Concluded on page 130*)

smooth it on . . .

wash it off . . .

now powder—and—

LOOK IN YOUR MIRROR AT THE MIRACLE . . . YOURSELF

Hours of complex massaging? Shelves of bewildering labels . . . unguents—"cleansers"—"toners?" *No!*—for now in England, in France, in Italy, in all America, modern Woman turns to the swift simplicity of one famous sea-green jar—for out of one of the world's great laboratories has come this modern miracle: a facial treatment—perfected by the House of Pinaud after 15 years' research—rapid as a lingering smile, amazing as Science itself. PINAUD'S CREAM—*the cream that washes away!* Miraculously compounded in this one tender silken Cream are elements which set to work like a whole staff of deft experts: *cleansing* deep, deep in the pores . . . *suppling* the tissues with delicate, swiftly absorbed oils . . . then *washing away* with all the clogging, aging accumulations gathered from your skin . . . Additional astringent? Additional powder-base? Not necessary! You are ready instantly for Pinaud's new Powder—that almost-incredible Powder specially blended for your individual type of skin . . . Cleansed, toned, suppled as never before, your profile smiles as cameo-clear as Youth itself. And Youth's soft radiance is safeguarded . . . enhanced . . . renewed for you . . . as day by day you *wash* the threatening years away! *For the sake of the beauty that is rightly yours, try Pinaud's Cream and Pinaud's Powder before another day is past. You will find them both at your favorite drug or department store.*

This is the Cream: *tender, silken, liquefying instantly so that just a touch suffices for each treatment. Then in clear fresh water, you* wash *it away! Dollars and dollars and hours and hours have never given you such scientific care as this—or such instantly-visible results.*

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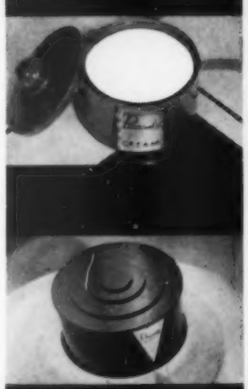

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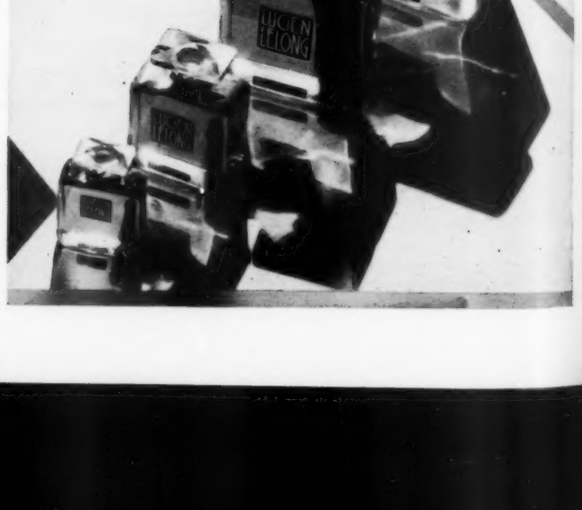


Lucien Lelong Perfumes and Beauty Products are presented at the smarter shops and department stores . . . and be sure to reserve at least one bottle for yourself.

A FACE AT THE DOOR

(*Continued from page 75*)

on the lips of those accustomed to despair. Damn the woman! Her pale face followed him in his thoughts as he walked eastward towards the river. Her own fault, no doubt, but devilish cold weather if she were really destitute. He pondered the word.

Perhaps she was merely physically tired and hungry. That was so easily mended. It was the other thing that was killing, the weariness of mind, the loneliness; one might know these with material wealth. Possession—what was it? Where was it, rather. It was, perhaps, the power to taste every small hour of life; it was the zest that kept one active for oneself and others. Oh, devil take the creature who had started such a futile train of thought. He tried to think of other things, but the awful monotony of the woman's grief haunted him all day. It was as if she had nothing, nothing.

On his way home from the office, which he left early because of this restlessness, he noticed that above the toy shops signs had been placed which read, "Open until 9.30 p.m." How ridiculous to keep half the world at service of the other half, tied to their counters to the point of exhaustion, that the more fortunate might purchase belated gifts and the merchants reap the profit thereof. Most people were too utterly spent by the time Christmas Day arrived to enjoy it.

In this mood he wandered into his club where each of the liveried functionaries greeted him profoundly, aware of the season. He walked through to the farthest corner of the smoke-room where he settled deeply into a chair. He had kept his figure, and his lean limbs were always in want of a stool when thus reclining.

He kicked a low Windsor into position and raised his feet, taking the precaution to lay a battered magazine upon the seat. Queer, how the even tenor of the world was wiped away by what sentimentalists called "The Spirit of Christmas." Holly had managed to creep in even here. There was a spray of it rakishly crowning the elk's head over the fireplace. How absurd it looked, sprouting like that between the antlers! He looked at his watch, wondering why he should feel sleepy. It was only five o'clock. Seeing that no one else was about, he got up and snapped off the hooded light over the writing desk. Now the room was in firelight. He meant only to muse upon the world in general, content that he should be less and less of it as time went on.

HORRIBLE, that swarming of humanity in the subways! All those human beings with their hopes, their obscure inner urgings, and so many pitiful defeats! Was that woman still weeping? he wondered. And if so, why? Why? Well, merely to be a beggar was enough, after all. What on earth was she coming to the door of the club for? Looking for someone, probably. That wistful sadness! That mute, tear-stained face! So utterly without the quality necessary to get on in the world, the power to make known the individual needs and grasp them; too self-effacing, that mute acceptance of things as they had come to be. Surely a little effort on the part of someone was all that was necessary to bring a little warmth into her daily living.

He stirred uneasily. There she was, still waiting at the door, and he alone could help her. That was natural enough, for he saw now that the face beneath the shawl was his wife's. She was waiting for what he alone could give her. Women had to have something to dispel a sense of frustration after their children had begun the individual adventure of the journey through this world. Women, even more than men, cannot live by bread alone; there must be something to give raiment to the spirit, some spontaneous and unsought-for sharing to rejuvenate the heart.

There she was—Minna, a beggar! In the routine of life she had dropped into the background, had ceased, in his mind, to be an individual with personal needs and secret hopes, with sensibilities exposing her to this and that disappointment. Minna! That being who had once been the subject of his intelligent scrutiny, to bring pleasure to whom and to protect whom from ugliness he would have attempted to swim the English Channel. How had it happened? Not by any active hostility on the part of either of them. But rather by the gradual dropping off of all those small customs which require at least a modicum of consideration.

He remembered the look she had given him that first year he had suggested giving her a check to buy her own Christmas gift. It was as if her woman's instinct knew that she would certainly lose rather than gain by the change. She would buy just that little bead bag she had wanted, but she would have lost all the association, the warming picture of John's going to some shop and, in his shy way, putting himself in the hands of the saleswoman. And John would lose. He would lose the bother of that transaction; he would gain an hour more at his office or the club. But he would also lose the kindly and ennobling glow of employing individual good taste in the selection of some token of his affection for one who was, at least, a faithful friend.

Feeling suddenly uncomfortable and cramped, he sat up in his chair and instantly withdrew his long legs from the improvised footstool. Horrid! He had fallen asleep like a wine-befuddled sot. It was growing dark in the room. Fortunately no one had seen him. He secretly despised men who napped in clubs during the day. Wandering out the door into the street he glanced furtively about to see if that woman was waiting for him. Ridiculous! It was nothing but a dream, the whole thing.

And yet everywhere he went he saw that face at the door. He wandered up the Avenue, glancing at the bright shops. One could say what one pleased—no better merchandise in the world today than right here in little old New York.

NICE, that grey thing in the window. It was a squirrel stole, he supposed. She had had one once, ages ago—the year Brad was born, to be exact. No harm to price it. Absurd, a sum like that for a wisp of skin and hair to hang about a woman's throat. There were people who lived a year on such a price. All the same he remembered how she had looked in that other one. Charming!

Sitting down to dinner an hour later he looked at her with a touch of curiosity and found that she was charming looking still. The face, touched unmistakably by time, had retained its delicacy and expressiveness, had not coarsened or grown dull as so many faces do with the accumulation of years. He recalled how its shy vivacity had appealed to him from the first. He was surprised to realize that this quality had never left it, but that he himself had forgotten to look at her with seeing eyes. She was quiet all through the meal and he felt that it was not native to her mind, but that she put restraint upon her tongue because she felt he desired his own thoughts. What were they, anyway? Of what vital importance? The probabilities of tomorrow's market, a mental note to cut those railway coupons. They had enough without them. And what was "enough"? What was any of it for, if not for bringing something of the beauty and savour of life into the existence of another being?

To his surprise, soon after dinner, she rose and said gently, "Will you excuse me if I go up now?"

"Of course," he said, and fumbling with the match for his cigar, he added clumsily, "Not tired, I hope."

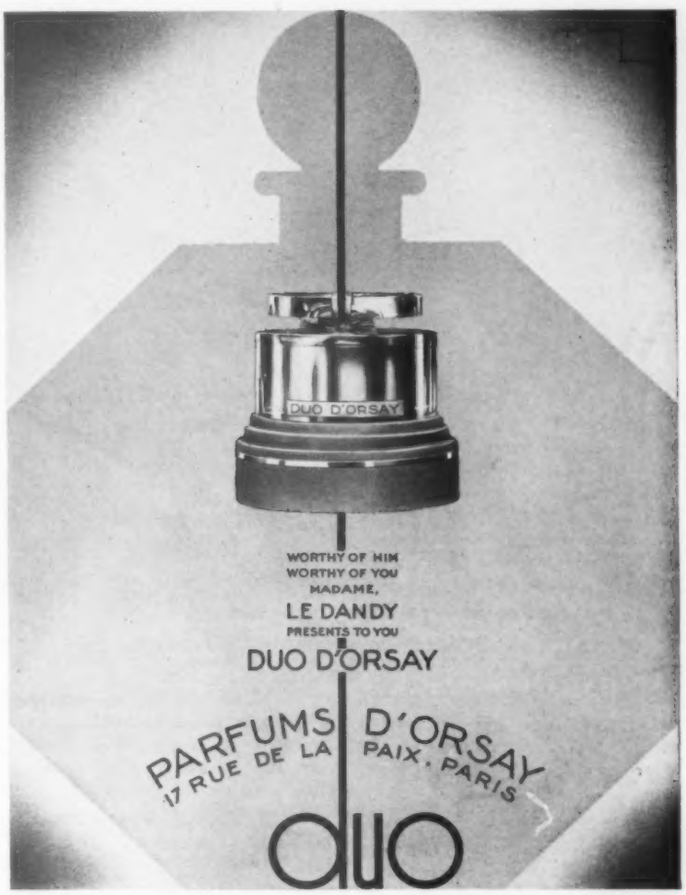
She threw him a faint smile and departed skywards.

HALF an hour later he wandered out the door that shut ponderously upon his heels. He had formed no definite intention, so that he was surprised to find himself standing once again outside the shop with the squirrel stole in the window. Only now it was not in the window. Some younger fellow had been before him. A stab of anxiety shot through him. Some

(*Concluded on page 138*)

The d'Orsay Ensemble

of distinguished artists, in keeping with the quality of Duo d'Orsay and Le Dandy, will entertain you over the radio each Sunday evening at 9:15 o'clock.



Le Dandy Introduces Duo d'Orsay

over the following broadcasting stations:

WJZ, New York	WJR, Detroit
WBZA, Boston	WCKY, Covington
WBZ, Springfield	KYW, Chicago
WHAM, Rochester	KWK, St. Louis
KDKA, Pittsburgh	WREN, Kansas City

When you must feel safe for hours...

that's when you value Kotex most

In an age whose keynote is youth, Kotex naturally is preferred by women who key their lives to modern fastidious ways.

ISN'T it a relief to know there's *one* pad you can always depend on? *One* pad that protects you in every possible way, though worn for hours.

A long evening at the opera, for instance. Once it would have meant fears, worries, discomfort. But now?...

You wear your most delicate gown without a thought, safe in the 'knowledge of Kotex' wonderful absorbency.

The hours of inactivity do not distress you. Kotex retains its softness for hours. It is made in air-cooled layers, which simply cannot pack.

Even a crowded, over-heated theatre holds no worries. Kotex deodorizes—and keeps on deodorizing.

The choice of smart women

So when women want to preserve their immaculacy for hours they rely on Kotex. One is not surprised, therefore, to find that most truly smart women use Kotex exclusively.

Kotex material (Cellucotton absorbent wadding) is used in 85% of the country's leading hospitals! Doctors prefer it to anything else, because of its wonderful absorbency, and the unusual comfort it assures their patients.

Other marked superiorities of Kotex are noted below. Still others are instantly apparent upon actual use. Just one box of Kotex will prove them.

KOTEX IS SOFT...

1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
2 *In hospitals*—Kotex is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
3 *Safe, secure* ... keeps your mind at ease.
4 *Rounded and tapered corners*—for inconspicuous protection.
5 *Deodorizes* ... safely, thoroughly, by a patented process.
6 *Disposable* completely, instantly.

Kotex—45c for 12—at any drug, dry goods or department store, or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

A FACE AT THE DOOR

(*Concluded from page 137*)

other man had the thing under his arm, no doubt, and was tramping homewards with a secret excitement in his breast. Well, there must be other squirrel stoles. He walked on until he came to another furrier's, thrust at the door with his foot and found it locked.

He stood staring at the window. Of course, the furriers would all be closed at this hour. But there were still the jewellers. Not the best shops, perhaps, but those diamond merchants who, he had heard, kept really good things though in an unfashionable district. He meant to have something to take back, and he marched on until a window with an especial glitter hailed him across the street. He pushed open the door and found the shop quite full; he crept along the counters, feeling like a criminal. Buying jewels in such a place! How could he tell what the things were worth!

He had always had Creighton at Tiffany's pick out the best for him in the old days. What did it matter? It was that thing in the blue plush case that he must have, a bracelet of square-cut sapphires. That would look well on an older woman. Conservative. Good taste. It was only glass, doubtless. The man behind the counter laid another, of almost identical size and colour, beside it, saying that the stones were a finer shade.

"Give me one of them—whichever a woman would prefer," Bixby told him. And he blushed so intensely at the sound of his own voice that he feared the man would think him one of those ga-ga old men who pander youthful pulchritude.

"It's for Mrs. Bixby—for my wife," he mumbled inanely.

Once in the street with the thing in his pocket he experienced a sense of relief and a general warmth flowed through him. Passing a toy store he looked furtively about and darted inside. It was full of shabby people, and no one seemed at all surprised to see him there. Under their arms purchasers disported angular and immense packages in which he was able to discern the stimulating outlines of kites and rocking-horses. A boy bumped against his shins and looked up with a beatific smile of acquisition.

"Have you seen Kris?" he called up to Bixby on his long legs. "He give me this horse an' wagon."

Passing up the aisle he found a small girl-thing cooing over a china doll, oblivious of her surroundings.

"Want a coach for *her?*" he heard himself asking.

She looked up and said, "That lady's buying me the coach, thank you. She's givin' everybody what they want."

Bixby felt rebuffed and turned around to see where the stubby forefinger indicated "the lady" to be standing.

"Good God!"

It was Minna.

"That's—that's my wife!" he told the small girl at his feet.

In the babel of shrill voices he could not make Minna hear him at first. And then suddenly he heard her amazed, "Why, John! John, *dear!*"

She came forward with her hands outstretched and he found himself putting his own into them. And they stood there, smiling into each other's faces until Mrs. Bixby turned to her followers and with her arm through Bixby's said softly, "Children, this is my husband. You must come and say 'how-do-you-do' to him, because it is he who makes it possible for me to give you these things. It really is he who has done every bit of it; and he wishes you a merry Christmas in this delightful shop. Tell him your names."

In one breath they shouted their individual names, so that he heard not one of them. She drifted away from him to complete her purchases and he watched her, aware that he was seeing her with new eyes, with eyes that perceived for the first time in years. She was gracious! She was gentle! She was lovely!

When they went out into the street together at last he said, "Minna—I—I saw something that I thought you might like. I have it here in my pocket."

She touched the neat box with a gloved finger and looked up into his face.

"You darling cheater!" she said, "you know what you made me promise. But I cheated too; I saw something that I thought you might like; I have it here in my bead bag."

He squeezed her arm against his side and trudged on. He had one desire only, and that was to get home, to get out of sight of the crowds, to be where he could taste this new thing which had dawned in his mind.

Fumbling with his key, he placed it in the lock and said to the keyhole, "Minna, do you suppose that there are men who are so fortunate they do not know how fortunate they are? Come inside, come inside before you answer me."

The front door with the iron grill opened, and shut ponderously.

Bixby glanced furtively behind him lest there be that face at the door. But it was no longer there.

SUCH A POOR CHOICE OF YOUNG MEN

(*Concluded from page 134*)

I fancy that secret cry was responsible for the regiments of women to be found out in the world of work today. That, as much as the economic pressure, began it. Paradoxically, the well-brought-up girl left home to find home. There are those who say she has ceased to want home in the old sense. But, though this may sound a reactionary suggestion, I sometimes fancy that at the back of each new feminine agitation lurked the old, familiar complaint— "There's such a poor choice of young men!"

I may be entirely in the wrong, and they, these gallant young feminists and forgers ahead into all the professions, may all be without even the smallest hidden hint of that secret motive. That many of them are, I admit. Very well; for these girls whose lives are full and happy and entirely without the Choice-of-Young-Men complex, one rejoices.

But what about the others? They do want love and home; secretly they hunger and thirst after these things, which ought to be every woman's birthright, whether she was born a lady or a housemaid. If they are rushing to work, to the arts, to activities of every other sort not merely to earn their living but for lack of the other, why, then they are nibbling at stones in the hope that it may stave off the craving for bread!

This ought not to be. It is a wrong state of civilization that allows this to be. In the perfect state towards which good feminists work, the state where every woman has the chance to develop the best that is in her, this will have to be one of the first reforms.

I do not know how it will be brought about. Better brains than mine, however, will have to see to it that in the new state there will be found no such thing as a girl well-bred, well-housed, well-clad, and otherwise well-fed, but hungry for lack of human love; suppressed but starving; driven to miserable unsatisfactory makeshifts, the wrong job, or the wrong man.

Must it remain a Utopian dream?

I should wish every girl of twenty-one to be given—even though she might not be in any hurry to take—but at least to be given, what still remains more essential to her happiness than even the vote; namely, the chance of selection among potential husbands spiritually, mentally, physically and economically adequate. In other words—"such a good choice of young men!"

Something to it
There's something to a dentifrice that wins leadership in 4 years. Listerine Tooth Paste, 25c.

"The same advice I gave your Dad... LISTERINE, often"

Do you remember—

When the good old family doctor came into the house, how your heart began to thump? You didn't know but what you had cholera morbus or something equally dreadful. You saw yourself dying in no time.

Then his firm gentle hands poked you here and there. His bright kind eyes looked down your gullet. And, oh, what a load left your mind when you learned that your trouble was only a badly inflamed throat and that Listerine would take care of it?

The basic things of life seldom change: Listerine, today, is the same tireless enemy of sore throat and colds that it was half a century ago.

It is regularly prescribed by the bright, busy young physicians of this day, just as it was by those old timers—bless their souls—who mixed friendship and wisdom with their medicines.

Used full strength, Listerine kills in 15 seconds even the virulent Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government. Three well-known bacteriological laboratories have demonstrated this amazing germ-killing power of Listerine. Yet it is so safe it may be used full strength in any body cavity.

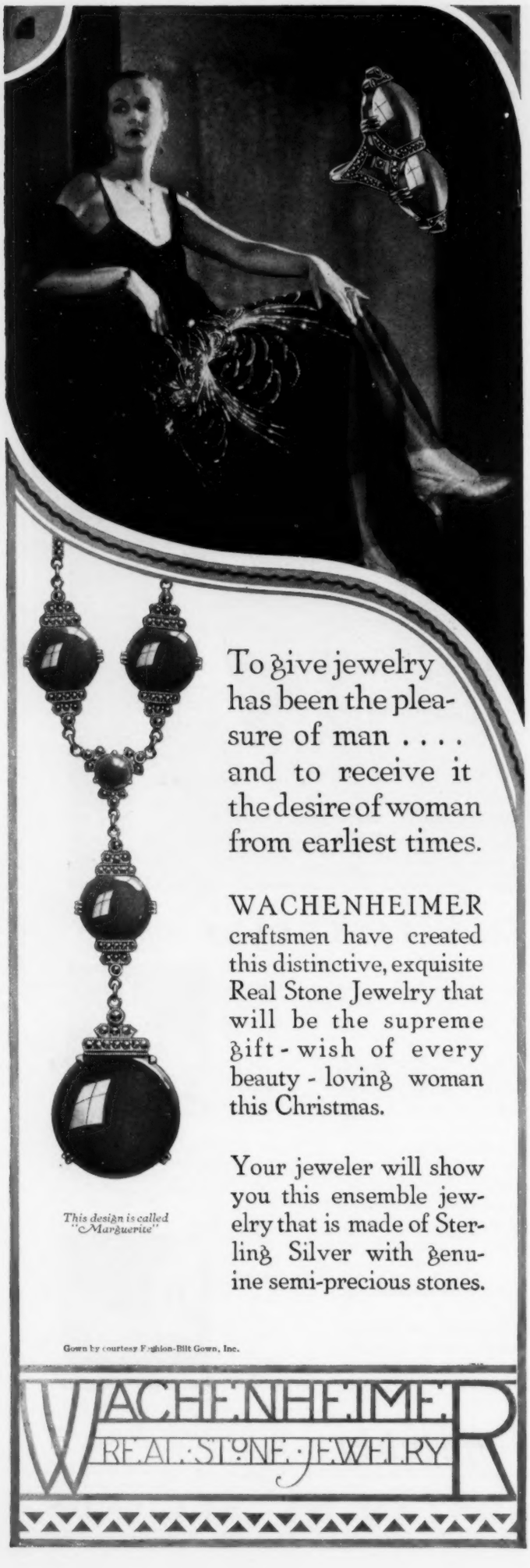
Make a habit of gargling systematically with full strength Listerine during nasty weather. It aids in preventing the outbreak of colds and sore throat. And often remedies them when they have developed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Gargle with full strength Listerine every day. It inhibits the development of sore throat, and checks it should it develop.

How to prevent a cold
Rinsing the hands with Listerine before every meal destroys the germs ever-present on them.

It checks SORE THROAT *quickly*

KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN 15 SECONDS


To give jewelry has been the pleasure of man . . . . and to receive it the desire of woman from earliest times.
WACHENHEIMER craftsmen have created this distinctive, exquisite Real Stone Jewelry that will be the supreme gift-wish of every beauty-loving woman this Christmas.
Your jeweler will show you this ensemble jewelry that is made of Sterling Silver with genuine semi-precious stones.
This design is called "Marguerite"
Gown by courtesy Fashion-Bilt Gown, Inc.
WACHENHEIMER
REAL STONE JEWELRY

HAPPILY MARRIED

(*Continued from page 101*)

had seemed afterwards. How he had refused a couple of dances later in the week because he had felt that it would be almost a sacrilege to dance with anybody after her. How tame and stupid and unattractive she had made every other woman whom he knew appear.

"I wish I were a painter," he said, "so that I could do a picture of you. Or a writer, so that I could make you the heroine of a novel. I read a book, by the way, last week that made me think of you."

"What was it called?"

"Twelve Years Married."

"Oh, I must get that. What was she like, pretty?"

"Terribly!"

"And what happened to her? What was her husband like? Nice?"

Carrington blushed. "He . . . well . . . he was a very good fellow and all that. But . . ."

"He didn't appreciate her?"

"Well, not quite."

"And then what happened? There was somebody else who did?"

"Yes, a young man."

"Who thought her marvellous, who thought her perfect, who told her so?"

Her eyes were sparkling. And in his eyes there was excited breathlessness that thrilled her.

"And what happened then?" she said. "Do tell me. I surely haven't got to go to all the effort of reading three hundred pages to find out."

And this is ridiculous, she thought. I'm flirting like a child of twenty. It's absurd of me. And it isn't fair to him. But it was such fun. Later, when coffee and liqueurs were finished and a very little silver had been brought back in change for a five pound note, he had asked her timidly with a stammer: "Are you doing anything very special this afternoon? If you aren't, could you come back with me? I've got some rather jolly things. You've never seen my place."

She had laughed and, "If you promise to be good," she had said, and half despised and half admired herself for saying it. "And this," she thought, "is the way that wives are supposed to lose their virtue." She had never felt safer in her life.

IT WAS a small, third-floor flat, near the Embankment. There was a bedroom and a sitting-room and a tiny kitchen. Three and a half guineas a week was her estimate of it. He couldn't have much money. It was a point that she had never before troubled to consider. It had not interested her enough. He had existed for her as one of the innumerable young men with no settled occupation who were always well dressed and ready with spare cash for taxi fares and flowers and an occasional lunch. With a flat like this he had seven hundred, most likely. That lunch must have cost him far more than he could afford. With no sense of guilt she decided that. If he wanted her company he could have it, but she would have to want his a great deal more before she'd think it worth the discomfort of half crown lunches.

It was a small flat, but it was a pleasant one. Carrington had the good taste and the good things that drift into the possession of a long-lived family. There were good furniture and pleasing pictures, and an atmosphere of well-being in which it was easy to relax. It was the kind of flat where one felt at home and she took off her hat when Carrington asked her to, and shook out her golden mass of hair so that it brushed his cheek as he sat beside her on the Chippendale chesterfield, showing her a collection of eighteenth-century prints of London. His shoulders kept touching hers. "One word, one movement from me," she thought, "would loose the wildest display of fervour." He was like a gramophone. She could put on any record that she chose. It was lovely to feel that one had anyone so completely in one's power. The moment the little silver clock struck four she put away the picture that he was showing her.

"Heavens, I must rush!" she said. "I've got to see Mona Featherington. You can give me a lift there, if you like."

That morning she had received a desperately imploring telegram from Mona. Mona was in the throes of a love affair. Her fifth within three years and she was destitute of sympathy.

"Darling," she wailed, "I'm so unhappy. I think I could die, I'm so unhappy."

SHE was resting in Chinese pyjamas on a long divan, a heavily brocaded cushion behind her head. The golden wire of its tassel mingled on her shoulder with the copper-coloured circlet of low-bound hair. Her feet that were bare supported on their polished toes the weight of embroidered slippers. At her back, framing her, was a black lacquer screen. Beside her was a half-read novel and a half-consumed box of marrons glacés. She held the box out to Mrs. Forster.

"Have one," she said, "they're rather good. Frank sent them up to me. He thought I was looking ill this morning. Really, but he's the perfect husband. I suppose I ought to go down on my knees to heaven for him. But marriage. Oh, my dear, why any one of us marries I can't think. The slavery of it! One's got to account for every second of one's time; during the evening, that's to say. And that's the only time that the boy's free. If I see him once a week, see him properly, that's to say, I'm lucky. And how do I know what he's doing all the other days? London's so vast. I've got no hold on him. I can't even ring him up. Private calls aren't allowed, he told me, at his office. I've got to let him ring me. I sit all day waiting for him to. And as often as not he doesn't. Hasn't had a chance, he tells me. He's working in a room with other people. How do I know if he's telling the truth? How can I know anything? Marriage! I can't think why any of us ever marries."

To May Forster there seemed reason enough for Mona Featherington's marrying, when she compared this soft-lit, soft-carpeted, soft-cushioned room with the bleak little linoleumed parlour from which marriage had transported Mona. But the question had been rhetorical.

"I'm in the dark. I've no hold over him," Mona wailed. "I don't know if he loves me, truly loves me. He's never asked me to marry him."

"But, darling, you don't want to marry him."

"No, but I want him to be wanting to. Surely he'd want to if he really cared. What do you think, darling?"

FOR half an hour they discussed the problem. Then Frank arrived. He was dapper and small, kind-eyed, with a rather nervous manner.

"How are you, dear?" he asked.

Mona shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, I don't know; not too good," she answered. In a moment she had abandoned the fevers of despair for a fretful impatience. "My head aches, my throat's sore. I want a holdiay, I think. I'm so tired. And we've got to dine out tonight. I don't know how I'm to live through it."

"Would you like me to put them off?"

"We can't do that."

"Why, of course we can."

"They've probably got people coming especially to meet us."

"They may have, but I'm not going to have you doing things you'd not enjoy. I'll ring them up at once."

She would not, however, let him ring for a doctor, and when they began to discuss the new Noel Coward revue at the Pavilion, her interest was so roused by May's account of it that she forgot she was an invalid.

"We must go to that," she cried. "Let's go tonight. Be an angel, Frank, and see if you can get two stalls. Oh, darling," she whispered to May while her husband telephoned, "if you only knew how miserable I was."

It was a quarter past five by then.

"If I don't leave this very instant," said Mrs. Forster, "I'll be back home late for Tommy."

(*Continued on page 142*)

THE OLD ENGLISH OR GRAPE PATTERN. THE PIECES PICTURED ARE: ELECTRIC PERCOLATOR WITH CREAM PITCHER AND SUGAR BOWL; MEAT PLATTER, WELL-AND-TREE STYLE; CANDLESTICK; SANDWICH PLATE: COVERED VEGETABLE DISH; SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS; GRAVY BOAT AND TRAY; FRUIT BOWL; WATER SET WITH PITCHER, GOBLET AND TRAY.

A FINE *Old English* PATTERN

BORN OF SPLENDOR AND ROMANCE!

WHEN ALL MEN WERE BRAVE, all ladies fair, and life a courtly pageant, the design at the left established styles in silver. There was leisure, then, for the appreciation of painstaking craftsmanship. Even every-day articles were richly ornamented. . . . Today, the same pattern, traditional and tasteful, has been faithfully recreated in International Silverplate. It is a justly popular part of a distinguished line ✲ For Christmas, consider gifts of International Silverplate. . . . They simplify your shopping. You'll find them well-displayed in good shops where you can make unhurried selections. . . . They are certain to please and impress your friends. There is a rich variety of pieces, from compotes to complete coffee services; a generous choice of patterns—English, French, Early American, Modern. In every case, the International trade-mark assures beauty, long life and reasonable price. . . . Write for free booklet, HW-149, "The Rediscovery of Silverplate." Address Dept. E, International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.

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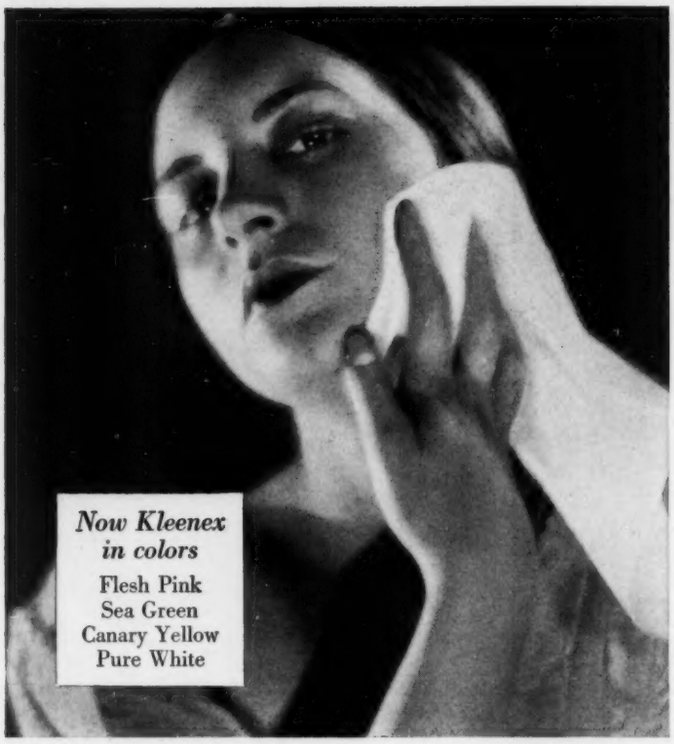

Good looks depend on your complexion

rub cleansing cream off... not in

YOUR whole appearance depends on your complexion. A good complexion depends on keeping the pores clean and free from grease, oil and make-up. When you use cleansing cream on your face it naturally goes down into the pores. There it accumulates with dust and dirt, with oil and dead scales of the skin. Unless it is thoroughly removed, completely absorbed, it is likely to stay in the pores and clog them and cause all sorts of surface irritation.

Coarse pores—a dull, muddy-looking, sallow skin can result unless you know how to *rub cream off... not in.* And now there is a new way which makes it so easy to give your skin the right care, Kleenex Cleansing Tissues come in a smart modern box. Two sheets come out at a time just as you use them. They are made of a particularly soft, absorbent substance which lifts the dirt and cream and make-up right off your skin.

With one hand you lift two sheets of Kleenex out of the box, while the other hand is busy with cleansing cream. Quick, easy, sanitary and economical.

Kleenex comes in a smart new box. A narrow perforation keeps the cleansing tissues absolutely free from germs and dirt until you are ready to use them.

You should know about this way to remove cleansing cream. It will save skin beauty, save money, and its convenience is immeasurable.

For Colds. Eye, ear and nose specialists all recommend the use of Kleenex instead of handkerchiefs whenever there is a likelihood of cold or any infection.

Kleenex Company, Lake - Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.

Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

Name.....

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City.....

Kleenex
Cleansing Tissues

HAPPILY MARRIED

(*Continued from page 140*)

She was only just in time; as the taxicab drew up outside the house she caught sight of a small knickerbockered figure, in a green school cap and satchel, kicking its heels as it turned the corner. She sat with him while he had his tea, a schoolboy's tea of sardines and jam and thick-cut bread and butter.

"There's no cheese," he said.

"I know, darling. I told Matilda not to give you any. It's cheese that's keeping you awake."

"But I like cheese, Mummy."

"Darling, I know, but cheese is bad for you."

"Everything I like is bad for me. Why couldn't mutton fat be bad for me?"

"Sardines aren't bad for you, and you like sardines. And you know how much you like strawberry jam. It's a nice tea. Enjoy it."

He proceeded to.

"Did you have a good day?" she asked.

He nodded. "Not too bad. Swopped some used Mexicans for an unused Guatemala with Rufus minor. When's Daddy coming?"

"I'm not certain, dear. He's very busy at his office nowadays."

"He promised me that he'd draw me a picture of an elephant."

"Then if he promised you that he'll be back early. You be a good boy and start your prep at once, so that you'll be ready for him when he does."

BUT though she had told him that his father would be back early, she had no certainty that he would. You never knew where you were with Gresham. He was one of those exasperating people with apparently no sense of time, who are never late. "When will you be back?" she'd ask him. "Don't you worry," he'd answer. "I'll be along in time." Whether he got back from his office at six or seven, however much or little time he gave himself, he'd always be ready at precisely the same moment: a second before he was due. "As likely as not," she thought, "he'll not get back till after seven."

He didn't. It was a quarter past seven, and she had nearly finished dressing, before she heard the sound of his feet upon the stairs.

"Aren't I late?" he called to her through the door. "And I've promised to draw an elephant for Tommy."

"Darling, you won't have time. We've got to leave here at a quarter to."

"What, dining at eight! How barbarously early. It'll have to be a terribly small elephant, I'm afraid."

"But, darlingest, there isn't time."

"Oh, yes, there is, if it's squeezed a little. I promised Tommy. One's got to keep one's promises to children. Time enough when they're grown up to learn what promises are worth."

And he had bounded across the passage towards the nursery. Through the open door she could hear their son's hilarious shriek of welcome. "Tommy adores him," she thought. "Everyone adores him. And he'll be in time. Of course, he'll be in time. He's never been late, never." But all the same she found herself fretting with impatience as she sat in the drawing-room, her eyes upon the clock, listening to the sounds of her husband's movements above her head. The clock was actually striking the quarter as he came into the room, smiling, broad-shouldered, aglow with health.

"To the second," he said. "We'll call a taxi."

"I've got one waiting."

During their quarter of an hour's drive he recounted in exuberant detail the conversation he had had that morning at his club with an old schoolfellow on leave from India. "And that's the last of him I shall see for three hours," thought May, as they walked side by side in the wake of a footman up a curving staircase.

It was a largish dinner party of a dozen people. She was taken in by a slightly drab sexagenarian whose interests and dinner were mainly culinary. On her other side was a picturesque young man with a reputation for dramatic silences. "I'm not going to hear much from him," she thought.

She didn't. The old man did not wish to be disturbed in his enjoyment of the admirable sole, and conversation is difficult with one who considers an adequate contribution to the talk an occasionally raised eyelid or significantly nodded head. She brought up topic after topic as a general orders forward column after column of infantry in attack. It was heavy going. The sense of effort was apparent. It was hot. Her skin was prickling. "I suppose," she thought, "I'm looking awful." There was a pained look on the young man's face. "You ought to be enjoying," that look appeared to say, "the privilege of addressing your talk to me." It was a relief when his elegant profile turned and was held by an eager flow of chatter. "That's that," she thought, and looked across the table.

THERE could be no doubt that Gresham was enjoying himself. His eyes were bright, a smile flickered on his mouth. Every now and again he would burst out laughing. He was talking well. The ball of talk was flung quickly, sentence upon sentence, between his companion and himself. May knew the girl he was sitting next to; had met her often enough one way or another. But never had she seen her so lively, so animated, with so vivid a glow on her young, clear features.

"It's Gresham," she thought, "that's how he is with all of us. He brings out everything that's best in us. He's like a sun shining on us, and we expand and blossom. In his company we're fifty per cent. better than our usual selves." She felt sad, suddenly, and despondent. The sun was always shining somewhere, if not on us. "And I know so little of him," she thought, "of what he's doing all those hours when he's away from me, when he's being rung up by strange-voiced women who won't leave messages. They may be clients. But there must be so many women that he meets; women whom he'll attract, who'll be bound to him by that very power of his to make one feel fifty per cent. above oneself. He can't be unattractive to them all."

Why should he be? she thought. Everyone was having affairs or trying to. Why should he be any different from the rest, just because she was? Some people were born faithful, people like Frank Featherington, herself. And it was the faithless that got fidelity. Why should he be faithful to her? Faithfulness wasn't fashionable. They'd been married thirteen years. She had nothing new for him. She wasn't any longer young. Probably she looked pretty awful sometimes, when she got taken off her guard.

"I suppose I bore him, too," she thought. "I'm quiet. I've not a lot to say for myself." Ought she to talk more, she wondered; ought she to try to be more lively, like that girl he was talking to? Perhaps. But if she did, would she be able to keep it up? That wasn't her game, really. One had to be oneself. And this was what she'd always been. It was this self that he had fallen in love with, that he had married, had seemed to want, had seemed to have no doubt of wanting. What was it he had said to her? That he felt as though his first thirty years had been just a waiting for her. It was within twenty-four hours of meeting her that he had said that. It had been a whirlwind courtship.

They had met at dinner. In one sentence he had put her at her ease.

"I don't know you, and you don't know me," he had said, "so let's tell each other straightaway all that we dare to about each other."

In five minutes she was talking to him as though she had known him all her life. She was talking better than she had ever talked. He listened carefully to what she said, and she felt proud of her power to interest him. And his eyes were smiling and she had never felt prouder of her looks, since they had the power to attract him. Right through dinner they had talked, about nothing, about everything. Not once did they turn to their neighbour on the other side.

(*Continued on page 145*)

Maintain your Wave all through the Year

The woman whose winter is spent in Havana, Palm Beach or cruising in southern waters has a special problem —— *her hair!*..... For her, smart hairdressing shops here, as in London and Paris, have evolved a special technique— *the Eugène Selective Permanent Wave*...

They maintain her lovely hair at a constant level of perfection with two or three Eugène Waves per year..... They wave new, straight hair as fast as it grows in—without waving over the waved hair! And *the Eugène Sachet is the Secret!* Your skilled waver selects Eugène *Rewave* Sachets with partially perforated steamtabs. (*See Sachet illustration.*) The steaming is confined to those few new inches of hair in contact with the perforations. The remainder of your hair—the wavy portion—is protected by the impervious, steam-tight, unperforated surface of the Eugène Rewave Sachet.

If you are interested in the beauty and the comfort of a Eugène Wave all through the year, go to any of the better shops and ask for it. Prices for Eugène Rewaves are the same as for original waves...We will gladly send you a sample Eugène Rewave Sachet for your information, together with our interesting new gallery of wave portraits, "The Eugène Beauty Book." Write for it today..... Eugène, Ltd., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City..... London, Paris, Berlin, Sydney.

eugène

PERMANENT WAVES

© Eugène, Ltd., 1929

The QUEEN who LOVED HER HUSBAND

1° Patent of Parfumeur
To the Court of Queen Marie Amelie of France

Today the eleventh April of the year eighteen hundred and thirty-four, Her Majesty MARIE AMELIE, Queen of the French, being at the Palace of the Tuileries, has granted and grants to M. LUBIN P. F., Paris, the Patent of Parfumeur of His Royal Highness M. the Duke of Aumale, and of His Royal Highness M. the Duke of Montpensier, authorizing him to take the title and to place it in front of his house. As a testimonial of her will, the Queen has ordered the drawing of the present Patent which she has signed of her own hand and which she had counter-signed by myself, secretary of the Commandments of Her Majesty.

MARIE AMELIE — *For the Queen:* OUDARD

PERHAPS unjustly, popular opinion has it that royal couples of bygone centuries were consistently inconstant—but history has no page of domestic simplicity and happiness to exceed that of Queen Marie Amelie and her husband, King Louis Philippe of France.

Midst trying political intrigue, they with their four children, retained a degree of marital bliss which was, and is, an inspiration to the generations that followed.

The Queen who loved her husband was a woman of great personal charm. She was ever attentive to the details of her person. Her perfumes were made expressly for her by the Parisian, M. Francois Lubin, and she thought so highly of his artistry in distilling rare flower-odeurs, that she acknowledged him publicly as her appointed Parfumeur.

The same Parfum Lubin which accentuated the charm of Queen Marie Amelie, is the delight of those women who recognize that the mystic, elusive quality of especially distilled odeurs most truly expresses their individual charm.

L'OCEAN BLEU . . . is one of the most entrancing of the exotic Parfums Lubin. It whispers the romance of balmy breezes, and lazy suns on broad blue oceans—and breathless moments under shady palms. This delightful odeur may be secured at the finest shops.

Parfumerie
LUBIN *Inc.*
6 WEST 48TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

HAPPILY MARRIED

(*Continued from page 142*)

"We're behaving disgracefully," he said. "But bad manners are no more than selfishness. One must put oneself first sometimes."

The moment the men joined the women, he came across to her. And later, two hours later, when they found themselves the only remaining guests, "We can't let the conversation end here," he said. "We'll go on with it at lunch. I'll call for you at one."

He took her to a small, not particularly attractive restaurant in Wardour Street. He did not ask her what she would like. "We'll have this and this and this," he told the waiter. She had had a luncheon engagement for the next day but she had cancelled it. Then he turned to her and they began to talk. It was the most exciting talk that she had ever had. Never had she felt prouder of herself. Often enough she had been flattered, but Gresham did not pay her compliments. It was the attention with which he listened to her, the light that glowed in his eyes when they met hers, that made her feel that she was wittier, cleverer, more attractive than anyone had ever made her feel. And afterwards when he had said, "And now, what about a drive into the country?" Although she had promised to make a fourth at bridge, she nodded her head readily.

It was midnight before they returned. They had driven through London, past Dorking, to Friday Street. They had had tea at a long table in front of the Stephen Langton. And afterwards, through twilit, darkening Hampshire they had driven westward. It was at Winchester that they had dined. Afterwards they had loitered, silent for the first time that day, in the fragrant dusk of the hotel garden. It was then that he had taken her in his arms. "I'm thirty-one years old," he had said. "I feel that all that time has been just a waiting for you."

It was not the first time she had been made love to, it was not the first time she had been kissed. But he made her feel it was. He did not ask if she loved him. He told her that he loved her. He did not ask her if she would marry him. He spoke to her of how they would plan life when she had. "But this is ridiculous," she thought. "We don't know each other. We've known each other for a day. Marriage is for life. This isn't the way one marries."

She knew, though, that she would never speak those protests. The responsibility of managing her life had been taken from her. He would decide for her. He was a strong current to whose steady flow confidingly she could trust herself. She handed over the management of her life to him.

"You've made a perfect slave of yourself," a woman had once said to her.

She had smiled when the woman had said that. A slave, indeed. Never had she felt more conscious of herself, of her power, her potentialities, her personality. Never had she been prouder of herself. She had been revealed and justified to herself.

BUT that was thirteen years ago. Perhaps the woman had been right. Perhaps she had been a slave to him, and was receiving now the slave's reward of obligations dutifully fulfilled. Miserably she lifted her eyes from her plate and looked across at him. And then suddenly her breath was caught swooningly against her heart. For he had turned his eyes from the girl beside him, was looking across at her, and in them was that look of comradeship that in their earlier days of marriage had been flashed so often, so reassuringly to tell the heart's closest secrets across the most crowded room. "I'm yours. You're mine. What do all these others matter?" And by that one flashed glance all her unhappiness, all her doubting of herself were taken from her. Of course he loved her, of course he needed her. And soon they would be alone together away from all these people. She looked at the clock in the corner of the dining-room; half past nine. In nine minutes, in two hours it would be over.

The wait in the drawing-room was interminable. Never had there seemed less to talk about. She listened with strained ears for the sound of an opened door. The sooner the men joined them, the sooner the party would break up. Twenty minutes; twenty-five minutes; half an hour. She began to fret impatiently. Would they never come? When at last they did, it was anxiously that she looked towards her husband. How many glasses of port had he had, she wondered.

It was not that he ever drank too much, but that when he had taken more than a certain amount he began to enjoy himself so much that he lost all count of time and was quite capable of prolonging a party till after midnight. And it so often happened. It wouldn't this evening, though. With relief at one glance she realized that. His face was a little flushed; he was smiling broadly, his talk was fast and animated. But there was no wild look in his eyes. It was going to be all right. An hour and it would be all over. And she turned to the man who had sat beside her and began to talk so brightly, quickly, and entertainingly that she had only glanced at the clock three times before she was aware of enquiries about time; of people rising to their feet.

"I suppose," she was saying, "that we'll have to be going, too."

But though the party had broken up, though half of the guests had gone, her host had no intention of letting them go.

"No, no," he said. "It's much too soon. We haven't seen anything of you yet. Let's all get gathered round the fire."

There were six of them left. And their chairs were drawn in a circle round the fire. And Gresham was handed another whisky—a dark one. And there came a new look into his eyes.

"I always think," he said, "that this is the best part of every party."

AND he began to talk well and clearly; and the others were silent, listening and laughing. His fingers were playing with that long lock of hair. His wife's heart sank. He had started. There was no reason why it shouldn't go on for a couple of hours if people let him. And she so tired. She so longed to be out of all this noise. She tried to catch his eyes and failed. She listened to story after familiar story. There was not one of them that she had not heard told before, with precisely the same inflection of voice and accent.

Each story was the cue for another story, another series of anecdotes. Why must he go on? Surely he must realize that he was boring people? Though even as she thought that she knew it was only herself that he was boring. The stories that were so old to her were new to the others. They were enjoying themselves. There was no fidgeting impatience about the attention with which they listened, no fidgeting impatience of people who are waiting for the pause in which they can take their leave. They were happy enough. And if they were happy she had no right to spoil their sport. Like an automaton she smiled at the right places, flung now and again the connecting sentence that bridges one story to another, taking a savage, masochistic pleasure in deliberately prolonging the talk. It was not she who was going to be the first to take her leave. Midnight had passed before a move was made.

"We really must be going back," said one of the other guests. "We're going the same way, aren't we? We might share a taxi."

Even when they were on their feet, there was another story to be told. The dial of the taxi marked two and six before they were at last in it. All the way back Gresham talked. And when they were at last back he urged the others to come in for a final drink.

"Just for a doch-and-dorris," he said.

"Yes, do," May pleaded. She was more insistent than her husband in her urging of them. She was not going to give him the chance of saying that she spoiled his fun. "Do come in. Just for a minute," she said. (*Concluded on page 146*)

GIFTS that reflect originality and good taste

Wheary AVIATRIX

Airplane Wardrolette and Wardrola

When you receive a gift marked Wheary, you respect the judgment of the person who gave it. You feel, too, that that person places high value on your appreciation of fine things. The Aviatrix, Wardrolette and Wardrola, all bearing the distinguished Wheary trade-mark, are on display at the better shops and stores. See them. Select the styles best suited to your Christmas gift requirements.

WHEARY AVIATRIX

(Patents Pending)

The light luggage creation that protects dresses through an entirely new packing principle. Holds everything needed for a limited trip. Easy to pack and carry. Hatbox and suitcase styles. In leathers and exclusive Wheary covering materials. Priced from $10 to $100.

Airplane Wardrolette

Here's the 30" case with the patented wedge-elbow tray and cushioned top which assure smooth, tailor-pressed appearance of clothes. Accommodates three suits, ample shirts, shoes, pajamas, toilet accessories, etc., for a two weeks' trip, or the equivalent in women's clothing. In Duckoid, Fabrikoid and fine leathers—from $25 to $125.

(Patents Pending)

(Patented and Patents Pending)

WARDROLA

—the trunk that ROLLS open

The only trunk that ROLLS open. Smooth-running roller protects rugs and floors. Solid base makes trunk strongest where strength is most essential. Cushioned top keeps hangers from shifting—garments in perfect press. Selection of luxurious color combinations. Priced from $55 to $230.

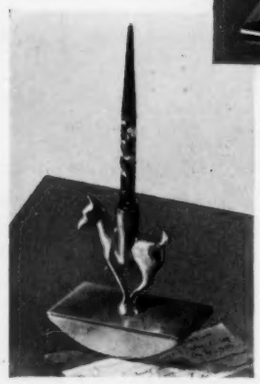
WHEARY TRUNKS and Airplane Luggage

AMERICA'S FINEST CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Wheary Trunks and Airplane Luggage manufactured by Wheary Trunk Company, Racine, Wis. New York Branch: 295 Fifth Ave., Textile Bldg. Being shown at leading shops and department stores.

Fish, Flesh or Fowl

Take Your Choice, Monsieur - Madame - Madamoiselle



DESIGNED for Le BOEUF by GARRET THEW

Le boeuf

Bird, beast or finny denizen of the briny deep—all good animals and well behaved.

It's easy to make a pet of any of these delightful creatures—hard indeed to choose which one will nicest ornament a desk or table. But if you are choosing gifts for husband, brother or boy friend, you may be sure that your selection, be it duck, horse or fish, will grace his desk for many years to come. And for wedding gifts and birthdays and for old times' sake—surely you can name no more apt-to-be-remembered gift than one of these.

Ask your jeweler to show you these intriguing desk sets. Or if they have not yet made their bow in your town, simply mention your choice, attach your check for $12.00 and we will promptly send it to you.

LeBoeuf animals make charming settings for their truly fine pens. Many other LeBoeuf models in lovely modern gift boxes priced from three to fifty dollars—pocket pens, pencils, and matched pen and pencil sets in appealing new color combinations.

Ask about the LeBoeuf Hidden Filler.

THE LEBOEUF FOUNTAIN PEN CO., INC. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

HAPPILY MARRIED

(*Concluded from page 145*)

It was a quarter to one before she sat at last before her mirror, her fingers clenched upon a nail file, her eyes tingling with unshed tears of anger and despair. What an evening! What a day! The facsimile of all the days and evenings of which her life was composed nowadays. What was there in life for her? Her children at school all day. A house self-run. A husband who didn't give one thought to her happiness or comfort, who never sent her flowers or chocolates when she was looking ill; never asked her how she was and what she had been doing when he came back from work; never looked to see if she was enjoying herself at parties; never planned anything for her. Just assumed that whatever he liked she would like. A slave, that's all she was, a slave.

Bitterly the slave's longing for revenge came on her. To hurt as she had herself been hurt; to give pain for the mere pleasure of inflicting it; to deal with the same measures that she had been dealt. Gresham was beyond her scope. He was invulnerable. But there were others. Arnold Carrington or someone else. It didn't matter whom. Someone who was at her mercy, whom she could make her slave. One or other of them she would take. She would get them in her power. There were no lengths to which she would not go to get them there. Then, when she had them there, she would deal with the same measures she had been dealt. They couldn't touch her, they couldn't hurt her. You had to love before you could be hurt. She'd hurt them and she'd laugh to herself as she watched them. She'd give as good as she'd been given. Her fingers tightened upon the nail file.

And there was Gresham at her bedroom door. In the mirror before her she could see the reflection of the tall, well-built, broad-shouldered figure. There was a friendly, affectionate smile upon his lips.

"A good evening," he was saying, "a first-class evening."

She made no answer. What answer was there to make? Yes, he'd enjoyed himself, right enough; and because he had, he hadn't bothered to wonder what sort of evening it had been for her.

"A good evening," he went on. "But it's funny, you know, I never go to an evening like that without remembering how I'd have hated it fourteen years ago."

"Hated it?"

"Like anything. The going back, at least. And all the time I was thinking about the going back. About saying good-bye to all that jolliness and friendliness. About going back to my cold and empty flat. I hated it. I went to parties because I was lonelier away from them. But I never enjoyed them, really. I only now I do."

"Now? Why now, though, Gresham"

"Why do you think, silliest?"

"I don't know, Gresham, I don know."

"Silly!"

And he had lifted her in his arms, h big, strong arms, so that his face wa close to her. "Silly one, as though yo didn't know that I only enjoy parties fo the same reason that I enjoy everything because you're there to share them with Darling—" it was scarcely more than sigh, that "darling"—"as though you didn't know it!" And he laughed. "As though I hadn't been telling you that fo thirteen years. Why do you think I work much harder than I used? What do you think I'm looking forward to when sit in that damned office? What do you think I'm counting the minutes t when I'm talking to some damn fool wo man at a dinner party, but laughing about it all afterwards with you, silly one?"

He spoke jokingly, but every word wa a caress. She closed her eyes, and sh folded her arms, her cool, soft arms abou his neck.

"Darling," she whispered, "darling!"

AND she was being lifted off her fee He was carrying her across the room The pillow was soft beneath her head Her lips were parted to his kiss.

"Tell me," she whispered, "tell me."

And the familiar words were poured in to her ears, the words that she had hear countless times, the words that were eac time new for her. And her arms wer tightened about his shoulders, and th winged phrases were breaking into mut tered words, devoured in a flood of kisse

"Darling," she whispered, "darling."

It was ecstasy. It was more tha ecstasy. It was a counting and cancelling of every doubt she had ever known. Never had she felt prouder of herself never had she felt surer of herself. She was not old, since she could still move him so. She was not old, since she could be moved so deeply, since the blood could beat so fiercely through her veins. It was absurd of her to be jealous. What other woman could give what she was giving? What other woman had so much to give? How absurd of her to envy other women! What other woman in the world was loved so much? What other woman in the world was given so much? Pride and gratitude, the pride of giving and the pride of taking, overwhelmed her.

"Darlingest, oh my sweet," she cried "How can I ever repay you for making me so happy?"

THE WINTER SCENE IN FASHIONS

(*Concluded from page 56*)

Long evening skirts in their present form are, however, not likely to remain a permanent feature. They are a transitory fashion, I think, likely to develop into the mode of tomorrow, so far uninvented.

I have heard tall women complaining of the newest long skirt accentuating their height; short women, on the contrary, saying they were too little to wear them. Problem: If long skirts make tall women look *too* tall, how is it they fail to lengthen the short ones?

Another problem: Since time immemorial, length of limb has been considered an unmistakable sign of beauty. For the last few years the very low waistline had shortened them out of all proportion. Why is it, now that long lines and long limbs are being reinstated, so many women complain?

Being asked how "mere man" feels on the subject of long skirts, my reply is: "They adore them, having always detested the mode of the short skirt."

Personally, I feel grateful for any fashion doing away with unsightly visions such as crowded rooms with rows of seated women (mostly heavily built) and dozens of legs of all sizes facing me.

I've heard it said there was no reason at all not to display unshapely legs as long as an ugly nose or a disproportionately large mouth is not hidden from view. As a matter of fact, no woman ever does wear a mask because of specially plain features. There is, therefore, no reason to hide a leg even when not perfect in shape.

Be this as it may, women this season are expected to continue displaying both shapely and unshapely legs during daylight hours, on condition they withhold them from view in the evening.

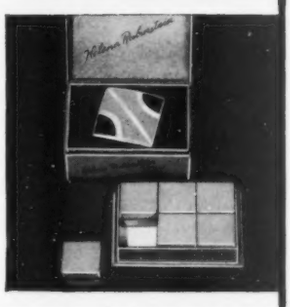
Remarkable is the fact that, for the first time in fashion's history, two distinct styles are worn side by side the same season—the short skirt for day wear, the long one in the evening.

MADAME HELENA RUBINSTEIN

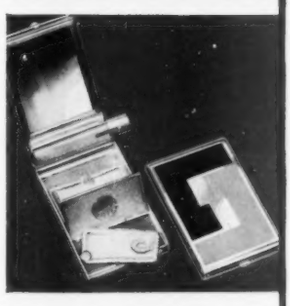
. . . but BEAUTY is the Greatest GIFT of All!

CAN you think of any gift in the world you would rather have than Beauty? Or for that matter, any gift your friends would rather have? And, after all, isn't it perfectly natural for you, as a woman, to cherish most the sort of fresh, *youthful* beauty that makes you attractive to everyone you meet? More than ever do you desire it now,—at this, your busiest, most exciting season! For it is so easy to look fatigued these pre-Christmas days—to show the effects of strain about the mouth and eyes. Unless of course, you are one of the thousands of fortunate women who have already learned the Rubinstein secrets of loveliness. In which case, surely you will want to share them with others! Give—then—many of Helena Rubinstein's exquisite preparations to your friends this Christmas — preparations created with *scientific certainty* by the world's greatest beauty specialist who, for more than thirty years, has been bestowing on the women of five continents the precious *gift of Beauty.*

This luxurious Beauty Box contains many of Madame Rubinstein's scientific skin preparations. Illustrated, 27.50. (Other boxes at 5.50 and 16.50). The other articles on this page picture those delightful *accents of beauty* so inseparable from chic! Madame Rubinstein has prepared many more—just as exquisite! But these are particularly appropriate for Christmas.



Delightfully original and so useful — this Enchanté Loose-Powder Double Vanity. A smartly enamelled case containing rouge (Geranium or Red Raspberry) and a section for loose powder . . . accompanied by six little boxes of Helena Rubinstein Enchanté powder in six subtly varying shades. (3.00)



The Rubinstein Triple Vanity and Cigarette Case—delightful studies in twin chic! Gold-and-red-and-black, in striking modern design. The Triple Vanity with its exquisite powder, rouge and lipstick may be purchased separately for (2.50) . . . or together with its matching cigarette case (3.75 set).

To be chic—your powder compacts, too, must blend with your ensemble. This stunning Rubinstein Fashion Set boasts three irresistible Water Lily double compacts in three smart cases—green, Chinese red and black (7.00 set). Also *right*, Water Lily Powder in smart, modernistic box (1.50).

For Flower-Like Beauty And Perfect Make-Up

VALAZE WATER LILY CLEANSING CREAM, loveliest of all cleansers, imparts to the skin a silken, petal-smoothness. Indispensable to the smart dressing table! (2.50)

Then there's VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKINFOOD, that effective, stimulating marvel which gives to all skins a delicate transparency (2.50).

Also, VALAZE SKIN-TONING LOTION, a gentle, soothing astringent to close the pores and prepare the skin for proper make-up (1.25). For the dry skin, VALAZE SKIN-TONING LOTION SPECIAL (1.25). Just before make-up, use one of the delightful Rubinstein semi-cream foundations, choosing one which best suits your type of skin and coloring. VALAZE WATER LILY FOUNDATION gives a rachel tone, for all skins. (2.00). VALAZE CREAM OF LILIES for a delicate ivory shade, for dry skin. (1.50). BALM ROSE, for a protective natural finish (1.00). Choose WATER LILY POWDER — Complexion for normal or oily skin; Novena for dry skin (1.50). For an enchanting glow of color, add VALAZE ROUGES: Red Raspberry for daytime or the brilliant Red Geranium for evening—in compact (1.00) or en creme (1.00 to 5.00). Let WATER LILY LIPSTICK be the final exquisite touch—Ruby for day, Cardinal for evening—soft, perfectly indelible (1.25).

Consultation

Note the address of the Salon de Beauté nearest you. Here you will receive from Madame Rubinstein's personally trained experts, the correct analysis of your beauty needs. Madame Rubinstein is glad to render this scientific service to her thousands of patrons *without charge*. OR if you are not conveniently near one of the Salons, write directly to Madame Rubinstein at her New York address. She will send you careful and complete instructions.

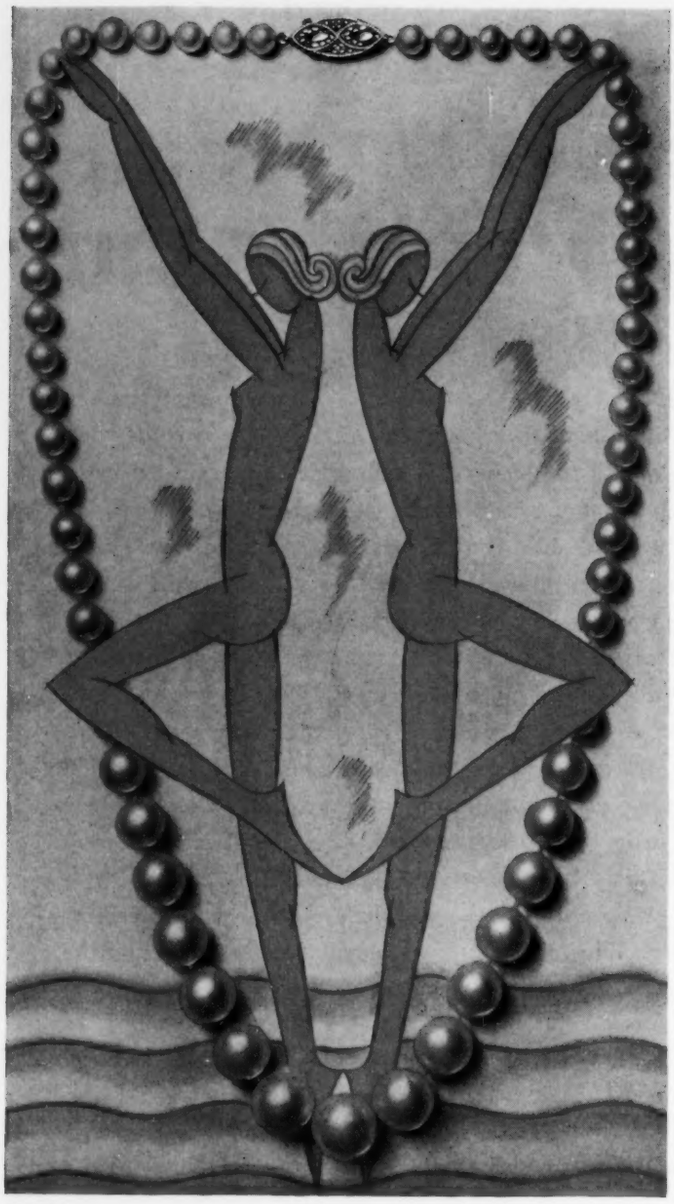
Tune in on Helena Rubinstein's VOICE OF BEAUTY—National Broadcasting Chain and Associated Stations, November 28, December 12 and 26, at 11:30 A. M. Eastern Standard Time.

Helena Rubinstein

8 East 57th Street, New York

London, 24 Grafton St., W. I. — Boston, 77 Newbury St. — 670 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago
Philadelphia, 254 South 16th St. — 52 Rue du Fg. St. Honore, Paris — Woman's Colony Club, Detroit
Toronto, Canada, 126 Bloor Street, West

Cosmetic and home-treatment creations of HELENA RUBINSTEIN are obtainable at the better shops, or direct from the Salons.



NO XMAS remembrance is so complimentary to the giver and recipient alike as is a string of Richelieu Pearls. A gift of lasting sentiment and wonderous beauty, these magnificent reproductions achieve the rare distinction of always being in fashion. Every pearl, in every necklace, is a shimmering ball of bewitching loveliness . . . one like another, perfectly matched for iridescence, color and texture. The whole, matchless for beauty. Authentic reproductions of the finest oriental pearls, Richelieu Pearls are precious for the very qualities that make the originals priceless. In fact, they are so amazingly like the genuine that only an expert can differentiate. Price, $500 to $5. With jewel clasps beautifully matched, if desired. Other Richelieu creations: Genuine Stone Necklaces and Genuine Stone Ensembles.

JOS. H. MEYER BROS. • 389 Fifth Avenue • New York

RICHELIEU PEARLS

A doorway in the modern house in Dresden decorated by Professor Bruno Paul.

A LITTLE JAUNT IN GERMANY

(*Continued from page 104*)

leather goods in well-made substantiality abound, and one wanders on the hard stone pavements for hours, looking in at them and at cheeses and sausages arranged in Teutonic importance.

IT IS not easy to find the old Germany if one has known it as I did, intimately, twenty-five years ago. In those days arrogant, elegant officers were as likely as not to jostle you off the narrow sidewalk of the Friedrichstrasse, if it were crowded, and you might see a group of the officers of Germany's smartest regiment riding beautiful horses down Unter den Linden, wearing white broadcloth uniforms with golden plumed helmets and flashing golden cuirasses, if the wearers had been keeping a gala rendezvous.

The spirits of the North and South were always distinct. In the North the military, business, and the aristocracy ruled; in the South comfort, *gemuetlichkeit*, blue peasant-eyes, music, agriculture, and the quiet joys of Hans Sachs, and beer and porcelain pipes.

Now you sense in the North an atmosphere of "Let us get on. Let us be practical, industrious, for it brings us prosperity." In the South you sense a wistful "Something dreadful has happened to us; we don't just know what; but let's drink our beer and be happy and get out into our beloved mountains as often as we can, even if we *are* poor. What does it matter, anyway? You, Sophie, put on your thick boots, if you haven't any rubbers, and we'll take a tram and see the sun setting in the mountains after the rain. There, won't that be *schoen?*"

We lunched on the Eden roof-garden that first Berlin day. Its roof slides open in fair weather—its walls likewise; and there you sit above gigantic Berlin, served with most generous portions of delicious food. Of course, I drank beer as often as I could get it. It is so healthful and refreshing.

Then we went to the exhibition of advertising matter and profited muchly thereby, and then took a drive through the Grunewald forest with its beautiful villas. One absolutely modern "quarter" left from last year's exhibition looked romantic and exotic, set amongst straggling pines, the houses rising in box-like forms, white, painted in broad heaven-blue stripes just under the roof, or in pale citron yellow with black or brown window casements.

Everywhere petunias and geraniums gushed from window-boxes into the sun; petunias, purple and white, or of that pink pink only they achieve. They flow in borders in the gardens, frill wall-tops, and pour from window after window.

Where once I walked, a poor student, on springing turf in the lonely Grunewald pine woods, now stand modern houses, restaurants, sport clubs. For modernity is ever present. Whole business blocks show its flat austerity; separate houses insist upon it; huge plate-glass windows of metal and glass proclaim its reign throughout the entire city.

We saw that evening an enchanting "Fledermaus" done by Reinhardt. He dresses the old operetta in 1875 style and achieves delightful effects with his revolving stage, so that the characters stroll from entrance hall to ballroom as it swings before you.

The Berlin Zoo is wonderful. Lions and tigers in perfect condition with satin coats play, yawn, or threaten in large, speckless cages. Three lion cubs sniff at the bare calves of adventurous little boys through the wire-netting which divides them from the path. Space and green are everywhere.

As we sat at luncheon—for of course there are enormous restaurants of varying prices to choose from in the Zoo garden—small green parrots flew from table to table in squawking threes. Way off on the right a polar bear plunged and plunged in ecstatic, closed-eyed rapture, into his splashing pool.

Then we found out what had awakened us at night, for our hotel windows, we saw, must be just opposite the lion cages. Their mistakenly called roar had roused us from time to time—mistaken, because it is not just a roar, that terrifying sound; it is a mixture of a roar, a yawn, and a howl; so let us call it yawring.

THAT night we went to see a new East Indian film. The picture itself was not especially interesting, though the details, such as the gala painting of elephants' trunks and foreheads, were worth attention. But the theatre itself deserved notice. It was a one-story building, the entrance hall cream colour, with a huge horseshoe of bright, chalky blue superimposed on the ceiling. The interior was modern in the extreme, simple and severe, with clever lighting arrangements in bands, the whole done in the warm, sympathetic colouring which the Germans love.

The next morning we spent in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, always one of my favourites. We saw again the exquisite Botticelli Aphrodite with her gold hair and the still pallor of body, against a black background. We saw the glorious Titians and all the canvases we had loved for years. The Museum is just big enough to house a comprehensive showing, but not so big that "museum feet" interfere with one's pleasure by their mute protestations at

(*Continued on page 150*)

"Freddie will be pleased," said the Queen

GEORGE III and Queen Charlotte had hesitated for some time as to what their present to the Duke of Mecklenburgh should be. But at length they remembered his love for beautiful china and so they ordered a magnificent dinner service. It cost them £1200, or $6000—a much larger sum in that day than in this. But when they saw its pattern of birds against a background of rich lustrous blue they knew that the Duke would be delighted.

Today a gift of beautiful china is just as welcome. And no longer is it so expensive that only princes and millionaires can afford it. For a complete Pageant-Service of Black Knight China with colorful plates for every course, that once would have cost a prince's ransom, can now be had for as little as a thousand dollars. There are also less elaborate patterns in which dinner sets command a mere hundred dollars. And you may start your service with a modest dozen of plates, or sixes, or eights.

The lustrous and glowing color of Black Knight China has made fashionable the vogue of a color for every course. With a Black Knight service the modern dinner becomes a symphony of blending and contrasting color. Opening with oysters on plates of deep cobalt, it may end with coffee in cups of rich maroon—the differing patterns and colors lending variety and enchantment to each course.

* * *

Smart china shops in nearly every city show this lovely china . . . and will send you on request our charming book, "The Gracious Art of Dining" . . . will explain in detail the "color-for-every-course" vogue . . . or, if you wish, write to Black Knight China, 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

BLACK KNIGHT CHINA

Where Chic and Romance Meet . . . ALGIERS

A PIRATE town . . . the metropolis of Africa. ✱ The latest ballet from Paris...desert dancers rippling in layers of rainbow gauze. ✱ The shops of Cannes . . . and the jewellers' street where you buy a "Hand of Fatima", turquoise or coral set in lucky gold. ✱ Here is the newest playground of the international set, the latest stage for a brilliant winter . . . golden beaches and gorgeous gardens, exotic music, the peacocked Mediterranean, and the snow-tipped Atlas towering behind. ✱ Cities as old as time. ✱ Forty-six smart "Transat" hotels...Moorish palaces with chefs from France. ✱ Join one of the Mediterranean-Moroccan Cruises across the South Atlantic by the

S. S. "France"

Jan. 11..Feb. 12..Mar. 15..Apr. 25

Cross "the longest gangplank in the world" to the "*Ile de France*", the "*Paris*" or the "*France*". ✱ FIVE days in France afloat, to Plymouth, England. ✱ A crowd without a stodgy thought or a dowdy garment in their trunks...the only transatlantic French cuisine that has no need for emphasis, since everybody knows . . . le Havre and the three-hour boat-train for Paris . . . overnight to Marseilles...24 hours across the Mediterranean to Algiers by a French Liner.

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City

A LITTLE JAUNT IN GERMANY

(*Continued from page 148*)

miles of polished floors which must be traversed.

Then we hired a big car at fifty marks for the afternoon and drove to Potsdam. Sans Souci, the tiny summer palace of Friedrich the Great is a jewel not to be forgotten. The circular library with its two thousand French volumes shows how Friedrich loved the French and all their works, and their influence pervades the place. Voltaire spent much time here and traces of his biting wit and sardonic profile seem to linger in the small, exquisite rooms.

Of course we had to visit the palace in company with a small group of sightseers, amongst whom were hatless peasant girls in full skirts, green silk fichus, and lace aprons.

We drove around the dear old town with its Dutch quarter where the Dutch emigrants took refuge from religious persecution, its historic old mill, the Kaiser's summer palace where the kitchens are unaccountably placed across the street, the Crown Prince's Marble Palace and the Cecilienhof, named for the charming Crown Princess.

RETURNING to Berlin, past the brilliant lakes, swarming with sailboats, the sandy beaches lined with bathers, and everywhere restaurants, restaurants, we dined in one of the most simple of these in the Kurfuerstendam. Kempinski's, the grand one where we had meant to go, was full; no one else might squeeze in.

We entered the smoky, low-ceilinged room and found a partly unoccupied table at the back. The table top was scrubbed white, and we ordered from a Speise Karte as big as a pillow-case. We had hot soup, German sausages and fried potatoes, quantities of dripping green salad (they always serve it wet), beer in tall, frosty mugs, cheese and pumpernickel and Kaiserschmarrn, a delectable pancake mixture with raisins and almonds in it, all fried together. The bill was a little over three dollars for the three of us. You see you may spend as much or as little as you like in Berlin, though on the whole it is expensive.

On Monday I went to call upon Professor Bruno Paul, one of the leading exponents of modern furniture and design in Germany. He had been called out of town the day before but had left messages for me, and a most courteous assistant, Herr Bohnen, did the honours.

"I know all about you," said this cordial host. "You were an opera singer for years and I happen to be the cousin of Michael Bohnen of the Metropolitan Opera."

And so we looked at dozens of photographs of Professor Paul's interesting rooms, in particular those of a house he has recently completed in Dresden. It is probably the most complete demonstration of modern German art that has been done, and is filled with ideas and ingenuity.

We talked long of modern art. Herr Bohnen praised the beautiful materials of our friend, M. Rodier, in Paris, their colouring and design. We spoke of how this movement has developed in Germany, learning all the way from its mistakes, so that it is no longer primitive and tentative in quality, but a real established fact. I recalled how I had seen its beginnings in Darmstadt in 1910, when I was singing there. Professor Koch of Darmstadt is now one of the leading authorities on this new beauty.

We congratulated the Germans on their feeling for colour, for in their country "modern" does not mean monotonous beiges and greys, or merely the angular discomfort of boxlike forms, which are sometimes associated with this movement.

All styles must develop; Louis XIV. and XV. styles were not perfected in a few years; mistakes had to be made and rectified. So, in Germany at least, no leaps at eccentricity have been deliberately fostered; the whole thing has developed along logical trends, its students discarding the imperfect as they learned that it was so, until it now has a refreshing, established beauty.

With their feeling for colour they have incorporated and blended new, warm colour schemes, friendly, delightful effects in carpets, draperies and woods, forming harmonious, livable interiors.

Herr Bohnen deplored the often seen metal pipe chairs, and we agreed with him. In fact we condemned together the resemblance to a clinic or to a ship's fittings that, for so many people, seems to typify modern art.

THEN I visited the Erasmus Druck, one of the great printing houses, and admired their marvellous, effective use of print, the new embossed metal sheets they use for advertising, the clever manipulation of page arrangements, of black and white, and of off-set process, of which the Germans are masters.

As it was a cool, charming evening, I could think of nothing better than to dine in the Zoo garden before taking the train. So once more we sat within yawning reach of the lion house, and ate delicious German food, quite inexpensively, while an excellent military band played for us Meistersinger and that old thriller from William Tell.

We wanted to fly to Munich, for everyone flies in Germany. The Tempelhof, with its perfect arrangements for the reception and departure of planes, is one of the sights of Berlin. But I am a wretched sailor and did not care to risk the discomfort of not only myself but of others.

It would have been lovely to sail south and see below us the rich colouring of the German landscape, with here and there a robber baron's castle set on a hilltop, walled and menacing; to see the sky piled with huge soft clouds, portentously advancing to secret rendezvous, hosts of them, close-herded, yet never jostling each other.

However, the train did very well, and next morning we woke up in Bavaria.

By the way, I found I had just the right clothes with me, and it may interest you to know what that means. Two bags held a warm coat, a black lace evening dress with a velvet coat to cover it, two silk day dresses, one red, one brown, several Agnès turbans, which pack like handkerchiefs, an extra pair of shoes and one pair of evening slippers, and a change or two of linen. I wore a light tweed suit and a brimmed straw hat as eyes grow very tired in sightseeing, and had a fox handy to slip on or pack as the weather varied.

We went to the dear old Hotel Vier Jarhreszeiten, where the cooking is excellent. Again those down-piled beds tempted us, but again we sternly bathed and breakfasted and resisted them.

Munich is full of old-world charm, the charm which Berlin, for all its beauty of green parks and modernity, lacks. The streets are full of quaint shops. Wallach's, now, alas, shrunk by the exigencies of war, still offers you peasant stuffs, hand-blocked table-cloths of heavy linen, queer gay little pots, peasant costumes of all nations, painted furniture, and bright, primitive ribbons. And everyone is so glad to serve you in these shops; kindliness radiates from these people.

LEATHER breeched mountaineers stroll the streets in hob-nailed shoes, jackets of brilliant blue linen worn unself-consciously over stalwart shoulders. The legs of these men are worth studying. Beginning at the feet one sees heavy, solid shoes, nail-studded, with a hand-knitted sock of blue and white or green and white wool rolled over them. Then a stretch of bare ankle, and up around the calf a six-inch band of this same interrupted stocking, which halts again just below the sunburned knee.

Then the leather breeches begin and come high up above the hips, ending in bretelles. Blue-eyed, tall and kindly, a little stupid perhaps, these men are very sympathetic in appearance.

(*Concluded on page 153*)

The lawn that spreads before the country home of F. T. Bedford at Green Farms, Connecticut, seems to mirror the soft Mohawk Chenilles within.

To this charming library, Mohawk Chenille carpet brings luxury and a welcome quietness and comfort.

The ADAPTABILITY OF CHENILLE

is well demonstrated in the charming residence of Mr. F. T. Bedford at Green Farms, Connecticut

THE expression of one's personality, always evident in the furnishing of a distinctive home, is largely dependent upon the fitness of the floor coverings.

It is to the lustrous Chenilles by Mohawk that "clothe" the floors of Mr. F. T. Bedford's home at Green Farms, Connecticut, that this charming residence owes much of its distinction. They were laid by Muirhead's Shops, Inc., of Bridgeport, Connecticut, and here again—as so often before—Mohawk Chenille demonstrates its right to the title of "fabric of luxury."

Mohawk Chenille possesses the vital advantage of thus expressing personality, because there are so few technical restrictions in its design, coloring and construction. Any desired theme, symbol, crest or shade of color can be created or reproduced by Mohawk's Chenille designers. And Mohawk can weave its lovely Chenilles in widths up to 30 feet. Thus unsightly seams can be avoided.

The beauty and durability of Mohawk Chenille make it ideal for use on such a graceful stairway as this.

No lovelier setting for the beauty of Oriental rugs could be chosen than this rich, deep-piled Mohawk Chenille in the living room of the Bedford home.

Add to this the fact that Mohawk Chenilles can be woven to conform exactly with room dimensions—perfectly fitting the contour of the walls—and the reason for its wide use in homes of distinction becomes apparent. Furthermore, the quality, so obvious a thing in Mohawk Chenilles, insures those years of long wear which it is quite proper to expect.

The Mohawk Carpet Mills, Amsterdam, New York, produces more Chenille rugs and carpets than all other American mills combined. It is constantly ready to assist your interior decorator or furniture dealer in solving your own floor covering problem.

ARISTOCRATS OF GIFTS

LUCRETIA VANDERBILT TOILETRIES

FOR her to whom you would pay tribute, here indeed are gifts superb . . . gifts aristocratic.

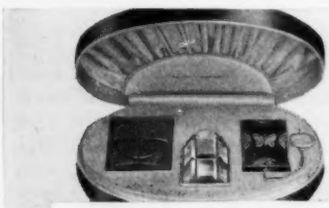
Their youthful chic and smartness, their delicacy, their provocative charm . . . and the gaiety of the Paris-conceived blue-and-silver receptacles . . . win the unreserved approval of those whose tastes are both cultivated and original.

There is Perfume in three sizes (including our popular Purse Size in leather case); a Face Powder, a Double and Triple Compact, and a Lipstick. As an individual token any of these Aristocrats of Toiletries will be most acceptable. As a more ambitious Holiday offering the complete group will be the happiest of choices.

THE LUCRETIA VANDERBILT GIFT PACKAGE

A veritable treasure-case! Its precious contents include perfume, in a case of rich blue leather; a perfume refill; and a dainty triple compact and three refills. The case is of satin, in Lucretia Vanderbilt blue and silver.

Lucretia Vanderbilt



PRICE . . . $10

GO to the retailer who displays the Lucretia Vanderbilt poster . . . and there, for twenty-five cents, you may have a Miniature Presentation, containing a dainty flask of perfume and a powder compact.

Use this Postscript. Or mail Postscript and quarter to Lucretia Vanderbilt, 115 Grassmere Ave., Fairfield, Conn., mentioning dealer's name and address, and shade of powder preferred (Natural or Rachel).

POSTSCRIPT TO RETAILER:

Madame is entitled to one of my Miniature Presentations of 50¢ value for 25¢. Kindly give her every attention.

Sincerely yours, *LUCRETIA VANDERBILT*

Name.....

Address.....

H. B.—DEC.

A LITTLE JAUNT IN GERMANY

(*Concluded from page 150*)

There is almost no traffic in Munich. One senses the grip the War has taken on their resources. Bicycles abound and must be watched, we found, as our New York taxi herds, for they buzz by with lightning rapidity.

I should have loved to do some of the many excursions, for the environs of Munich are nowhere excelled in beauty. Memories of still, icy lakes, of trout discussed on flowered balconies with Liebfrauenmilch to wash them down, of glimpses of high peaks lifting, un-curiously, in the distance, called to me to come to them once again. But time was my enemy, as usual.

We saw a most amusing performance of the Beggar's Opera, modernized, which in this case meant reverting to old-time simplicity of staging.

Lunch, that first day, we took at the old Franziskaner Restaurant. You enter a long hall with clean wooden tables, and see pine trees cut off and bound to walls and corners for decoration. Old men with beards, mountaineers, and peasants sit at these tables, puffing ancient pipes and slowly decreasing the inches of cold beer in tall glass steins.

The place was packed and we shared a table with three men, after passing the sloppy corner where men in aprons were drawing foaming steins of "Dunkles" and "Helles" from huge barrels.

Not forgetting my German manners, I politely wished our table companions "*Mahlzeit*" as I sat down. We had veal and fried potatoes, salad and compote and coffee for a dollar and a quarter for the two of us. The busy, cheery Fraulein who waited on us wished us "*Wohl zu speisen*" as she served us, and turned in the middle of her hurried serving to say "*Auf wiedersehen, die Damen*," as we left. They never forget their manners.

I bought bunches of heavenly, deep purple violets for fifty pfennig, and snapped them into my fox's mouth. Who can resist violets?

DON'T miss the Residenz Museum when you are in Munich. There are several excellent ones, but this one is the most fascinating, to my mind. It is the palace of the Bavarian rulers and was occupied up to the Revolution. Here the mad Ludwig had the greatest opera singers sing for him at midnight, alone; here great balls were held up to 1914. Jasper-lined walls set off the beauty of Ludwig the First's thirty famous beauties, and many, many ancestors' portraits in their historical costumes look down at you in so homey a way that they conjure ghosts.

Never have I seen such magnificent inlaid wooden floors, now, unfortunately, showing signs of wear, for they are too poor to provide carpet strips to protect them. One hob-nailed visitor attracted the guide's sad glance by the ferocity of his iron-clad soles. "Shall I take them off?" instantly suggested the culprit. "*Ja, es waere besser*," replied the guide; and off they came.

Talking with a cousin at luncheon I heard much of the poverty of Bavaria, of the aristocrats who have sold all their family heirlooms, of the undying love of painting which the struggling artists still manifest. "Everybody paints," he said.

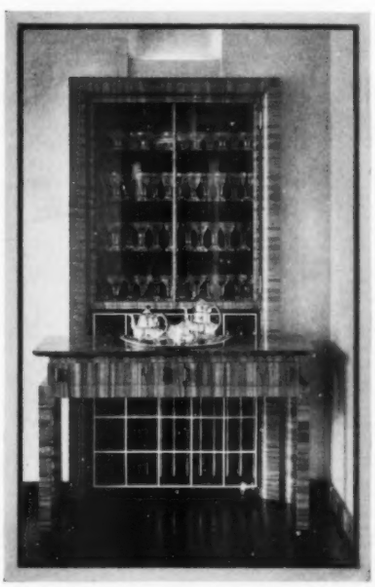
I had come to see the Plakaten Ausstellung, the exhibition of international posters, and we drove there after luncheon. It was thrilling, to me, to see posters from all countries: Russia, astonishingly uninteresting; Denmark and Belgium, extremely good; Japan, showing the American influence in the extolling of pretty faces; Spain; Turkey; Egypt, in fact of all the countries one knows of.

The strong simplicity of the multitudinous German examples showed up well against the charm of the English travel posters, and contrasted with the pretty verity of the heads of charming American girls we are wont to see staring at us from our own bill-boards.

Flimsy Egyptian bills, covered with fascinating characters, exploited the charms of Pola Negri. Indeed, our film artists seem to put the world together with a very human paste.

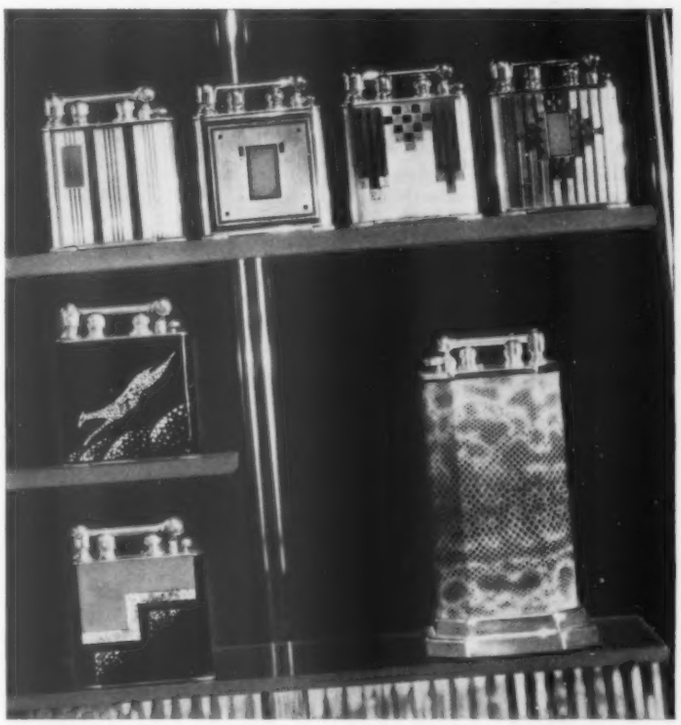
There were gala performances of Wagner going on, and the Mozart series was just about to begin. They are delightfully done, everyone says, but we had to hurry on.

One feels in Germany, as an American, a strong kinship to these people. In the North the practical, business spirit is very like our own, the taking of the most direct way to our ends, unhampered by psychology or dreams. In the South, the kindliness, the softer side of our nature finds its counterpart, the sentimental, affectionate side; and there we may find time for the dreams we had to stifle in the seething North.



A glass closet and buffet from the modern house in Dresden, designed by Professor Bruno Paul.

Gift counters gleam with new Douglasses



New cases, some full enameled, others in enamel inlay. Cases by Wadsworth, done after the manner of his fine watchcases, white and green gold filled. Cases of sterling and solid gold, richly ornamented. Rare and unusual leathers cover still other Douglasses. Douglass precision, automatic action, long life complete the story. The selection of a Douglass Lighter is this year more than ever a mark both of good taste and good judgment. Prices, beginning at $3.50 range upward to $1000.

DOUGLASS

PRESS THE TRIGGER, THERE'S YOUR LIGHT!

CHRISTMAS SLIPPERS

FOR HIM

Where is the man who does not wear slippers . . . the cockles of whose heart won't warm to handsome, superbly styled and exceedingly comfortable Maid-Rite leather slippers? They're the gift the well-dressed man selects for himself and his friends . . . a masculine hint worth heeding at Christmas-tide.

FOR HER

Slippers she will love to wear. Luxuriantly comfortable for leisure moments and smart enough to be worn for informal at-home occasions. In voguish leathers and new colors, Maid-Rite's make comfort truly fashionable. Not just slippers, but "Maid-Rite slippers", reads the thoughtful Christmas list.

FOR THEM

Maid-Rite slippers on Christmas morn! Snugly smart and comfortable . . . for the rest periods of the younger set. There are Maid-Rite models for the very young, or growing youth and miss. Some are children's styles . . . sophisticated others follow grown-up patterns. Add Maid-Rite's to their gift list. MAID-RITE CORPORATION, 37 York St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Insist on this label. It guarantees slipper style and quality.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Maid-Rite LEATHER SLIPPERS QUALITY FIRST

Write for our helpful fashion booklet "Beauty from Foot Comfort."

MAID-RITE

LEATHER SLIPPERS FOR THE HOME

Mrs. David D. Odell and Miss Cornelia Prime at the United Hunt Meet at Belmont Park.

A PATCHWORK FROM PARIS

(*Continued from page 69*)

women in any public place are hardly seen without their evening wraps. At the gala opening of the new Théatre Pigalle, the high light of the early winter theatrical season, many of the new evening ensembles were noticed in the smart audience. I saw one that I particularly liked, worn by a tall, slim, golden-haired girl. It was in rich forest-green velvet, the skirt very long, in five frills, the three-quarter coat quite straight and slim, banded all round with mink that was exactly the colour of her dark golden hair. Her slippers were plain pumps of green velvet. Madame Besançon-de Wagner looked lovely in a velvet gown of grey-blue-mauve velvet, very long, with hanging panels at the sides, and a long line of white rose petals down one side of the bodice. With this she wore a chinchilla cape, and her wonderful pearls. Madame Lazard wore a very long Vionnet type of gown in ivory satin, with an ivory satin three-quarter coat. A charming blonde, her hair curled all over the back of her head, wore Patou's odd green chiffon printed with pale pink roses, and the long slim green velvet coat that goes with it, in a trailing point in the back, bordered with sable-coloured fur. Two typical evening wraps from Chéruit are drawn on page 65. Only an occasional woman, here and there, wears her exotic beads in the evening in Paris. The diamond necklaces are the wonder of all visitors, and I am sure that most women have had their bracelets reset into neck ornaments, for few bracelets are worn nowadays in comparison with the quantities we saw last winter.

Skirt lengths are still a popular subject of conversation in Paris. Every one likes the long evening gowns, though some people find them difficult to walk in, not to mention dancing. But there is diversity of opinion about the long afternoon skirts, on account of the coat problem. A three-quarter coat looks well with an ankle-length skirt, but a coat of the length of last year, with a foot of skirt dangling below it, looks abominable, in my opinion. A long end or so, here and there, is far less objectionable. Yet an ankle-length fur coat is too heavy to walk in, even if it be made of a light-weight skin like breitschwantz. In the house, without a coat, the new long afternoon gowns look charming, dignified, and womanly. There are two excellent examples sketched by Luza on pages 62 and 63, one from Callot, and one from Lenief, both unmistakably 1930.

Next month, I shall have the full history of the midseason collections to give you. But we have seen several advance openings already. Vionnet summoned us to a "client's collection" of adorable gowns and magnificent furs. The sensation of the afternoon was the evening gowns in black velvet and white fur, caracul or ermine. The short-waisted bodices of fur were cut into deep points round the waist, and the long full skirts, slightly lifted in the front for walking, were of the velvet. One of the most magnificent of the fur coats is sketched by Luza on page 60. Madame Vionnet uses fur on the same spiral system as that of her famous coats, and Mr. Trouyet calls this model in summer ermine "The Leaning Tower of Pisa." Its scarf collar is particularly becoming. I have never seen anything more superbly lustrous than her coat of ermine dyed black, slim, and simple, and belted with black leather. Some of the new evening models in this collection have their belts set very high, and my *essayeuse* there tells me that she is making belts snugger every day, so that women will have to put them higher. The great grey salon looked its best that afternoon, decorated with square grey jars of orange marigolds, and flat bowl of nasturtiums, and the occasion was like a private reception, full of smart women, mostly wearing black, black and white, or black and putty, all talking to each other and admiring the lovely new things.

Then we were invited to Redfern's for a clients' showing. The historic salons were cleverly arranged with a narrow raised platform running diagonally across them, so that every one in the crowded rooms could see the mannequins. They had the clever idea of showing the same gown on two girls at once, one tall and dark, the other short and fair, proving how the same lines may be adapted by first-class fitters to different figures. One of the best of the evening gowns is sketched by Monsieur de Monvel on page 67.

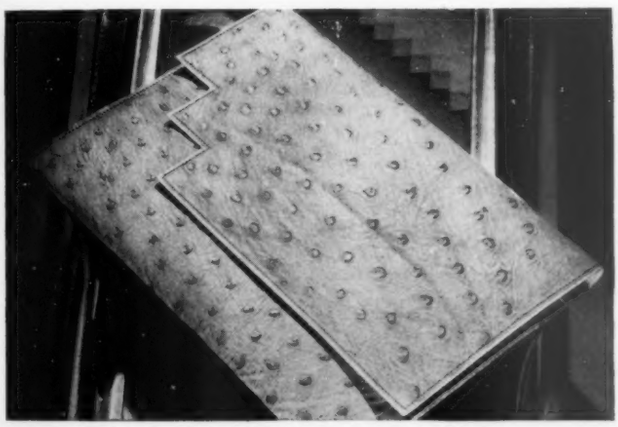
Molyneux has also shown a clients' collection. I was interested to see that he has shortened the waists, raised the belts somewhat and lengthened the skirts of many of his new models. Sports and street things, however, remain short and trim, and often belted at the top of the hip. Afternoon gowns are decidedly longer than those of his August collection, and the waistline frequently runs up in front, and curves downwards in the back in a graceful line. A few evening gowns were belted at the natural waist, par-

(*Continued on page 156*)

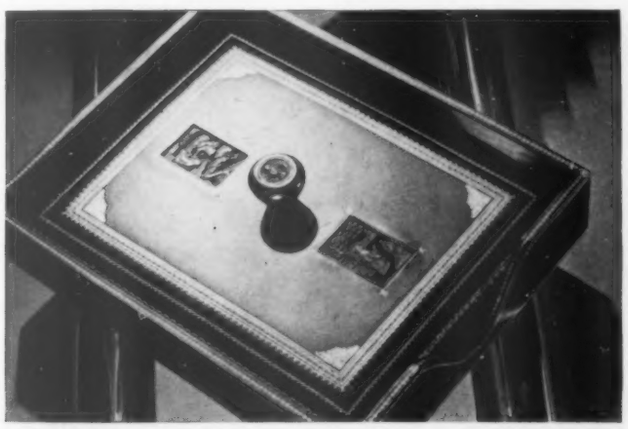
Your gift is a reflection of your own good taste

TRADE R MARK

WHETHER it is costly or not, matters little . . . the thought is the thing that counts. You want your gift to reveal, as words might not, your real regard and affection. But a gift is more than that . . . it is a true reflection of the one who sends it. . . . A great many people of taste and judgment have formed the custom at Christmas of giving articles of fine leather. And in making their selection, they have been governed for generations by the presence of the tiny golden keystone R, the house insignia of C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., makers of the finest leather goods. . . . It is not an easy matter, even for one who judges as an expert, to appreciate all the care and skill that have gone into these gifts. Materials are the best obtainable. Workmanship is of a master-craftsman order. And the beauty of each gift is at once so delicate and enduring that it could only have had its origin in a noble tradition. . . . C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., manufacture fine leather articles of every description, excepting luggage. At the better leather goods stores, department stores, jewelers, and at stationers.

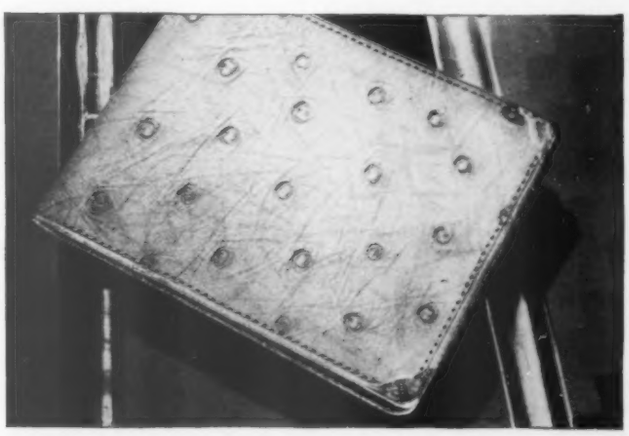


The restrained simplicity of this smart underarm bag adds much to its charm. Of ostrich skin, the bag also contains a purse and mirror of the same material. A convenient zipper arrangement across the full width of the bag permits easy access. You may also select the same design in black and brown goatskin.



Whether private papers rest in it, or one protects weighty business documents in its roomy depths, the letter-box is always a necessity. This very beautiful piece from the hand of the leather-worker is in mottled calfskin, with gold tooling and cinnabar trimmings. The box may also be had in calf with jade trimmings, and in cowhide with gold tooling.

A very beautiful card box of fine leather with an inset on the top of red cinnabar or jade. The box contains six gold pencils, twelve packs of cards, and six score pads. There are many other lovely designs with eight or six packs included.



This attractive bill-fold has been designed to accommodate the new currency; there is, as well, a pass compartment and a section for cards. A slide fold permits the carrying of any quantity of money without buckling. Other wallets may be had to hold bills of either size.

C. F. RUMPP & SONS, INC.

PHILADELPHIA . . . ESTABLISHED, 1850

CHRISTMAS—

always offers the most delightful opportunities for giving original and colorful dinners, and Dean's—for nearly a century—has offered the delightful means of doing so. They create all the fascinating sundries that symbolize Christmas.

Original Favors, Place Cards and Centerpieces that add a note of color and festivity to the table setting.

Luscious Plum Puddings and Mince Pies whose spicy, rich flavors have become a tradition throughout the country.

Ornamented Cakes and Candies in the Christmas spirit which are a delight both to eat and to look upon.

Mail and Telephone orders will receive immediate attention.

Dean's

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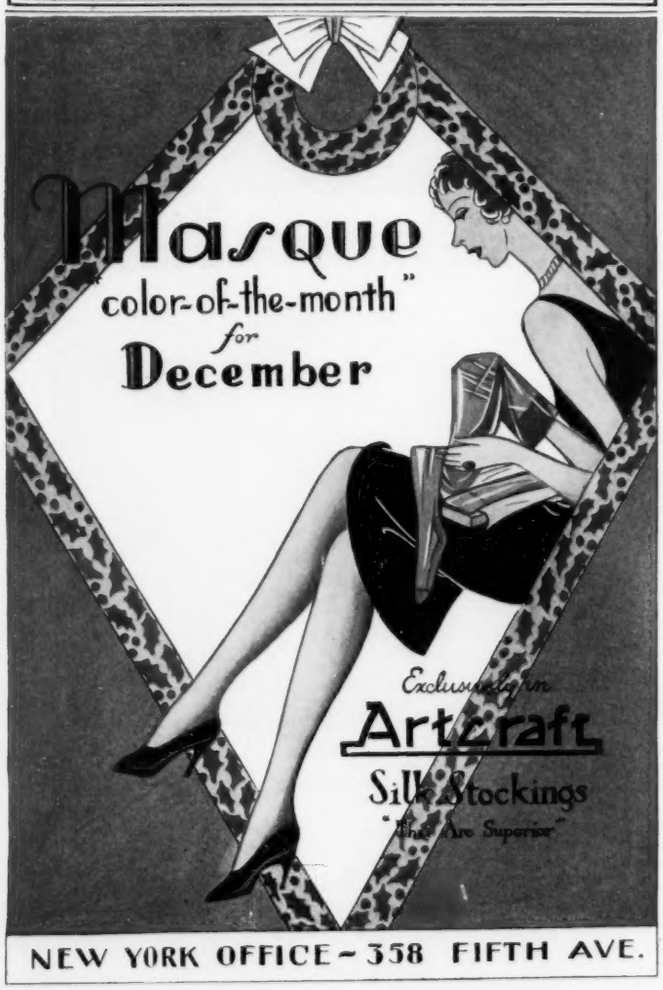


NEW YORK OFFICE - 358 FIFTH AVE.

INTERNATIONAL

Mrs. M. C. Taylor arriving at Pierre's.

A PATCHWORK FROM PARIS

(*Continued from page 154*)

ticularly a lovely white chiffon one, with touches of diamond tracery. Often the evening models were tied in front at a rather high point, while the higher waistline was divined rather than marked by the cutting of the gown. He also showed his new "week end" ensembles, jackets and skirts of woollen material, the skirts being removable to show a simple frock of light coloured crêpe or georgette, the bodices of which make the blouse of the suit. These have had a great success, expecially at autumn shooting parties, to which one travels in a car with limited baggage.

Chantal showed a Riviera and Palm Beach collection of thirty new models, the salient feature of which was the adaptation of the bolero idea to mark the raised waist. Two of her gowns, one a black crêpe afternoon model, the other a lovely thing in cream moire for evening, had a clever bolero, loose only at the sides, and attached front and back on a high line. Her silhouette hugs the hips very tightly and smoothly, mounts under the bolero, which is cut short, and falls in soft fullness below the hip, often with an uneven hemline, the deepest points ankle length for afternoon, and much longer for evening. I particularly admired a black chiffon frock, in three tiers, one of them being a short bolero, and the skirt with two frills, curved up in front and back, and down at the sides, each tied at both sides in a real bow. Shades of tomato red, sometimes combined with beige in tweeds for morning; black for afternoon; black, ivory, pastel blue or deep wine reds for evening, are her new colours. Baron de Meyer has photographed one of Chantal's new evening gowns on page 55.

Madame Leroy, whose breitschwantz coat is sketched by Luza on page 61, also held a most successful afternoon showing of her new collection. For morning, she still approves the slim coat of flat furs, such as unborn calf, "belette" or weasel, pony that looks like a silky moire, or brilliant gaillac, as supple as satin. Some of these are more like coat-dresses than coats, with belts set high, and cravat collars that really tie. There are

(*Concluded on page 158*)

INTERNATIONAL

Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Cushing.

SLIM COMPACTS *of brushed silver, boxed in smart containers done in silver and black, modernistic design.*

Single: Powder or rouge $1.00
Double: Powder and rouge 1.50
Triple: Powder, rouge and lipstick . . 2.00

SOME BEWILDERED MAN

WILL APPRECIATE THIS CHRISTMAS TIP FROM YOU

UTTERLY, *pathetically*, at sea as to what to give you, he'd adore it if you'd make a suggestion.

And when the festive wrappings reveal to you his stunning gift, you'll be completely joyful about it. For this convenient-size vanity case from Primrose House will be one of your smartest, swankiest possessions.

Amazingly conservative in price. (That makes it *quite* all right for you to suggest, you see). That makes it exceedingly appropriate, also, to mark against several of the names on your own list.

Or, if you are seeking smaller gifts, nothing could be more delightful and flattering than the new Primrose House Combination Box of bath crystals and dusting powder, the individual bath crystals, or one of the swagger little Primrose House compacts which have proven themselves so astonishingly popular. On sale throughout the country at leading drug and department stores.

COMBINATION BOX *of bath crystals and dusting powder, packaged in patrician silver and black. Crystals and adorning ribbons in pale green, lavender, yellow, and rose $3.50*
Bath crystals in assorted colors. Packaged individually in smart silver and black cylindrical container $1.75
Dusting powder, ribboned silver and black containers . $1.75

THIS STUNNING VANITY CASE *contains the four basic Primrose Preparations which the average skin requires daily. For cleansing, Roseleaf Cleansing Cream. For nourishing, Smoothskin Cream. For bracing, Primrose House Skin Freshener. For finishing, Primrose House Chiffon Powder. And in addition, the filmiest of cleansing tissues and Pomegranate Rouge. The case is handsome Python Leatherette with a full-size mirror set in the cover. Color selections include black, rose, brown, blue and green. The price is $7.50. Other Primrose House Vanity Cases up to $50.*

Primrose House, Dept. HB-12, 595 Fifth Ave., New York City
Please send items checked. Stamps, money order or bills to the correct amount are enclosed.

1. Triple compact for ☐ blonde, ☐ brunette, ☐ medium complexion	$2.00
2. Double compact " ☐ " ☐ " ☐ " "	1.50
3. Single compact " ☐ " ☐ " ☐ " "	1.00
4. Vanity case, leatherette, ☐ black, ☐ rose, ☐ brown, ☐ blue, ☐ green	7.50
5. Combination bath crystals and dusting powder, ☐ pale green, ☐ lavender, ☐ yellow, ☐ rose	3.50
6. Bath crystals, ☐ pale green, ☐ lavender, ☐ yellow, ☐ rose	1.75
7. Dusting powder, ribboned in ☐ pale green, ☐ lavender, ☐ yellow, ☐ rose	1.75

Name..... Address.....

City..... State.....

PRIMROSE HOUSE

Now... You Can Afford a Genuine Ultra-Violet Lamp!

Amazing New Twin Arc Lamp At a Startling New Low Price!

NO need now to pay big prices for genuine ultra-violet sunshine—Nature's health and beauty builder. A new kind of ultra-violet lamp gives *double* radiation—yet it sells at a price so low as to be hardly believable! Developed by the inventive genius of the world's foremost builders of physical therapy apparatus for physicians and hospitals. Amazing new twin-arc feature—four *large* carbons radiating at once—produces far quicker treatments and a more thorough radiation. Laboratory tests have shown that the new Health Developer Twin-Arc Lamp is equal in efficiency to any carbon-arc lamp, operating from a home lighting circuit, *regardless of price.* Produces genuine ultra-violet and infra-red rays, the same as in natural sunshine.

You Need Ultra-Violet

For Health . . Beauty . . Vitality!

Overcome nervousness and chronic fatigue—build resistance against colds, flu and winter ailments—have greater vitality, a keener mind, and a glowing tanned skin! Spend only five minutes a day, resting or reading, under these delightful, soothing rays. A positive necessity for children and babies—helps prevent rickets. Prescribed by your doctor for many ailments.

USE 10 DAYS WITHOUT CHARGE

And now we invite you to use this remarkable new lamp for ten days in your home—without charge or obligation. Mail coupon below for full details of this unusually liberal offer. We will also send you our authoritative booklet on ultra-violet.

DEALERS

This nationally advertised, high quality ultra-violet lamp, at its startling low price, is the selling sensation of the season. Write or wire us today for our special proposition to new dealers

The HEALTH DEVELOPER TWIN ARC LAMP

NATIONAL HEALTH APPLIANCE CORP.
1676 N. Claremont Ave., Dept. W-350, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me details of your unusual 10-Day Offer and your interesting booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Paquin coat of black velveteen and grey fox.

A PATCHWORK FROM PARIS

(Concluded from page 156)

also woollen coats trimmed with fur, frequently astrakhan, for which she has used a new silky material with a rib, that looks like velvet, but is called "veloutine royale." Madame Leroy has the rare secret of making a really well-fitting fur collar.

For afternoon, most of the furs are black, breitschwantz being the superb leader, with all sorts of more or less curly furs, caracul-breitschwantz, caracul, and Persian lamb of various ages and tightness of curl, following. For morning wear, the beiges and browns are prominent, especially a new shade, grey-beige, with a mauve cast, which the furriers call frankly "mauve." For evening, there is a series of four ermine wraps, one a straight, slim coat, the second a perfectly delightful three-quarter coat, with a tiny shawl collar, and two magnificent capes. These four promenaded in the salon together, and I wondered how many thousands of dollars they represented. Extraordinary imitation of ermine in clipped rabbit, worked as carefully as the royal fur itself, hardly seemed to fear competition with the real. A splendid cape of chinchilla was shown, and some three-quarter lamé wraps of turquoise green and aquamarine blue, one trimmed with ermine and the other with white fox. Two mink coats, one in Canadian and the other in Russian skins, followed each other, and then a magnificent coat of Russian sable. But best of all, in my opinion, were the coats of breitschwantz, the skins beautifully selected, cut on redingote lines, with flattering collars, such as the one sketched on page 61. For wear at cold winter resorts, when not skiing, she showed a coat of flat white chevrette, like a brushed woollen material, trimmed with grey clipped rabbit, belted high, with pockets, and worn with a hat of the same white skin, and a muff to match.

I paid a profitable visit to Lanvin's sports department which is across the street from the parent house. Here I found the sort of sports things that one really wants to wear, heavy coats on redingote lines, made of diagonal cheviot, warmly lined, and collared with astrakhan or some flat fur. Many four-piece costumes, skirts with some fullness in the form of plaits in front, sleeveless jumpers worn either tucked in or outside the skirts, a jacket like a cardigan, and a long coat. One in rough dark green material had all its edges decorated with pastilles of the material, as big as pennies. Many showed this careful working of the edges which gives a note of individuality to a simple costume. Some of the frocks, like the one drawn by Martin, were in cravat silk. Tweed frocks, with fitted waistlines, buttoned right up the front, belted and pocketed, had three-quarter coats in matching material. Some of these were furless, having instead a sort of capuchon collar of the material in the back. A good-looking costume had a redingote of rough beige and brown Meyer tweed, with a skunk collar, a dark bright green sweater-blouse, and a tweed skirt worn outside it. Raincoats were in rubberized checked velveteen, lined with heavy satin. Lanvin's new Russian-blouse idea was carried out in heavy red and white checked foulard with a black suit. There were many cardigan suits, and the one I liked best, in natural beige angora jersey, shirred all down the jacket in Lanvin's new fashion, is drawn on page 69.

Just before this article had to be mailed Ardanse invited us to see some new models, and her new studio, where special gowns will be designed for special clients, by the Baronne Accurti herself. The studio is upstairs, an oblong room, one side entirely mirrors, the other painted in light colour, so that a perfect background is formed for the silhouette. The only decorations are recesses in the walls, invisibly lit, and filled with flowers in graceful modernistic vases. Beside this studio, where the needs of the client will be discussed, there is the fitting-room, arranged as a boudoir, where, in addition to the trying on of the special costume, lingerie, pyjamas, and accessories are displayed in a setting that becomes them better than the formal salons below stairs. The new gowns in this collection are frequently in black and white for afternoon, in such materials as velvet or moire. They are cut to mark the natural waistline by careful fitting rather than by the addition of a belt, and their skirts are uneven and ankle-length at some points. Many have gauntlet cuffs. The evening gowns are charming, slim, softly full, and very long. The ensemble idea is carried out in wraps to match. Two evening ensembles were shown together, one in white satin, with a three-quarter coat to match, and the other in black velvet, with a three-quarter coat trimmed with white fox. Special jewellery, much of it designed for the Baronne Accurti herself, was shown with the evening gowns, lovely brooches, necklaces and bracelets, and the new clips of diamonds that may be worn in the corner of a décolleté, front or back, or in the centre of a soft bow, or anywhere one pleases.

One necklace was very unusual. It was like a "Claudine," or turn-over collar and tie, fitting round the collar-bone, and done entirely in diamonds. It was most original.

New Personal Belt

Beltx banishes forever the bothersome safety pin—instead, the pad is gripped with a tiny immaculately clean bit of pyroxylin especially designed for absolute security.

Dainty, soft elastic makes Beltx comfortable and gives a freedom heretofore unknown. Wide enough for security, yet will not crease or chafe.

Beltx is designed to be worn low on the hips, fitting just snug—it never pulls or binds—as does the old style, waistline sanitary belt.

Instantly adjustable to hip measurement in the belt line, from 22 inches to 42 inches—to height in the tab length—it meets every requirement of a personal belt by simple adjustment with tiny slides.

So diminutive—it is easily tucked away in a corner of your purse.

In colors—to match your lingerie. A charming and acceptable "little gift." Price $1, three for $2. Write today.

Glen Marianne Shea

Beltx

If not available at your favorite store —Write Direct

GLEN MARIANNE SHEA,
Bell Telephone Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me..... BELTX personal belts for which I enclose $..... It is understood that I may return belt for refund if not satisfied. ($1.00 for one; 3 for $2.00).

Check Colors Desired ☐ *Orchid* ☐ *Peach* ☐ *Flesh*

Name.....

Address..... 3870

There is true feminine allure in satin-smooth arms—hair-free as a child's

By a total lack of stubble you can feel the difference between this and old ways

A New Discovery in Removing Hair from Arms or Legs

That At Last Banishes The Fostering of Coarsened Re=growth

A simple method that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly but utterly avoids fostering coarsened re=growth.

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

Reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly, utterly without fostering coarsened re-growth.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly.

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

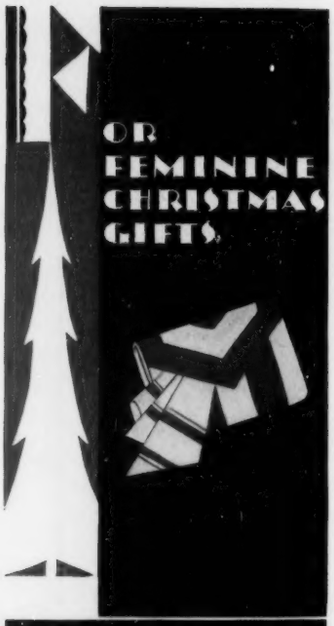
WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

213

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*



McAVOY
FASHION BOARD
MRS. SHREVE C. BADGER
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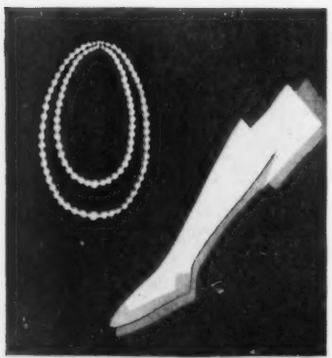
Recommends the accessory section at McAvoy's . . . Bags, jewelry, hose, lingerie, furs are chosen with a distinct feeling for the finest feminine taste . . . . And the service, while unostentatious, is comfortably personal.



McAVOY
615 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE
CHICAGO

SOCIAL CALENDAR

(*Continued from page 133*)

Dinner at Pierre's, New York, by Mr. and Mrs. George A. Hurty in honour of their débutante daughter, Miss Suzanne Hurty.

Dinner dance at Pierre's, jointly by Mrs. Guy E. Carleton and Mrs. De Witt C. Noyes for their respective daughters, Miss Mary K. Loomis and Miss Isabel Noyes.

Supper dance at the Park Lane, New York, by Mr. and Mrs. Barnett Phillips of Rye, N. Y., for their débutante daughters, the Misses Sally and Josephine Phillips.

Supper dance at the Ritz Carlton, New York, by Mrs. John Butler for her niece, Miss Josephine Frances King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William L. King of Bayside, L. I.

A cabaret at the Robert Treat Hotel, Newark, N. J., by the Junior League of Newark.

Dance by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Roberts at the Hotel Plaza to present their débutante daughter, Miss Virginia Roberts.

Dance at the Montclair Golf Club, Montclair, N. J., by Mr. and Mrs. J. Lester Parsons of Montclair, for their débutante daughter, Miss Emily S. Parsons.

Tea, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur P. Crosby for Miss Caroline Crosby, Boston, Mass.

Dinner dance, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Webster for their niece, Miss Elizabeth Hovey, Boston, Mass.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20—Reception by Mrs. A. Emilius Outerbridge at her home, No. 850 Park Avenue, New York, for her débutante granddaughter, Miss Marion Outerbridge.

Supper dance at the Park Lane, New York, by Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Delafield, for the former's débutante daughter, Miss Mary Delafield.

First of the Friday Juniors under the direction of Miss Georgiana H. Owen at the Savoy-Plaza, New York.

Dinner dance at Sherry's, New York, by Mrs. Edwin Chase Hoyt of No. 166 East Eighty-first Street, for her débutante daughter, Miss Nancy Hoyt.

Luncheon at Pierre's, New York, by Mrs. Gilbert Kinney of No. 765 Park Avenue, for her débutante daughter, Miss Harriet Jackson.

Dinner dance at the Ritz Carlton, New York, by Dr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Bennett, to introduce their daughter, Miss Hope Bennett.

Dinner dance at Pierre's, New York, by Mrs. William A. Barstow for her débutante daughters, Miss Theodora and Miss Lois Barstow.

Dance at the Ritz Carlton, New York, by Mr. and Mrs. Francis Blossom, for their débutante daughter, Miss June Blossom.

Senior Holiday Dance, under the direction of Mrs. Huntington Tappin, at the Hotel Plaza, New York.

Cinderella Dance under the direction of Miss Adeline King Robinson.

Dance, Mr. and Mrs. George Frost for Miss Barbara Frost, Boston, Mass.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21—Senior Get-together Dance at the Park Lane, New York, under the direction of Miss Edith M. Benjamin.

Peace Ball at the Hotel Plaza, New York, under the auspices of the National Motion Picture League for the benefit of the International Council of Women.

Dance at the Montclair Golf Club, Montclair, N. J., by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Russell to introduce their daughter, Miss Louise Russell.

Reception at the Colony Club, New York, by Mr. and Mrs. George E. Barstow, jr., of No. 876 Park Avenue, in honour of their débutante daughter, Miss Marguerite Barstow.

Dance at the Ritz Carlton, New York, by Mr. and Mrs. William Thaw, 3d, in honour of their débutante daughter, Miss Virginia Thaw.

Dinner dance by Mr. and Mrs. S. Oakley Vander Poel at the Ritz Carlton, New York, for their débutante daughters, Miss Gertrude S. and Miss Barbara O. Vander Poel.

Dinner at Pierre's, New York, by Mrs. J. Harwood Priddy of No. 156 East Seventy-ninth Street, for her débutante daughter, Miss Montague H. Priddy.

Luncheon, Mrs. Edwin T. Seaver of New Bedford, Mass., for Miss Jinnet Seaver.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 23—Supper dance at the Ritz Carlton, New York, by Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Salmon to present their daughter, Miss Lois May Salmon.

Tea dance at Sherry's, New York, by Mr. and Mrs. George Morley Young for their débutante daughter, Miss Katherine Adams Young.

Tea dance at the Montclair Golf Club, by Dr. and Mrs. L. W. Bagg of Montclair, N. J., for their débutante daughter, Miss Barbara Bagg.

Dinner dance at Pierre's, by Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Nicoll for their débutante daughter, Miss Margaret Nicoll.

Miss Edith M. Benjamin's Junior Get-together Dance at the Park Lane.

Dinner dance at the Colony Club, New York, by Mr. and Mrs. Dave Hennen Morris of No. 19 East Seventieth Street, for their débutante daughter, Miss Alice Vanderbilt Morris.

Tea at Sherry's, New York, by Mrs. Clarence F. Alcott of No. 911 Park Avenue, for her daughter, Miss Jane Alcott.

Dinner dance at the Ritz Carlton, New York, by Mr. and Mrs. Francis Lewis Wurzburg to introduce their daughters, Miss Elinor and Miss Evelyn Wurzburg.

Dance at the Montclair Golf Club by Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Littlefield of Montclair, N. J., for their débutante daughter, Miss Alice Littlefield.

Luncheon at Pierre's by Mrs. Carl A. Mead for her débutante daughter, Miss Elizabeth L. Mead.

Dance by Mr. and Mrs. William Woodward at their home, No. 9 East Eighty-sixth Street, in honour of their débutante daughter, Miss Sarah Woodward.

Miss Adeline King Robinson's alumnæ dance.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 24—Second in the series of Friday Juniors under the direction of Miss Georgiana H. Owen at the Savoy-Plaza, New York.

Tea dance by Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Vreeland of Brooklyn at the Hotel Ambassador, New York, for their débutante daughter, Miss Olga M. Vreeland; and by Mrs. Arthur J. Murphy for her daughter, Miss Doris L. Murphy.

Father and Son Golf Tournament, Pinehurst, N. C.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25—General observance of Christmas Day.

Supper dance at the Ritz Carlton, New York, by Mrs. Philip Hanson Hiss, jr., for her débutante daughter, Miss Elizabeth L. Hiss.

(*Concluded on page 162*)

SALAD À LA RUSSE

BY HELEN WOLJESKA

LOVE is as difficult as tight-rope walking. One must constantly keep the balance between yielding too much and becoming a slave, or yielding too little and becoming an onlooker.

Conversation may nourish friendship. But it poisons love.

Every woman has three men in her life: a king, a knave, and a serf. Which is the husband?

The people we see are merely the figure-heads of those vast, invisible phantomships—their real selves.

Self-consciousness—the stage-fright of life.

Children are vegetables, young people animals; only among the matured does one occasionally find a real human being. The rest—wilted vegetables, damaged animals.

If you are frankly outspoken with yourself, you can afford to be enigmatic with others.

Any artist is also an exceptional cook. He or she may be able to prepare only one dish, but that one dish will be as different from the usual food as the artist is from the usual pot-and-pan attendant.

After all, what we prize highest in life is our dream of ourselves.

Humanity is divided into two camps: the cabbages and the race-horses. All the cabbages want is to vegetate in peace, while the race-horses enjoy their own grace and courage in taking life's hurdles.

Friends are the lovers of our invisible selves. To them we gladly show our souls, unadorned by the conventional, smart coverings of irony or sophistication.

Many a woman is a Salome who cannot grasp her love before it has been killed.

Some brains are inns, where strange thoughts, coming like travellers from unknown distances, are welcomed and made at home—riotous inns, where these free, wild travellers can revel and clash.

Our subconscious is a rich, dark sea. Our mind is the diver who sometimes brings up a pearl.

WARRIOR

BAPTIZED in fire,
Embalmed in ice,
Her words yield
To her mind's advice.

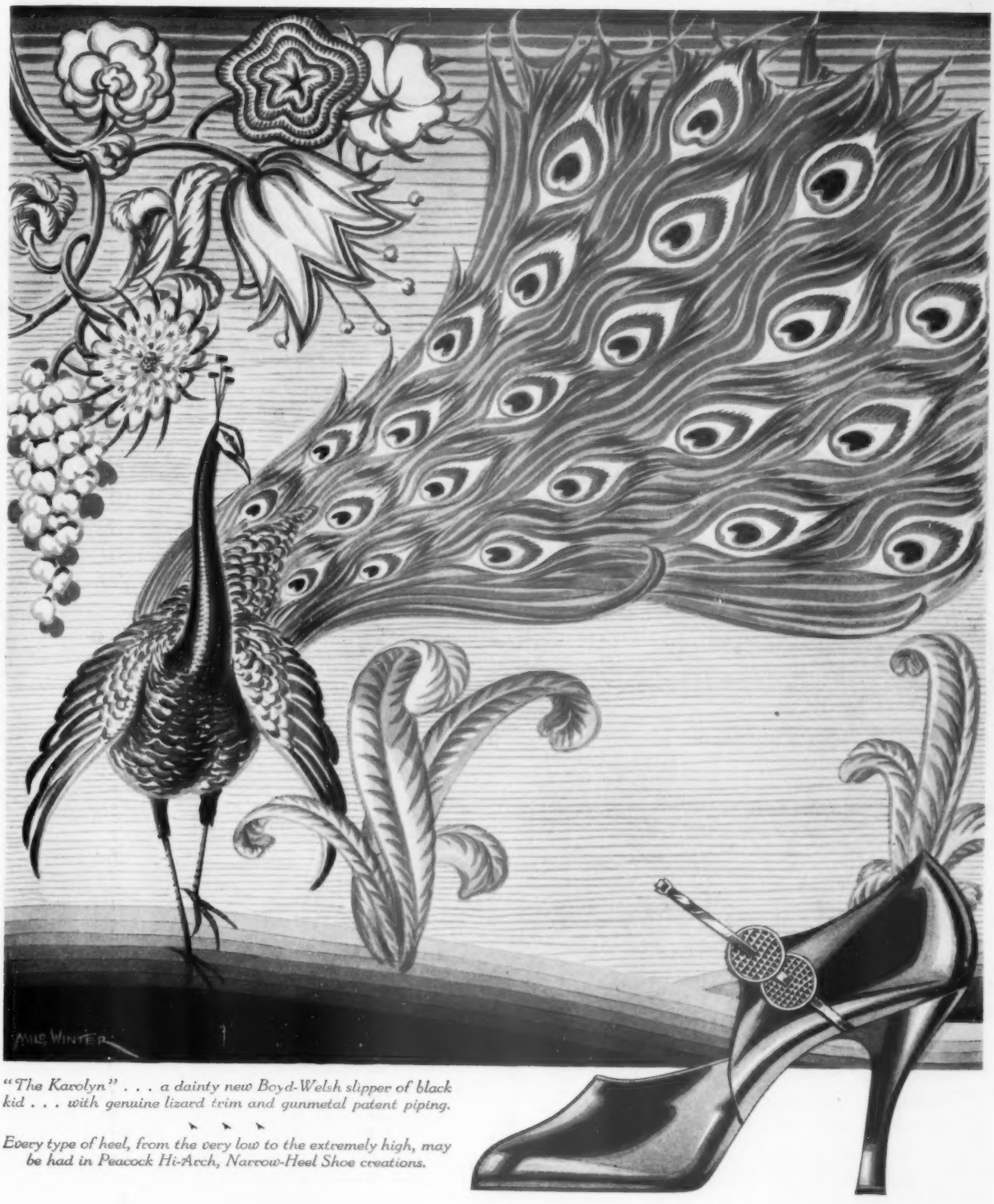
She sends them forth
In swift attack;
Victorious,
They swagger back.

Always they wait,
Plumed and haughty,
Ready
For a sudden sortie . . .

Challenge her,
But never expect
Quarter from such
An intellect!

Oliver Jenkins

ART IN FOOTWEAR



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BY BOYD-WELSH

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Harper's Bazaar Travel Bureau

Wickersham 2800 **572 Madison Avenue**

New York

SOCIAL CALENDAR

(Concluded from page 160)

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26—First of the Colony dances at the Ritz-Carlton, New York.

Supper dance at the Delmonico Hotel, New York, by Mr. and Mrs. Julian M. Gerard of No. 161 East Sixty-third Street, for their débutante daughter, Miss Betty Gerard.

Dinner dance at the Park Lane, New York, by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wood Parsons to introduce their débutante daughter, Miss Emily Parsons.

Dinner dance at Sherry's, New York, by Dr. and Mrs. Linsly R. Williams for their débutante daughter, Miss Mary Williams.

Dinner dance at the Ritz Carlton, New York, by Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Kinney for the latter's débutante daughter, Miss Harriet Jackson.

Junior Holiday Dance at the Hotel Plaza, New York, under the direction of Mrs. Huntington Tappin.

Dinner dance at Sherry's, New York, by Mrs. [illegible] for her débutante daughter, Miss Mari[illegible]

Dinner dance at Pierre's [illegible] for her débutante daugh[illegible] Boone.

Midwinter Golf Tour[illegible], Pinehurst, N. C.

National Junior Indoor Tennis Champion[illegible] New York.

National Boys' Indoor Championship, Seventh Regiment Tennis Club, New York.

Christmas dance at Longwood Cricket Club.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27—Ball at the Ritz Carlton, New York, by Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Spencer Auguste of the Sherry-Netherland, to formally present their débutante daughter, Miss Josephine M. Auguste.

Dinner dance at the Colony Club, New York, by Mrs. Guy Fairfax Cary for her débutante daughter, Miss Eileen Burden.

Miss Edith M. Benjamin's Senior Sub-débutante Supper Dance at Sherry's, New York.

Dinner dance at the Colony Club, New York, by Dr. and Mrs. Ransom S. Hooker for their débutante daughter, Miss Mildred Hooker.

Dinner dance at Pierre's by Dr. and Mrs. Walter A. Bastedo for their débutante daughter, Miss Eunice R. Bastedo.

Afternoon reception with dancing at the Park Lane by Mrs. Charles H. Delamater for her débutante daughter, Miss Rea Delamater.

Dance at the Appawamis Club, Rye, N. Y., by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Horace Conner for their débutante daughter, Miss Jane S. Conner.

Dinner dance at Pierre's by Judge and Mrs. Edwin L. Garvin of Brooklyn for their débutante daughter, Miss Caroline Garvin.

Tea dance at the Ambassador Hotel, New York, by Dr. and Mrs. John A. Longmore of Brooklyn, for their débutante daughter, Miss Lillian Longmore.

Tea by Mr. and Mrs. Laurence M. Bainbridge of Montclair, N. J., to be given at their home for their débutante daughter, Miss Eda L. Bainbridge.

Miss Adeline King Robinson's Christmas Dance.

Dance by Mr. and Mrs. Chichester C. Kerr of Llewellyn Park, West Orange, N. J., at the Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, in honour of Mrs. Kerr's sub-débutante niece, Miss Amanda Bouldin.

Luncheon, Mrs. Winthrop L. Carter for Miss Katherine Carter.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28—Ball by Mr. and Mrs. Francis Blossom at the new Junior League Club, New York, for their débutante daughter, Miss June Blossom.

First of the Metropolitan Dances at the Ritz Carlton, New York.

Dinner dance at Sherry's by Mrs. Philip G. Mumford for her débutante daughter, Miss Carmen A. Mumford.

Dinner dance by Mrs. R. L. Walters at Sherry's, for her débutante daughter, Miss Eleanor Walters.

Dinner dance at Pierre's by Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Bartlett for their débutante daughter, Miss Ethel H. Bartlett.

Dance at Pierre's by Mr. and Mrs. Eugene S. Reynal for their débutante daughter, Miss Roxanne Reynal.

Tea dance at the Ritz Carlton, New York, under the patronage of the Junior Board of Directors of the New York Association for the Blind.

Dance by Major General and Mrs. William N. Haskell in the officers' room of the Seventh Regiment Armory, New York, to introduce their daughter, Miss Mary Haskell.

Dinner dance at the Colony Club by Mrs. Reinhard Siedenburg for her débutante daughter, Miss Kathryn Siedenburg.

Football—Stanford versus Army, Palo Alto, Calif.

Luncheon, Mrs. Reeve Chipman for Miss Constance Chipman, Boston, Mass.

Tea, Mr. and Mrs. H. Stanley Hyde for Miss Helena Hyde, Boston, Mass.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 29—New Year's Golf Tournament, Del Monte, Calif. To continue through December 31.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 30—Middle Holiday Dance under the direction of Mrs. Huntington Tappin at the Hotel Plaza, New York.

Dinner dance at the Ritz Carlton, New York, by Mr. and Mrs. David Franklin Houston for their débutante daughter, Miss Helen Houston.

Dinner dance at Pierre's by Dr. and Mrs. Henry C. Cowles for their débutante daughter, Miss Grace Cowles.

Dinner at Pierre's by Mr. and Mrs. Adams Batcheller for their débutante daughter, Miss Marian Batcheller.

Supper dance at the Park Lane by Mr. and Mrs. Boyd G. Curts of Brooklyn, for their débutante daughter, Miss Catherine Curts.

Dance at the Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N. J., by the Misses Peggy Douglass, Peggy Lea and Peggy Smith.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31—Third of Friday Juniors under the direction of Miss Georgiana H. Owen at the Colony Club, through the courtesy of Mrs. Oliver Harriman.

Fancy-dress party, Myopia Hunt Club, Hamilton, Mass.

ALLURING—as the ankles they protect
these new Shuglovs by Miller

Shuglovs by Miller offer you a choice of two fabrics: thin moire rubber lightly but warmly lined, and smartly tailored cloth. Two styles: button-over and concealed Talon Hookless Slide Fastener with distinctive buckle and strap. Easily cleaned.

MILLER Shuglovs give to ankles such grace of line as one never dreamed of getting in protective footwear. Slim . . . sleek . . . light . . . graceful . . . Shuglovs ACCENT, rather than conceal, the lines of a lovely ankle.

You will like to wear them. You will enjoy selecting them—for Shuglovs are made in all the fashionable colors, that every smart ensemble may be correctly matched.

Shuglovs keep their trim appearance all season long. Their graceful lines are TAILORED in. Heels and arch are cut to hug the foot closely. Shuglovs can never become shapeless or dingy.

Ask for Shuglovs (pronounced Shoe-glove) in the smartest shop in your city. The original creation by Miller bears the name "Shuglov by Miller" plainly stamped on the sole. The Miller Rubber Co. of N. Y. Akron, Ohio.

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CLASSIC

The shoe illustrated is a masterpiece of classic simplicity. It is fashioned, by hand, of suede or kid in black or brown, and is trimmed with contrasting curves in the modern manner. With gracefully high or comfortably low heels.

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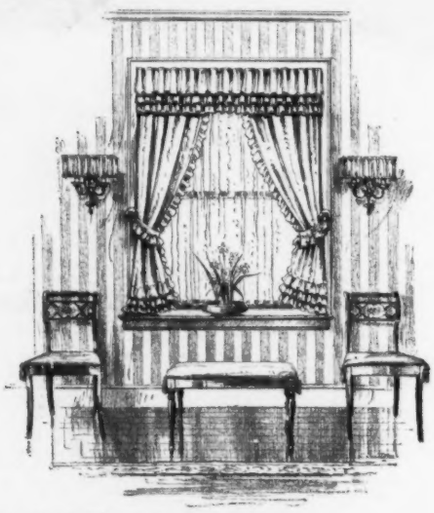
In the Train-Swept 'Eighties

Pauline Lucca

Madame Sarah Bernhardt

Miss Jeffreys Lewis

Maggie Mitchell



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LOVELY OR BEAUTIFUL—WHICH?

By ADA PATTERSON

IF ONE of the Fates stopped her spinning long enough to enquire whether you preferred that beauty or loveliness be woven into the webbed pattern of your future, which would you choose? Would you rather be beautiful or lovely?

Consider. Do not answer instantly "Beautiful, of course." Reflect upon whether it be wise to ask for a state which is so rare as to be nearly unattainable. An artist of eminence said: "I have traversed the world and have seen, and studied, ten thousand women, but only three were beautiful." There is in the state of being beautiful an implication of perfection. It is a remote condition, a lonely one, like that of supreme genius.

Loveliness is within the radius of the hopes of all. In some degree it is within the reach of all.

Why not select, then, an ideal, the attainment of which at least seems feasible? Loveliness is the sum of exquisite qualities. It includes charm. Loveliness is a veil softly enwrapping a personality. Like gauze it enhances the charms it enfolds. Loveliness is a glow that suffuses being. Loveliness is warmth, tenderness, an irradiating charm.

Loveliness is a suffusing atmosphere without which the most beautiful of women misses supreme beauty. Loveliness is the power to make friendship, to inspire love. It is lovableness. Loveliness is the quality in woman that makes her irresistible.

To be beautiful may be to establish an Himalayan height and distance from humankind. To be lovely is to create such a haze of attractiveness as lies ever about the Blue Ridge.

When Von Lembach, the Austrian court painter, asserted that Maxine Elliott is the most beautiful woman in the world, none denied it. The world, indeed, willingly agreed with him. But none has ever claimed for her the quality of loveliness. Miss Elliott herself relates the story of a committee of artists who had heard the Austrian painter's pronouncement calling upon her to invite her to pose for a statue of Belgium. The committee found her, in the torn brown raiment of a helper, on an hospital ship. It came. It gazed. It indulged in polite evasions. It departed with disappointment writ in unmistakable characters upon its collective face. Miss Elliott, who is superbly impersonal, employs this story to rout those who, to her it seems tiresomely, recite the litany of her beauty. She believes it is proof that she is not beautiful. Rather, I should say, it proves her possession of the Himalayan quality. If Julia Marlowe, of the broad brow, the soft featural contour, the wooing eyes, had been discovered in the garb of a scrubwoman, the visiting and appraising committee would have chosen her as its model for Belgium. For it would have recognized in her, despite the rags, that quality of universal appeal, loveliness.

Lillian Russell, like the woman of her supreme admiration, Mme. Recamier, was lovely. Beautiful, too, for her features and colouring involved that perfection which is unquestioned beauty; but preeminently she was lovely. Of her beauty she often tired of being reminded. But to the question, "Does not the fact that you draw a sight draft on friendship, that strangers become your friends at sight, please you?" the queen answered in her smiling, laconic habit: "Yes, I like that."

RECALL your impression of the woman who long reigned as the greatest American beauty and you will realize that what you have remembered the longest is her expression. Sedulously she guarded it. "Look to your expression," she often advised. For in that, she believed, lay the key-note to loveliness.

"Maggie, bring me the souvenirs of my tour of Europe."

Maggie, the maid who was chief of her entourage for twenty-three years, never asked, "Which tour, Madame?" She knew that Miss Russell referred to her triumphal year in Perlin and London. Surveying the jewelled keepsakes bestowed upon her by monarchs induced that expression which became her permanent possession, an abiding loveliness. Her request for the keepsakes came in the morning, or at night, for she advised: "Fall asleep with a pleasant expression and awake with one."

The lovely type of womankind has a pervasive rather than an arresting quality. It does not instantly captivate us as does the pretty or the charming one. Instead it gradually possesses us, as does the slowly growing beauty of the dawn.

Pursuing the search for loveliness, in society we find it exemplified in Mrs. Oliver Harriman. The elder Mrs. William K. Harriman has a distinction that embraces that distinction. Helleu, when he beheld Blanche Oelrichs Thomas, proclaimed that he had met the most beautiful woman in American society. The then Mrs. Leonard Thomas had kinship in beauty with Maxine Elliott. The Himalayan quality. Never has admirer, artist, or lesser or greater one, within my knowledge, employed for either of these much admired women the more democratic and comprehensibly descriptive "lovely."

NOR, despite her white and gold perfection, has Violet Heming been so called. The brain behind the appraising eye that regards Miss Heming's immaculateness recalls the psychologist's deduction, "No one ever broke the heart of a blonde." Yet in denial of this arises the vision of Effie Shannon of fair, tender, imperishable loveliness. Clara Bow, like Lillian Russell, nature has especially endowed as beautiful and lovely.

Ethel Barrymore, heiress to immeasurable charm, has developed it in a compelling and commanding degree. She is of fadeless loveliness. Miss Barrymore's regnancy in that quality, her reign of loveliness, brings to the fore one of its chief characteristics, womanliness. In the slenderness of her appealing girlhood, in the alarming plumpness of her phase of early matronhood, in the later period of increasing artistic restraint and rigid control of avoirdupois, she has ever been of womanliness compact.

Emily Newell Blair believes that a new type of beauty has been revealed to us. She says the achievement of votes for women has fostered it. She declares the 1930 man has accepted, admires, even loves it. It is the type that suavely, sometimes, but with emphasis, always, says what it thinks and does as it likes. Doris Stevens, the former Mrs. Dudley Malone, is cited as an example. Mrs. Ruth Pratt, alderman, congressman, and aspirant to other political honours, is a symbol of the new women in public affairs adored by the man of today, made over in taste. Examples of this new taste in man, challenging him from the stage, are Katharine Cornell and Lynn Fontanne, palpitant human brilliants both.

Perhaps. And perhaps not. But of this I am sure: That I have never known a lovely woman who is not in habit amiable. That we never see the lovely woman in mental undress. For her there is no indecent exposure of the emotions. She conceals her petty impulses, her vexations, her frustrations. She exhibits only her pleasing moods. That the lovely woman is a gentle glow rather than a dazzling flash. That the core of loveliness is graciousness; its heart is kindliness, a quality that seldom has been successfully assumed. And that, to develop loveliness, one must turn Girl Scout and perform one daily act that is at least of gracious seeming. Better a daily dozen.

Daniel Frohman has discovered, and announced that tolerance, a preservative of youth, is one of the distinguishing traits of the woman who achieves loveliness. Like Anatole France she has learned to "view all humanity with sympathy and compassion."

Upon a physical foundation of health and an esthetic one of taste in grooming and gowning she builds the structure of loveliness that deserves, and receives, choice gifts from the dispenser, Life.

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These Handsome French Silk Cravats are very Choice Selections of most Luxurious Quality.

Illustrated Brochure sent upon request.

Price of the Cravats here shown, $6.50 each

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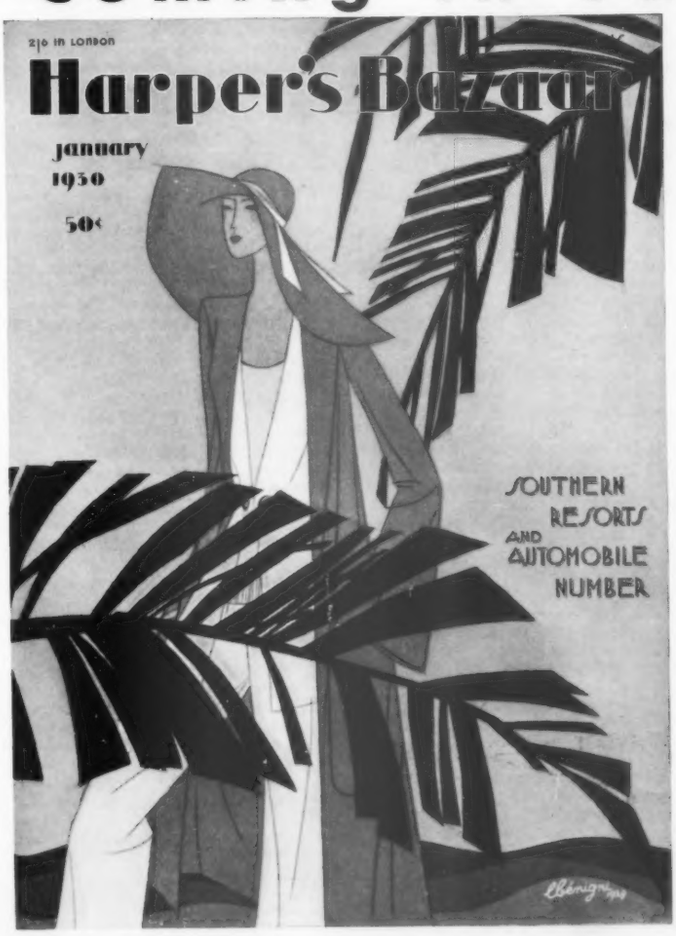
What's Coming in January?



Harper's Bazaar for January will appropriately turn its attention to the chief interests of the fashionable world in the first month of 1930. Smart motors will receive the same fashion-attention which is accorded to smart costumes. And all the pages and pages of pyjamas, and bathing suits, and sportswear, and evening frocks for Southern resorts are happy harbingers of Northern spring.

"Something to read" in the leisure moments that are doubly precious in the busy holiday season? Of course there is! Sophie Kerr, Dana Gatlin and Elisabeth Finley Thomas contribute short stories, and there are sprightly articles by John R. Tunis and Frederick L. Collins. Look forward to seeing this cover, and anticipate the keenest pleasure in reading Harper's Bazaar for January.

Christmas Originality is in Order . . . Cunard Anchor West Indies Cruises point the way . . .

Aren't you a little bored with conventional Christmas shopping . . . ? Isn't the injecting of Christmas cheer into a wintry pinched-nose atmosphere palling a bit . . . ? Wouldn't you like to rebel into originality and do your Christmas shopping at a third of the price in fascinating tropical bazaars . . . or to spend Christmas day in the laughter-loving music-throbbing, flower-strewn West Indies? It's simple . . . it's different . . . it's cheaper via Cunard than staying home . . . It's getting out of the old time-worn rut into the novelty and generosity of sun-splashed islands . . . Cruises of 8, 9, 12, 16, 18 and 26 days . . . to fit everyone's purse and everyone's time . . . on Cunard transatlantic liners that have set travel standards in comfort . . . inimitable service . . . cruise management.

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Sailing Date from New York	Steamer	Duration of Voyage	Min. Rates
Dec. 3, 1929	s. s. Franconia	16 days	$200
Dec. 18, 1929	s. s. Carinthia	16 days	200
Dec. 21, 1929	s. s. Franconia	16 days	200
Dec. 26, 1929	s. s. Caronia	8 days	175
Dec. 27, 1929	s. s. Carmania	9 days	175
Jan. 6, 1930	s. s. Carinthia	16 days	200
Jan. 16, 1930	s. s. Caledonia	26 days	275
Feb. 15, 1930	s. s. Caledonia	26 days	275
Mar. 15, 1930	s. s. Caledonia	18 days	200
Apr. 12, 1930	s. s. Samaria	12 days	175

See Your Local Agent

CUNARD-ANCHOR
WEST INDIES CRUISES

Harris & Ewing

A rear view of the old Mermaid Inn in Sussex, one of the several quaint inns around which the life of the town centered when Sussex was a seaport, before the ocean left it two miles inland.

COMIN' THROUGH TO RYE

JUST as the little by-roads, leading to "God knows where," always appeal to anyone of imagination more than the king's long, straight highway, it is the casual trips, the happy glimpses of off-the-beaten-track places which give to travelling an added delight.

England is rich in these blessed little hidden-away hamlets and towns. Soaked as the country is in history and tradition, the intelligent traveller needs but to call upon his memory, and certain spots will come to mind and bring back to him the distant past in a land overflowing with flowerlike sentiment and peace.

Purposely to lose my way in London is one of my rigid habits. No canonical sight-seeing busses for me in that city of enchantment! Rather, the loafing through out-of-the-way districts, sometimes afoot, often on top of a tram, the destination of which I have not even taken the pains to discover.

The last time I was in the British capital, I determined to spend a week-end in a village that held a certain lure for me, ever since I had heard that Henry James had called it the ideal place to live. He had sought for such a village from those first days when he left America to make his permanent home in England. And one day he came upon the sleepy and romantic town of Rye.

Situated on an eminence, on the Strait of Dover, almost directly opposite Boulogne, one reaches Rye from London in about two hours, through the lovely Sussex country. No matter how grey the weather in the city may be, one is apt to find sunshine in this coast town, with its old, crooked streets, its crumbling church where the long slow pendulum of the tower-clock swings over the aisles of the church itself.

They make these short jaunts in England so easy and comfortable to take. I went to the Cook's office in my hotel and booked our seats in the train. Two or three inns were mentioned in the guide-book; and we would have gone to the first named, save that the polite clerk warned us that it was a purely commercial house and not therefore so pleasant for visiting Americans. He recommended the Mermaid Inn, which is now a private hotel and club. Our beds and baths and meals were all paid for by Cook's and we had only to present our tickets and credentials to the innkeeper—a delightful way to travel. And the Mermaid lived up to its charming name, with its ancient beams and creaking stairs, and glowing fire on the hearth of the sitting-room. It even had a haunted chamber! It dripped with legends of vanished days, and seemed, when we arrived, to welcome us with open arms and a smile on its time-worn face. There it had been for centuries, dreaming away its hours in sun and storm, cosy, contented, passive, easy-going, with the world well lost beyond its narrow sill. The ideal English inn, with quiet English tourists loitering in its embrace, as loathe as we ever to leave.

Of course, the first thing we longed to see was the house where our American novelist (afterwards a British subject) came to live out his allotted days; and to our joy it was right up our winding street. Like most Georgian houses, though its façade was bright and attractive, it kept its greater charms well hidden. I knew there would be a garden beyond the wall—there is always a garden behind every such English house—and I determined to see it. I was travelling with a fellow American but one who had been four years in Oxford, taking post-graduate courses, and he had become so Anglicized that he grew pale at my American gift for asking questions. "You must be more cautious," he warned me. "The English do not relish the bumptious American. Think of the entente. I beg of you not to knock on this door and ask permission to enter," he continued, as I looked longingly at the brass knocker, and the inscription on its right.

I was not to be coerced by the likes of him. "Look here," I said, "I may never have the luck to get to Rye again. I know that E. F. Benson lives here now . . ."

"How in the world did you ever find that out?" he gasped.

"Oh, I do something besides dream and loiter," I told him. "I hope I'll never lose my American enterprise. You are fortunate," I could not resist boasting, "to have me with you; for I see that you would never have the courage to ask for a glimpse of the study and garden. But now you will get in on my passport, and bless the day that I suggested this trip." And I lifted the heavy knocker.

"Don't! I beg of you," my timid companion protested.

"Too late," I said; and let the knocker fall with a bang.

A MOMENT—two moments of awful silence and suspense. My companion looked relieved that no one had answered my summons. I must have shown my chagrin. Then—the triumph was mine—there were indubitable footsteps approaching the door. And in another instant it swung wide and the sweetest old housekeeper imaginable greeted us with a smile. It was I she addressed, because my friend had slunk into the shadows, terribly ashamed for me.

"I used to read the books of Henry James. I am an American, as he was. Do you suppose you could let me—and my companion—come in for a moment?"

(*Concluded on page 172*)

From the marts of STAMBOUL

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISES—46 days—by *White Star Line* . . . including the Holy Land and Egypt

Rare Indian paintings, jeweled ikons, beautiful old Korans, Russian gems that speak of a glamorous past! To come upon these precious things in the colorful bazars of Stamboul, the old section of Constantinople, is one of the thrills of the Mediterranean Cruise. From Algiers, Naples, Athens, Jerusalem, Cairo . . . make yourself a treasure chest of living memories. From New York: *S. S. Laurentic*, Jan. 9, Feb. 27; *S. S. Adriatic*, Jan. 18, Mar. 8. First Class $695 up; Tourist Third Cabin $420—both including shore excursion program.

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Plan your escape from the relentless grind of the machine age . . . see how leisurely life's pace can be in the American Tropics. Visit three famous winter resorts, with joyous interludes of ocean cruising sandwiched in between. The *Red Star* liner *Lapland* is famed for yacht-like luxury and comfort . . . the ports are deliciously "foreign" and enchanting . . . with bright shops displaying irresistible wares in dazzling variety. Six beguiling cruises . . . each of 11 days' duration . . . from New York Dec. 28; Jan. 11, 25; Feb. 8, 22; Mar. 8. $175 up.

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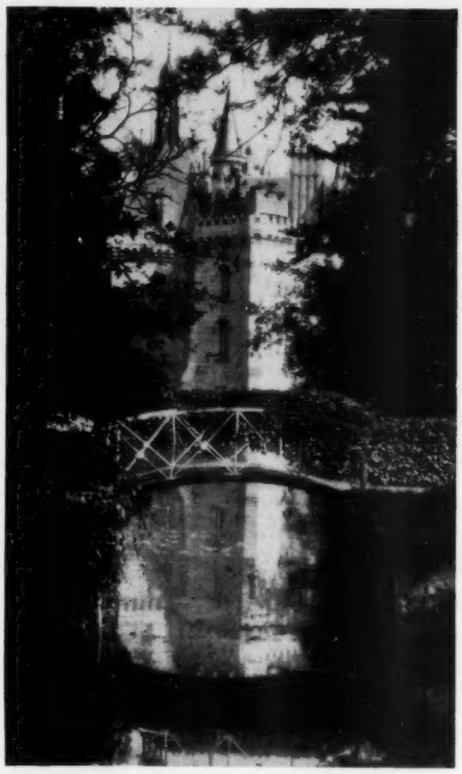
France



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There's the Côte Basque along the pounding Biscay . . . Biarritz, where the beret came from and the clever photographers go to snap the fashionables . . . St. Jean de Luz, Hendaye for golf . . . and then, across the Pyrenees where you stop for winter sports . . . the Côte d'Or and the Côte d'Azur, strung with resorts so many and so varied that all tastes are met . . . Marseilles, the greatest port in France, clustered about with beaches . . . Cannes, where the international set foregathers . . . Antibes, Juan-les-Pins, Nice, Villefranche, scene of the February naval Battle of the Flowers, Monte Carlo, where the battle is of wits.

Returning . . . there's the lovely, lazy Chateau Country . . . Chinon, where Jean d'Arc saw her King . . . Azay-le-Rideau, tiny but such perfect Renaissance . . . Langeais, pure Gothic and a fort, despite its flowers . . . Villandry of the gardens and the swans . . . Chenonceaux, swung gayly out across the Cher . . . Chambord of the double spiral staircase . . . Chaumont where Catherine studied astrology while Diane studied men . . .

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Managing Director

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25 Days—$275 up. Including All Expenses

Shore visits at Havana, side trip to Merida, rail climb Vera Cruz to Mexico City. Sightseeing trips.

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GIFT TO YOURSELF

Be selfish for a change. You know you would love to sail through tropical seas—visit flower-laden islands—meet interesting people. And, most of all, get away from northern sleet and snow. Well, then!—be a Pleasure Pirate. Join the jolliest group sailing the southern seas. You'll find them on the

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the ideal cruising steamers
leaving New York on December 17

for 16 day luxury cruises to the West Indies. Celebrate the Holidays on the Caribbean. Visit Port au Prince or Nassau, Kingston, Colon, Havana—colorful ports of the Caribbean.

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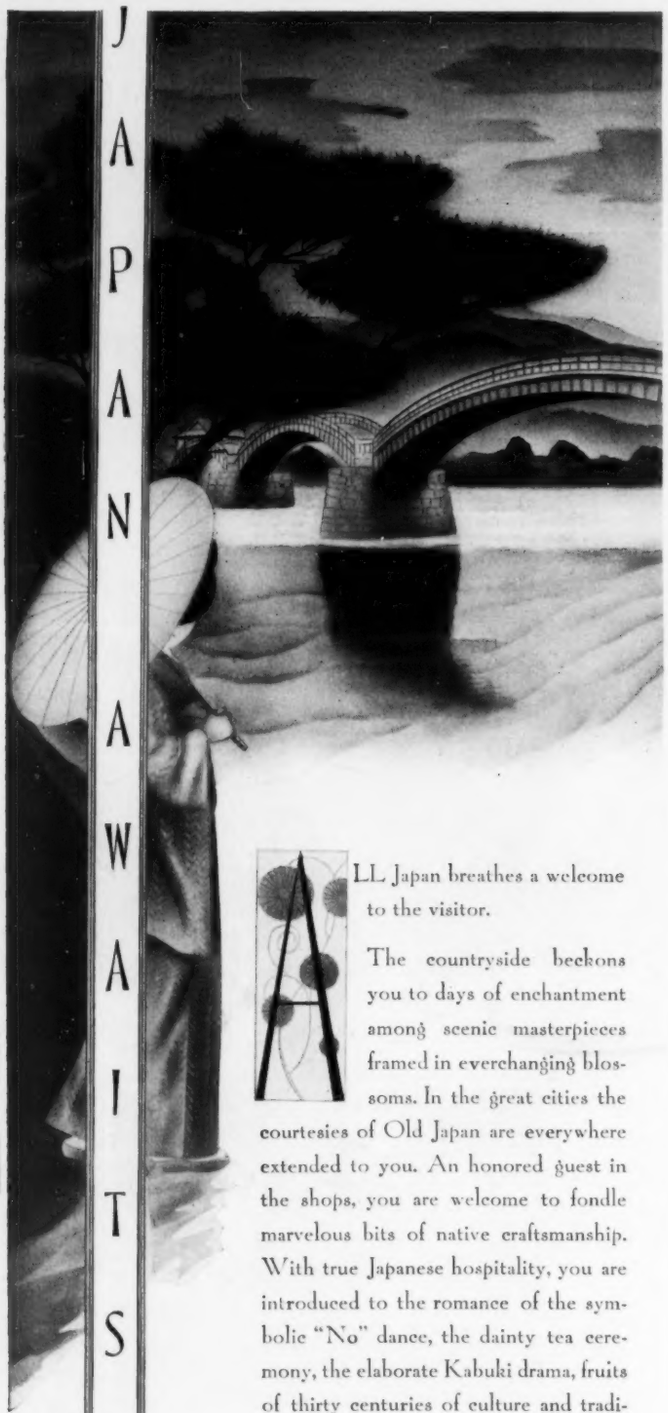

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Japan awaits, with promise of a strange new adventure. But with modern railroads, European hotels and motor highways as well as golf and the smarter sports, to assure the travel luxury you have become accustomed to.

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COMIN' THROUGH TO RYE

(*Concluded from page 168*)

"Mr. Benson is away," the housekeeper said, "but," and she gave me an appraising glance, and leaned out to see who my friend might be, "I'm sure he'd have no objection, sir, to letting you both step in." And the door closed behind us. Needless to say, my companion was astonished. It had all proved so simple. (As things have a mysterious way of doing, I've found.)

From the lovely hidden garden we could see the water, and the boats, and the tiny cottages on the bluff; and that peace and quiet were there which must have delighted the contemplative soul of Henry James. Here he had walked, and probably dreamed his novels before he touched pen to paper in the little study which opened into this garden, and which was a part of the house, yet completely separated from it. We could have remained for hours, wrapt in the simple joy of it; but when one is a prying visitor, it is just as well to move along before one's welcome wears out.

Rye is dignified and gay at the same time; and close to it—two or three miles off—are other dignified and gay villages, smaller, but equally attractive. Especially Winchelsea, where Ellen Terry lived and died, and where we drove in a taxi for tea. To come back here, after a noisy American tour—how the *Portia* of other days must have loved it, with her books and the villagers who adored her. She was a queen in this tiny domain, but I venture to say no ruler was ever more loved and revered.

You see, nothing very exciting has been recorded here. Such trips are not for the Babbitts and go-getters. They are for quiet folk like my friend and myself; and if I have made us out rather lazy travellers, the kind who are none too prone to glance at our watches every ten minutes, I hope the reader will understand that this has been intentional. We rather glory in our ability to take things easy in a rushing world, and we only wish there were a village like Rye in the United States. Maybe there is. Someone who loves to seek out such places may tell us of it later on.

T. H. C.

THE PEARL OF PRICE

THE Chinese carver, waxen-pale,
Sedately carves from day to day
An image small as a finger-nail,
Then bears it to some warm sea-bay
Where, under the sliding silver floors,
Oysters like pale and scentless blooms
Unclose their crinkled porcelain doors
To the slow tide's crystal glooms.
There on a rock he takes his stand,
A naked shape of yellow wax,
Clutching the image in his hand;
Then cleaves the water like an axe;
Across the liquid nether sky
Shoots sudden and slim to the swaying floor;
Chooses a shell with cunning eye
And thrusts the image through its door.
But the poor fish shrinks-to in pain
And, closing, shuts the image in,
And seeking ever to regain
Its wholeness, clothes in a pearly skin
The irksome shape. But the time being due,
Back to the rock creeps the carver bare,
Plunges, a swift vague ghost of blue,
Snatches the shell and leaps to air.
But the shell to the prizing blade
Opens and yields a marvellous thing
With moonbright lacquer overlaid
To charm the heart of some old king.

So do the scheming gods prepare
Ingenious harms for human hearts
And, when the time is ripe, shake bare
Their proud white arms and hurl the darts.
But the shrill barb strikes deep and cold,
And we, turned inward on our pain,
Forget the happy world and fold
Our lives about the bitter bane.
But time with slow and patient art
Quenches the bane and blunts the sting,
Until at length the deathy dart
Is changed to a pure and sacred thing
Washed in the liquid gold of tears
And sanguined with the heart's red stream
Till all the old despair appears
Bright with the loveliness of dream.

Martin Armstrong

TIFFANY & CO.

JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

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The Range of Choice
Is Extensive

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

These refreshing new styles designed by the noted Madame Tchelistcheff come just in time for Christmas. Excitingly different . . . with the smart change in the waistline that marks the new mode. Madame Tchelistcheff fashions them of Kayser's exclusive Milanese and uses net, self-fabric appliques, stitchery and ingenuity in their creation. The nightie is a tailleur achievement in flesh color . . . the set, a vest with pantie, is a diverting interpretation in the modern manner either in flesh or peach . . . the chemise is an altogether irresistible affair, also in flesh or peach. Tailored in the usual fine Kayser way . . . yes! . . . they are the feminine gifts of gifts . . .

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For Mademoiselle

THIS IS THE ENTIRELY NEW EVENING WRAP SILHOUETTE TO GO WITH NEW EVENING FROCKS

Left—The new silhouette in a black transparent velvet wrap, with white ermine collar—a lovely, wrappy thing that would make a real occasion of any social event 195.00

Center—The new silhouette in a transparent velvet cape with graceful circular flounces and a big white fur collar. In Chinese blue, jade, American beauty or black 125.00

Right—The new silhouette in a white and gold lamé evening wrap with dipping, rippling lines and flattering white fur collar. Lined with orange, green, coral, blue or white chiffon velvet. 89.50

Sizes 14 to 20 years. Also size 31 for Small Women.

MADEMOISELLE'S COAT SHOP—Third Floor

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PHILADELPHIA

Designed with a studied individuality these new beach costumes only slightly suggest the variety of Bonwit Teller's copies and adaptations of continental Sea Fashions!

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These new golf costumes comprised of double sweaters or shirtwaists and trouser-skirts indicate the originality of Bonwit Teller's sports clothes for the South.

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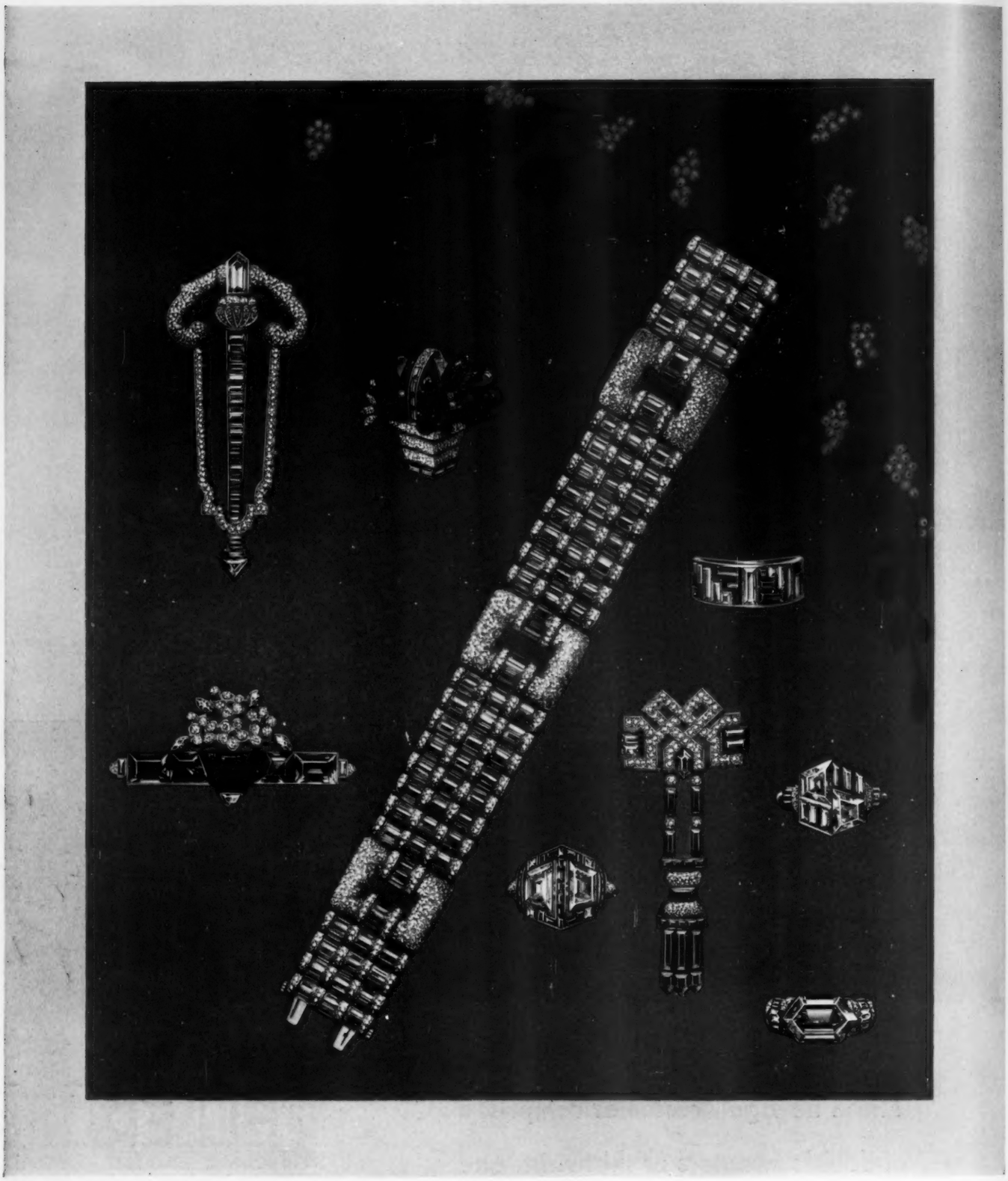
SPORTS ATTIRE . . . Fourth Floor



Jewels by J. E. Caldwell & Co.—each a distinctive creation of the house and a suggestion of the outstanding excellence of the present collection, which has never been excelled in the history of the establishment.

J.E. CALDWELL & CO.
PHILADELPHIA

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Model 93 — Polka dot cotton two-piece pajama in red, blue or green dot. Sizes 13 to 17. **3.95**

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Same model in Sudanette, fine cotton broadcloth. **7.95**

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Reading from left to right

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Best & Co.

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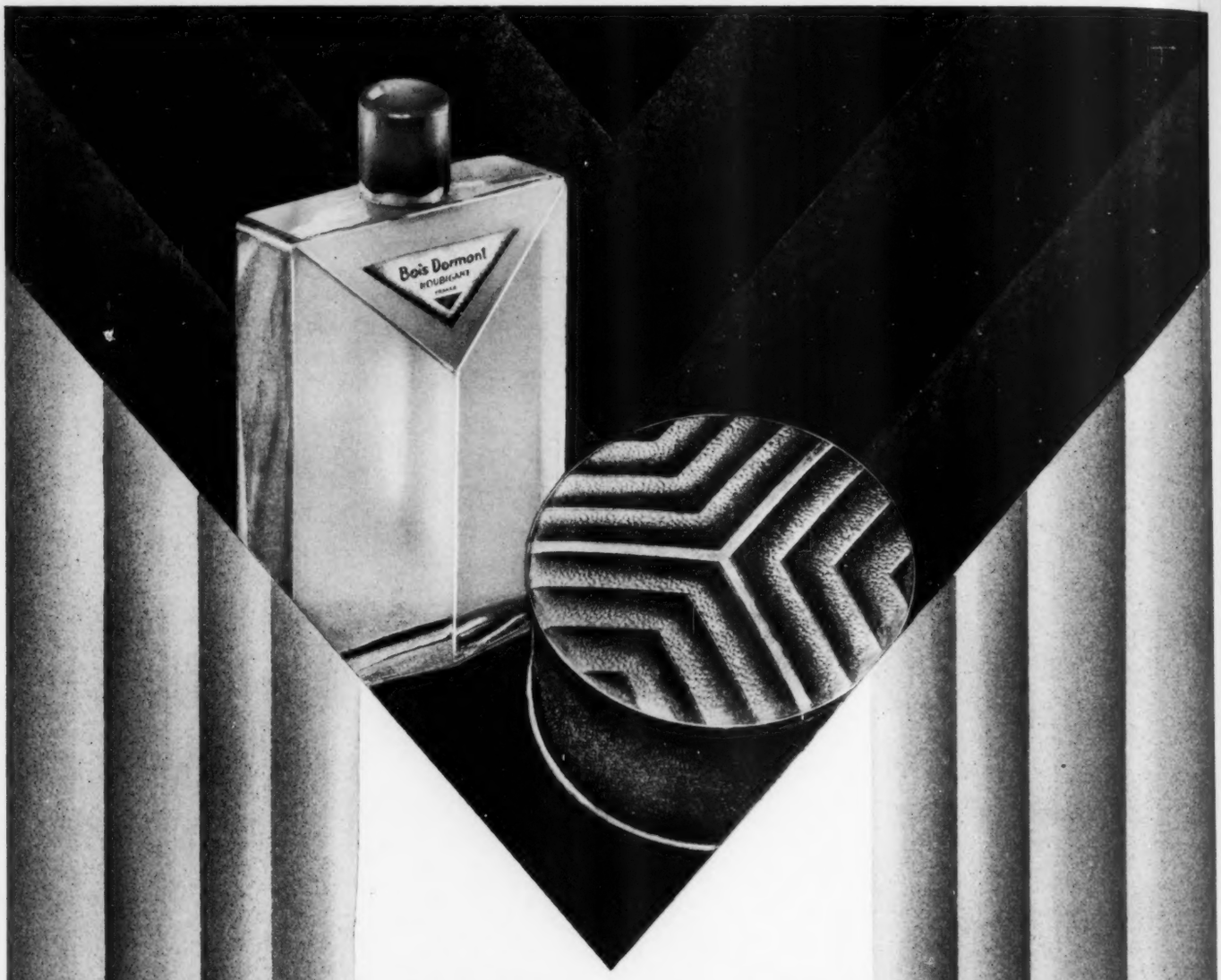

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A parfum that lures and lingers, not only in memory but actually. For days its fragrance clings—charming, enticing, and enduring.

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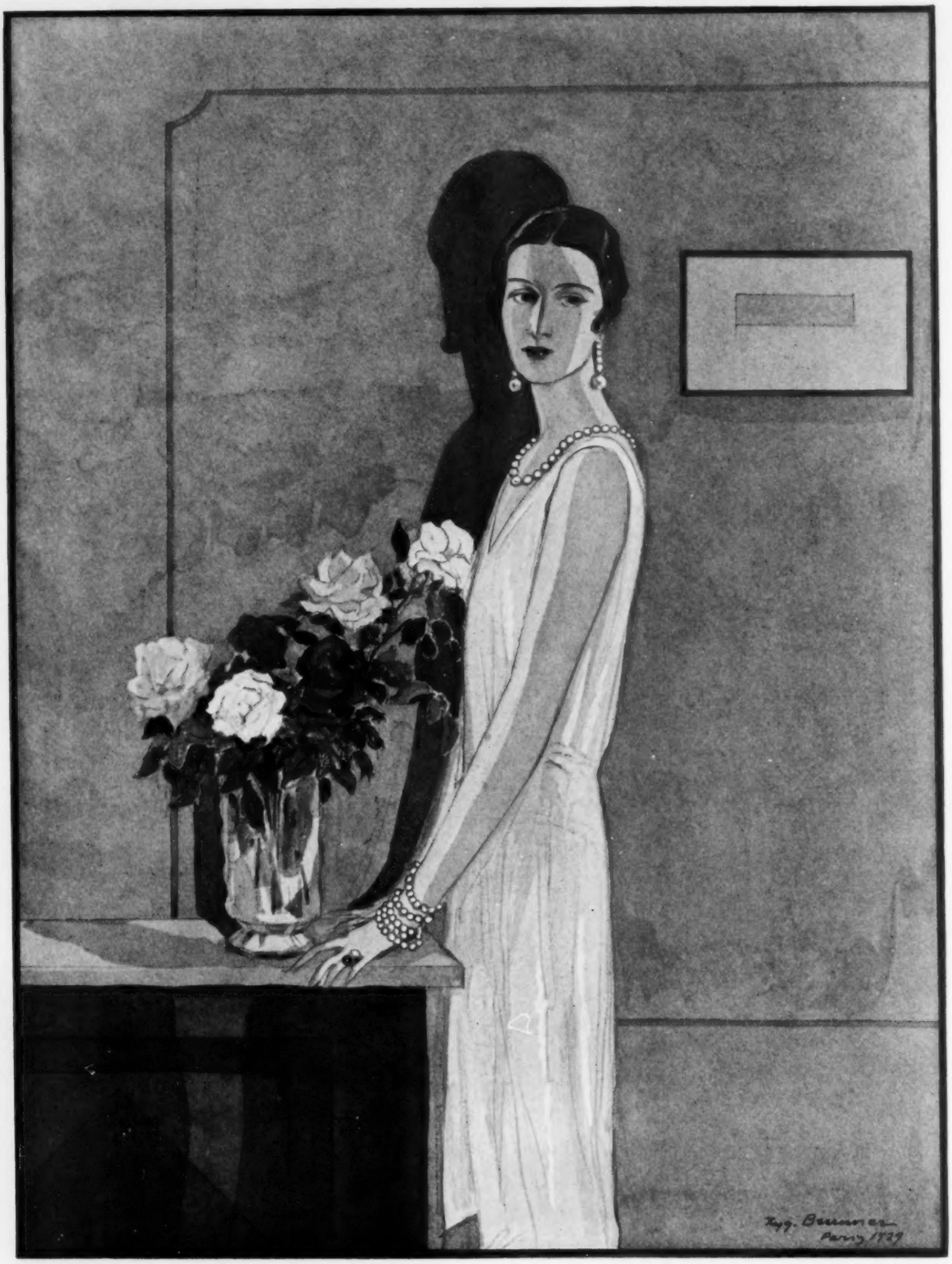

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Worth's pajamas with their amusing wide trousers. Copied in crepe de chine with velvet coat. Two shades of green, coquette blue, brown and capucine, pansy and orchid, sizes 14 to 20 . . . . . $45

Brocaded velvet robe, richly lined with satin. French blue, rose, coral, orchid, sizes 16 to 44 . . . . . $24.75

Tailored robe of quilted silk crepe. French blue, rose, amethyst, sizes 16 to 44 . $29.50

Hostess gown of velvet. French blue, Chinese red, chartreuse, black, sizes 14 to 40 . $45

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BLACKSHIRE

GOWNS FOR WOMEN

PARIS • NEW YORK • LOS ANGELES • MONTREAL

At the better shops everywhere

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You are cordially invited to visit Field's . . . where paths of fashion converge and radiate . . . either for serious shopping or just to see what's new and smart.

MARSHALL field & COMPANY
RETAIL · CHICAGO

GIVE THE GIFTS OF LOVELINESS THIS CHRISTMAS

Let FRANCES DENNEY help you select the most exquisite gifts you have ever given for Christmas. Her preparations create *natural, enduring* loveliness of skin and contour.

GIVE THESE "LOVELINESS" PREPARATIONS

Frances Denney Cleansing Cream — Delightfully fragrant. Melts quickly into the pores, gently removes the impurities and leaves the skin exquisitely soft and clean. $1.00, $2.00, $3.50.

Frances Denney Herbal Skin Tonic—Revitalizes the cells, restores active circulation and leaves the skin freshened and invigorated. $1.00, $2.00.

Frances Denney Tissue Cream—A deep tissue builder. It nourishes the tissues and helps wonderfully in restoring the firm, smooth contour of youth. $1.00, $1.75, $4.00.

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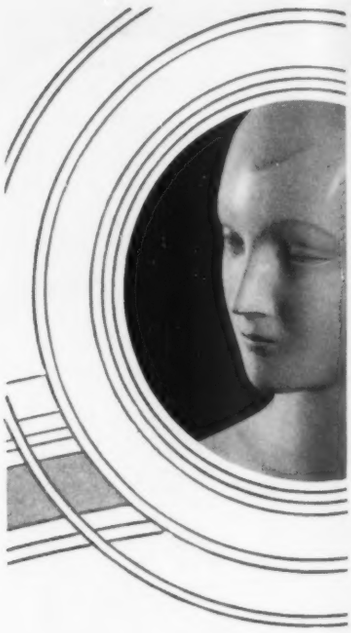
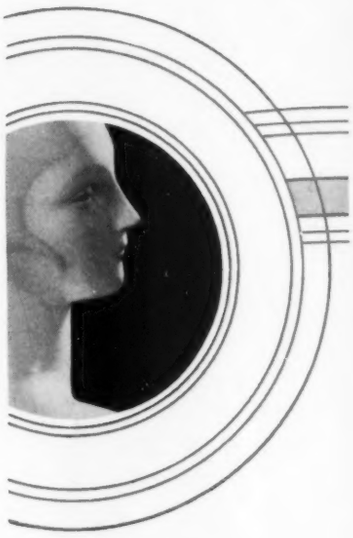
GIVE "SILVER STEPS TO LOVELINESS" COMPACTS

Jewel-like silver cases — lovely in design and workmanship. Every woman will adore these new compacts by MISS DENNEY. Silver Steps Double Compact for $2.00 (Single Compact, $1.00); Silver Steps Sifter Compact — a lovely silver case for loose powder—for $1.50.

These exquisite preparations and cosmetics of FRANCES DENNEY come to you from her distinguished Philadelphia Salon through selected stores in each city. A letter to MISS DENNEY in Philadelphia will bring you the name of the store nearest to you.





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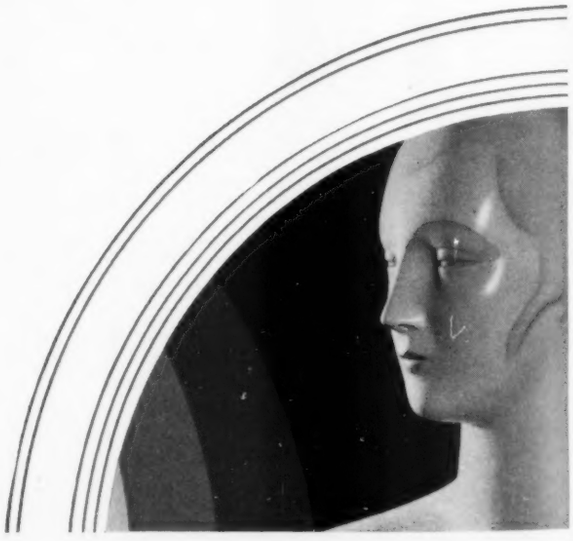

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Beautiful Shoes

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Five Smart COTTONS

ARE LOOKING FOR A PALM TREE... A SOUTHERN SUN

This new bathing suit found dots and stripes equally irresistible, so it used them both on printed eponge. Under its pleated trousers it conceals a pair of tight trunks that will stay in place... even when seas are high—I. Magnin & Sons, San Francisco.

Of course, you've heard that we're going to wear sheer cotton for evening. It's a courtly fashion... started by the Court dressmakers of London. One of these dresses chooses a pencil print (actually you can see the pencil marks on the fabric). It's engagingly young for dining on a terrace—Saks-Fifth Avenue, New York

Just see what has happened to the sun tan back! The blessed thing has disappeared completely. In fact, it becomes little more than a pinafore that ties twice in this little tuck-in. The dress is made of soft, soft damask... one of the fabrics you'll wear most in 1930—C. Crawford Hollidge, Boston.

Couldn't you guess that Best & Co. would show us how to wear the new, high waistline for really active sports? Here they have made it in that marvelously lustrous broadcloth that we loved last summer. You remember how soft and crayon-like the colors are! —Best & Co., New York.

You'll score twice if you are lucky enough to have this smart dress in the new waffle weave. It is so supple that it manages to look fitted without being the least bit tight. This clever fabric just turns itself inside out for trimming. You must see it—from Franklin Simon & Co., New York.

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El Encanto, Cuba's Largest Department Store, offers you the latest Parisian imports at a very considerable saving, because of lower Customs' duties.

• • • •

EL ENCANTO'S
Ravishing Variety of Perfumes

El Encanto is the "Center of Perfumes in Cuba," and has the most complete line of novelties in perfumes to be found in the Western hemisphere. The exclusive couturier perfumes—"Amour Espagnol" (Spanish Love)—and Jeanne Lanvin's famous "My Sin", which is exclusive with El Encanto—are among those favored by the discriminating.

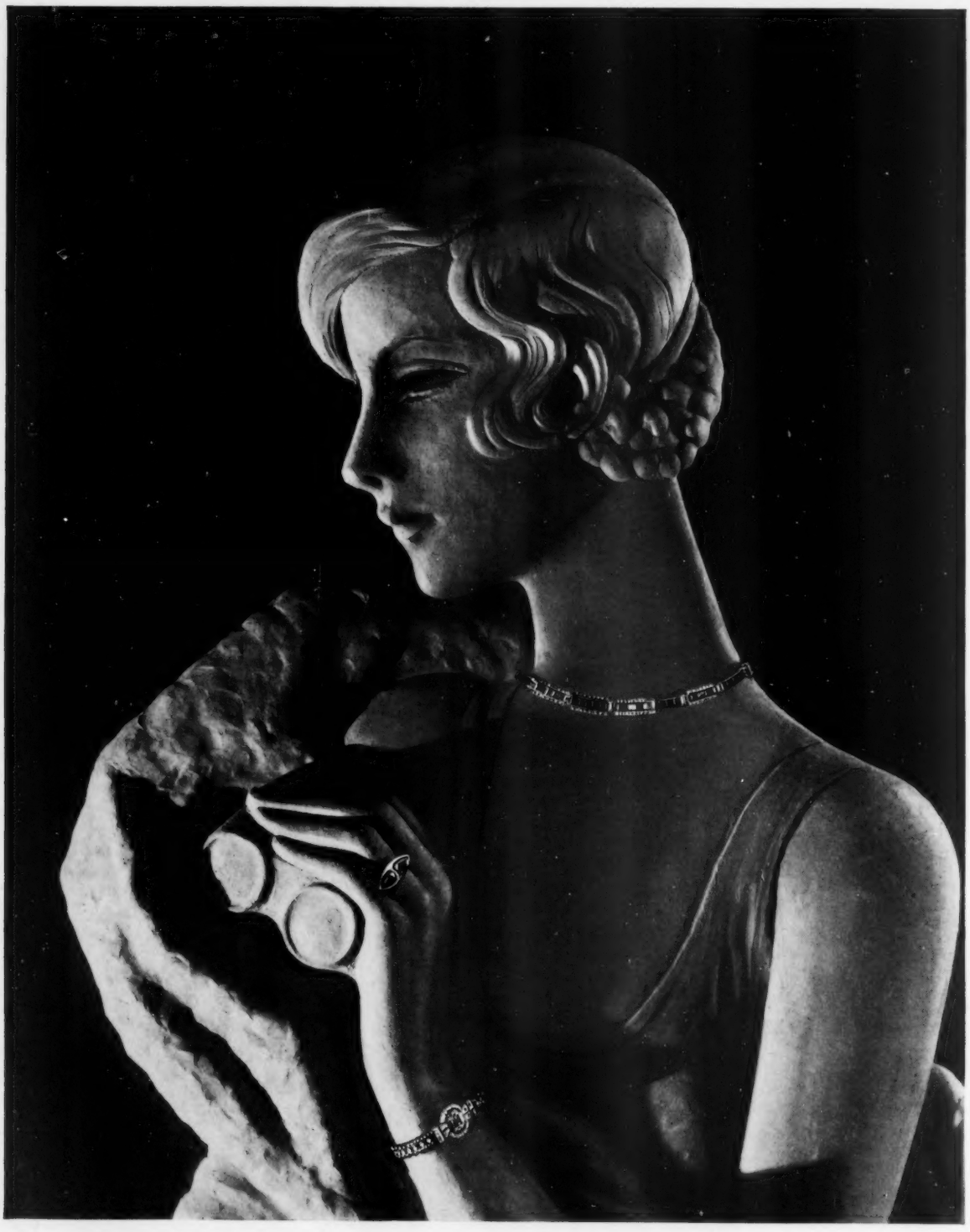
On request—A new TOURIST BOOK which you will find interesting and helpful if you are planning to visit Cuba

EL ENCANTO
(Cuba's Largest and Smartest Department Store)

• Havana •

Branches at the Hotel Sevilla, Hotel Almendares, Hotel Presidente and also in the city of Camaguey, Cuba.

El Encanto HAVANA



The dark fire of exquisite rubies blends with the cold white brilliance of baguette diamonds in this choker, $8,500. The rubies in the bracelet are beads, the diamonds baguette and round, $5,000. The ring, $3,500, holds two exquisitely matched, pear-shaped rubies.

Udall and Ballou

JEWELERS SINCE 1888

5th Avenue at 57th Street

NEWPORT - PARIS OFFICE, *48 Rue Lafayette* - PALM BEACH

PARFUM BELLODGIA
CARON
PARIS

Women tell us that "Silk Sealing"
Almost doubles hosiery wear

"WHAT *is* this 'Silk-Sealing' I hear so much about?" a charming young woman asked us the other day. "My friends tell me I must buy no other hosiery, for there is no other that wears so well, has so few 'runs'."

Inquiries are literally pouring in on us every day about the new "Silk-Sealing" process for protecting hosiery. Yet the process itself, though the result of many years of study, represents really a very simple idea.

"Insulated" . . . to withstand Wear

Picture, if you will, each tiny fiber of silk—not each thread, but each fiber *in* each thread — sealed with a delicate, transparent, flexible film, so gossamer-like in texture that it cannot be seen, yet firm enough to resist ordinary wear.

This, in a word, is what the now famous "Silk-Sealing" process does to hosiery. Women tell us that a pair of Dexdale "Silk-Sealed" hose *actually lasts from two to three times as long as ordinary hose.* That "Runs" occur far less frequently. That Dexdales do not stain easily. And, because perspiration acids are resisted, wear at the heel and toe is reduced amazingly.

And with this *new* Wear—the beauty of Dexdales has been enhanced. A crisp clarity of shade has resulted—an evenness of lustre—a filmy sheerness. And these will last through repeated washings, for "Silk-Sealing" never lets dirt penetrate.

And you can prove this to yourself by buying just a pair or two of Dexdale "Silk-Sealed" Hosiery and finding out exactly what this amazing discovery can mean to you in the course of a year.

Remember that "Silk-Sealing" is an *exclusive* Dexdale process. *No other hosiery is "Silk-Sealed" for longer wear.* Dexdales come in all weights up to the finest and sheerest from $1.25 to $3.00. In all the season's new shades.

If you cannot find Dexdale "Silk-Sealed" Hosiery in your city, write directly to us and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

DEXDALE HOSIERY MILLS
Lansdale, Pa.

Dexdale

"Silk-Sealed"

HOSIERY

Send today for a copy of "Beautiful Hosiery ...that Wears". It tells how "Silk-Sealing" brings long wear to even the filmiest Dexdale stockings. When writing, request the name of your nearest Dexdale retailer.

McCutcheon's

FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-NINTH ST. — DEPT. 17 NEW YORK

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off

Treasures — to give this Christmas

(Mail orders will be carefully and promptly filled by writing to Department 17.)

1. Tudric Pewter Mug from Liberty's that will be a treasured heirloom some day. No lead, so the fortunate recipient may drink milk from it safely. $5.50.

2. Some child would adore this Tudric Pewter Porringer from Liberty's of London. It contains no lead! $5.00.

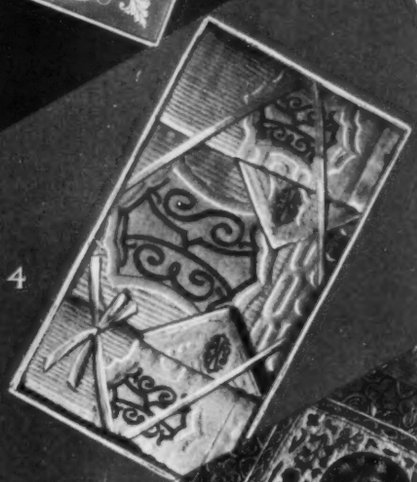
3. Irish Damask Linen Set in shades of green, gold, helio or pink. Cloth and 6 Napkins. $10.00 a set.

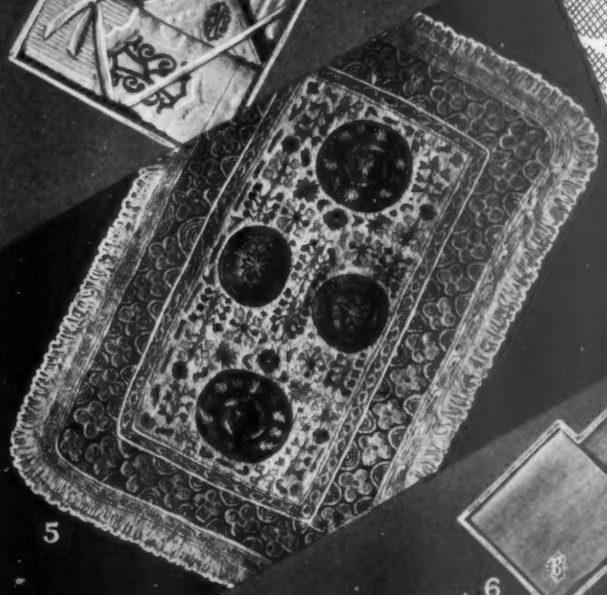
4. A Bath Set—just the thing for the person who has everything! Two towels, two wash cloths and mat in white monogrammed in blue, rose, green, gold or helio. Please print initials in regular order. $10.00 complete.

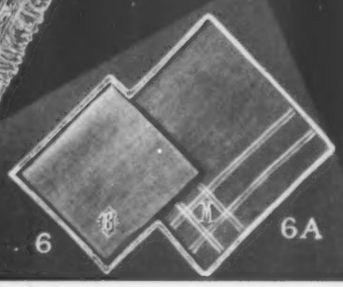
5. A Kashmir Rug from India for some friend's home or your own! Hand-embroidered designs on cream, black or camel grounds, 4 x 6 feet. $18.50.

6. To give a woman, a hand-embroidered initial Handkerchief. $1.00 each. 6-A. Some man would welcome a supply of pure linen Handkerchiefs with his initial. Hand-rolled hems. $12.00 a dozen.

7. The girl or woman who receives this Leather Jacket will gaily skate, ski or brave a Winter's storm. Red, brown or green, lined with plaid woolen. $25.00.







RETAIL AGENTS IN NEW YORK FOR LIBERTY OF LONDON

Mallory Hats may be purchased in the shops listed below.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
Caheen Bros.
LITTLE ROCK, ARK.
Gus Blass Co.
CARMEL, CAL.
The Cinderella Shop
HOLLYWOOD, CAL.
Robertson & Company
LOS ANGELES, CAL.
J. W. Robinson
Coulter Dry Goods Co.
The May Co.
OAKLAND, CAL.
B. F. Schlesinger
PASADENA, CAL.
Jordan's
Howarter
SAN DIEGO, CAL.
Lyons Clothing Co.
SANTA BARBARA, CAL.
Trenwith's, Inc.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
The City of Paris
COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.
T. C. Kirkwood
DENVER, COL.
A. T. Lewis and Son
Daniels and Fisher
Neusteters
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
Olga Woodhull, Inc.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Mainster Muhlfelder
STAMFORD, CONN.
Deboras Hat Shoppe
WATERBURY, CONN.
Sugenheimer Bros.
HARTFORD, CONN.
G. Fox & Co.
NEW BRITAIN, CONN.
Parker and Parker
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.
Cohen Bros.
ATLANTA, GA.
Rich's, Inc.
ALBANY, GA.
Rosenberg Bros.
DECATUR, ILL.
The Stewart Dry Goods Co.
HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.
Mabel Ann Ernst
EVANSTON, ILL.
The Lillian Shop
GENEVA, ILL.
Miss E. Alexander
JOLIET, ILL.
L. F. Beach Co.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
Rinks
TERRE HAUTE, IND.
Brettell Hat Shoppe
DES MOINES, IOWA
L. Oransky & Son
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
Maison Maurice
CAMDEN, ME.
Miss Josephine Wentworth
HOULTON, ME.
E. E. Davis
PORTLAND, ME.
Eastman Bros. & Bancroft
BIDDEFORD, ME.
M. B. Marcille
BOSTON, MASS.
Jordan Marsh Co.
FITCHBURG, MASS.
N. M. Sheridan
NEW BEDFORD, MASS.
O'Neill's
PITTSFIELD, MASS.
The Grey Shoppe
QUINCY, MASS.
D. F. Wadsworth Co.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
Albert Steiger, Inc.
WORCESTER, MASS.
J. C. MacInnes
SALISBURY, MD.
Leeds & Tilley
BALTIMORE, MD.
Bertha Shoppe
DETROIT, MICH.
Kline's
FLINT, MICH.
Herbert N. Bush Inc.
KALAMAZOO, MICH.
M. J. Blossom
SAGINAW, MICH.
Catherine Hickey
MERIDIAN, MISS.
Marks, Rothenberg Co.
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.
Famous & Barr Co.
Klines
OMAHA, NEB.
Herzberg's Inc.
NASHUA, N. H.
Gaby's Exclusive Shop
CONCORD, N. H.
M. Louise LeClair
MANCHESTER, N. H.
M. Louise LeClair
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
M. E. Blatt Co. Boardwalk
AMSTERDAM, N. Y.
Van Horne & Canfield
BUFFALO, N. Y.
Meng Shafer & Held Co.
LARCHMONT, N. Y.
Helen Drew
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
McCurdy Co.
SARANAC LAKE, N. Y.
Katherine Hoctor
SYRACUSE, N. Y.
Dey Bros. & Co.
SCHENECTADY, N. Y.
Cohen Bros.
N. Y. C., N. Y.
Franklin Simon (Riding Hats)
FIFTH AVE... Y. C., N. Y.
Emily Sh...
SAYVILLE, ...
Anns M...
HEMPSTEAD, N. Y.
Constance ...hop
GT. NECK, N. Y.
Florence P...s
EAST HAMP...N, N. Y.
Kip Hat ...
ASHEVILLE, ... C.
Bon Ma...
DURHAM, N. C.
E. C. Piper
WILSON, N. C.
Paris ... Shoppe
LEXINGTON, N. C.
Fred T... ...pson Co.
CINCINNATI, OHIO
The M... ...n Co.
CLEVELAND, OHIO
R. H. C... ...ey & Co.
COLUMBUS, OHIO
F. &. R. Lazarus
ZANESVILLE, OHIO
Verna Lenz
MT. VERNON, OHIO
The J. S. Ringwalt Co.
PORTLAND, OREGON
Oldswortman & King
HARRISBURG, PENN.
Bowmans
NEWCASTLE, PENN.
Claire Brown Shop
PITTSBURGH, PENN.
Meyer Jonasson Co.
ALTOONA, PENN.
Meyer Jonasson Co.
SCRANTON, PENN.
Mildred and Hattie Green Shop
WILKES-BARRE, PENN.
Pomeroy's
HAZELTON, PENN.
Nightingale Hat Shop
LITTLETON, PENN.
The Little Hat Shop
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
Shepherd Store
COLUMBIA, S. C.
Mrs. F. A. Baker
CHARLESTON, S. C.
S. C. Snelgrove
SPARTANBURG, S. C.
August W. Smith Co.
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.
Robert Schwartz Co.
KNOXVILLE, TENN.
Anderson, Dulin, Varhell Co.
MEMPHIS, TENN.
J. Goldsmith Sons
NASHVILLE, TENN.
Lebeck Bros.
DALLAS, TEX.
A. Harris Co.
FT. WORTH, TEX.
W. C. Stripling
HOUSTON, TEX.
Ladins
SAN ANTONIO, TEX.
Joske Bros.
WACO, TEX.
Goldstein-Migel Co.
RICHMOND, VA.
Thalheimer Bros.
LYNCHBURG, VA.
Guggenheimers
SEATTLE, WASH.
MacDougall & Southwick
SPOKANE, WASH.
Culbertson's
TACOMA, WASH.
Rhodes Bros.
BLUEFIELD, W. VA.
Thornton Laird Co.
CHARLESTON, W. VA.
Coyle & Richardson
OSHKOSH, WIS.
Henderson Hoyt Co.
GREEN BAY, WIS.
Hennessy Hat Shop
MARINETTE, WIS.
Laurmane Bros. Co.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
The Boston Store

A LINE that is dashing, an ornament that is brilliant, and a soft fur felt, make this Mallory creation a thing of fashion.

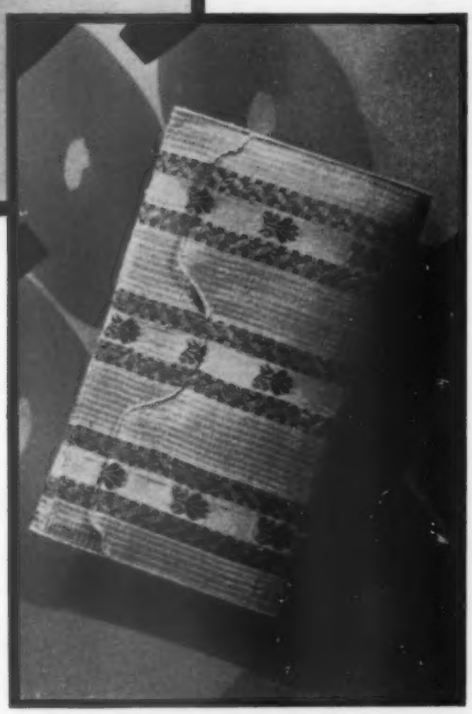
The shops listed alongside are selling smart Mallory hats to smart women. Prices begin at $12.

MALLORY

Hats of Quality since 1823

392 FIFTH AVENUE ~ NEW YORK

ULTRA-SMART CHRISTMAS GIFTS



JAY-THORPE FRENCH BAGS

Top—An antelope-suede bag is fitted with a cigarette lighter to match and closed by a prong that hooks through a ring. In black or brown.

Centre—A square antelope-suede bag for important afternoon wear has a jewelled marcasite frame and clasp. In black or brown.

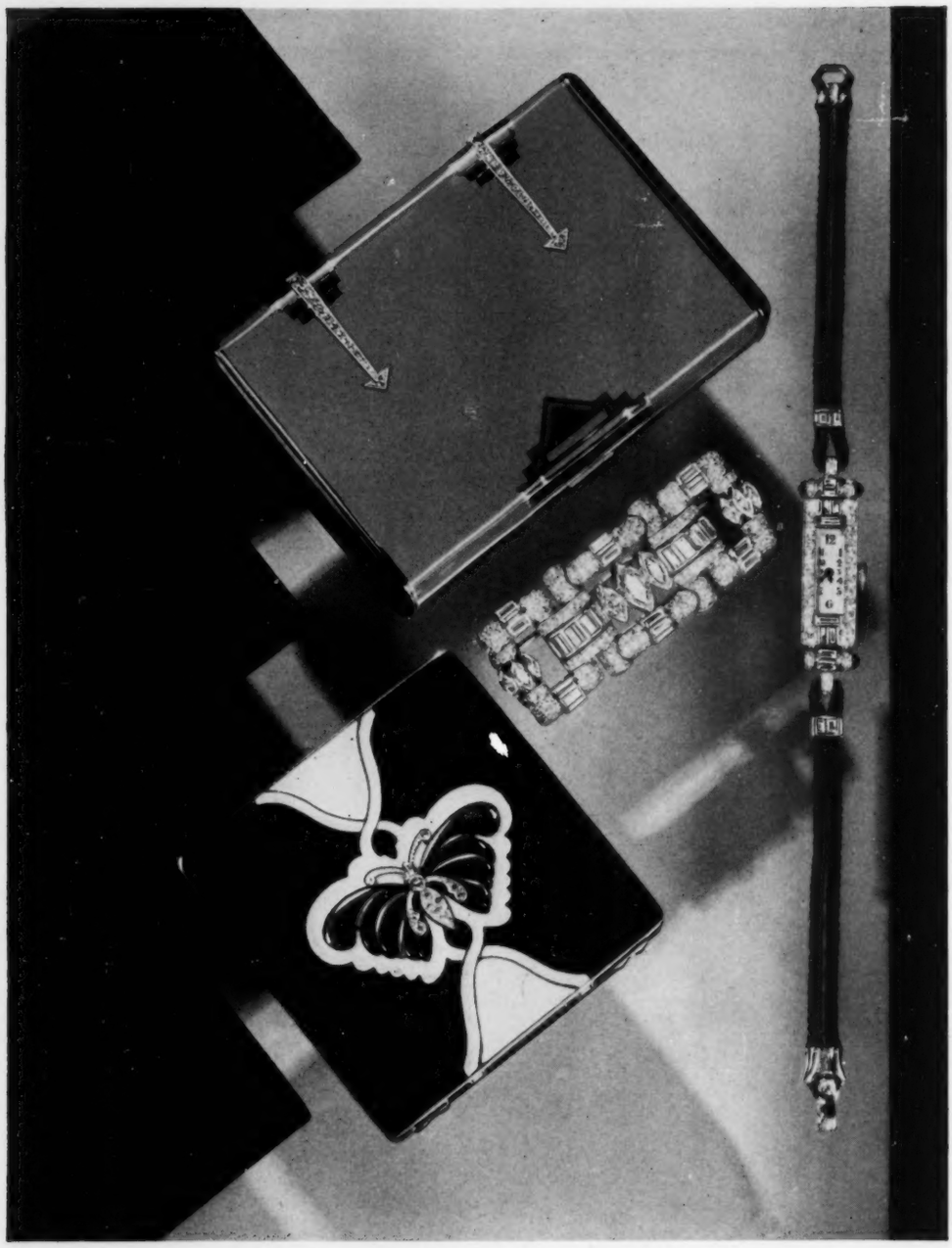
Lower left—A bag that has a marcasite frame is combined with square-cut stones in colors. Black, brown or red antelope-suede.

Right—13th Century Persian brocade, in the rich yet subdued colors of the past, makes this exquisite envelope evening-bag.

35.00

Jay-Thorpe

24 WEST 57th STREET, NEW YORK



● extremely modern and unique is this combination cigarette and vanity case...of French blue enamel with jade green, red and yale blue trimming...its platinum hinges are set with diamonds $800

● the new French pavé diamond and platinum brooch is a gorgeous creation . . . a masterpiece of marquise, baguette and round diamond composition $4150

● dainty and sophisticated is a platinum wrist watch, beautifully set with diamonds and emeralds... the cord is black silk . . . $1600

● a butterfly of imperial jade with body of rose diamonds forms the centerpiece of this stunning black and white enamel vanity case . $475

A GIFT *from* BRAND-CHATILLON

is a gift that does honor to the proudest

and loveliest in the land

THE
BRAND-CHATILLON
CORPORATION

Savoy-Plaza

775 FIFTH AVENUE
. . . NEW YORK . . .

GABOR EDER

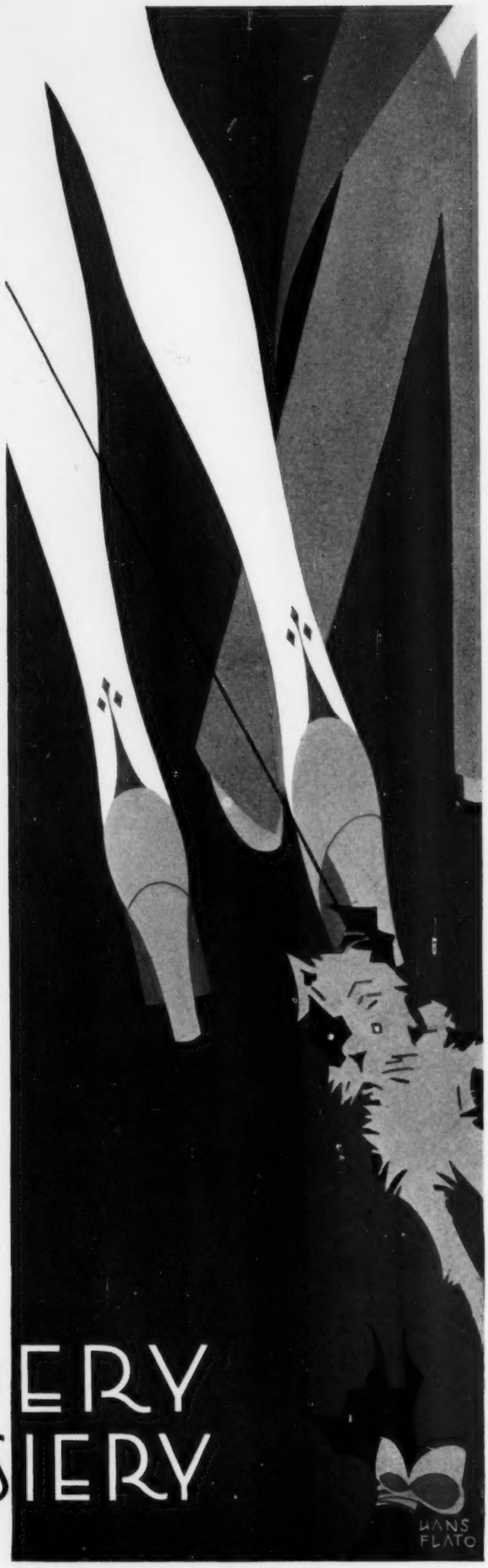
MISS MARSHA KEY ALLEN

daughter of Mr. Edward Mortimer Allen
of 417 Park Avenue, New York

—popular debutante of last season, is shown wearing one of the new informal dinner gowns which have such enormous chic. The dress, an original creation of Sally Milgrim, is of black "fish-net" lace, with circular flare at the moulded hip line and the same treatment repeated as a garniture for the long sleeves. Milgrim's new presentations of gowns, wraps and suits are now being shown at the Milgrim Salons in Chicago, Cleveland, and at Six West Fifty-Seventh Street, New York.

MILGRIM

At the Beginning of the Winter Resort Season we will open our New Shop, 738 Lincoln Road, Miami Beach



FINERY HOSIERY

SMART HOSIERY TAKES TO ITS HEELS!

Fashion flees in horror from monotony or bad taste, and finds sanctuary in Finery's Triple-tipt Heel.

This fresh style cleverly tops a graceful point with a triple diadem of diamond-shapes... an effect distinguished, but not obtrusive! And just $1.95...surprisingly little for an all-silk chiffon of such sheer loveliness!

The shops listed below, and hundreds of others through the country, will gladly show you Triple-tipt Heels and many other FRESH Finery fashions. FRESH in silk, as well as the latest shades, because of weekly shipments which keep the stores' assortments fresh and up-to-the-minute! If you don't know where to see Finery Hosiery... may we direct you? Address the FINERY DIVISION of the INTERSTATE HOSIERY MILLS, Inc., 232 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

This trade mark identifies stocking style

Finery Lightning Clox. Smart and striking. $1.95

Finery Shadow Clox. A fresh conception. $1.95

A Few of the Shops that Feature Finery

Atlanta: Keely Co.
Baltimore: Schleisner Co.
Chicago: The Fair
Cincinnati: Denton-Jonap Co.
Canton, Ohio: Lefkovits
Cleveland: Yours Truly Shop
Des Moines: Wolf's, Inc.
Detroit: Demery & Co.
Grand Rapids: Charles Trankla & Co.
Jacksonville: Cohen Bros.
Kansas City, Mo.: The Luce Shop
Miami: Miami Exclusive Hosiery Shop
Newark: Hahne & Co.
Omaha: The Silk Shop
Pittsburgh: Meyer Jonasson Co.
Rochester: The Mally Co.
St. Paul: The Macey Co., Inc.
Springfield, Mass.: Meekins, Packard & Wheat
St. Louis: Finery Shop
Toledo: The La Salle & Koch Co.
Trenton: J. B. Wilson Co.

Line . . . . . is the most important element in your hat . . . . . and Dunlap is the most important specialist in Line

THE *Line* THAT DOES THREE THINGS *at once*

....REVEALS THE EYES
....TIGHTLY FITS THE NAPE OF THE NECK
....GIVES THE BECOMING WIDTH OF A BRIMMED HAT

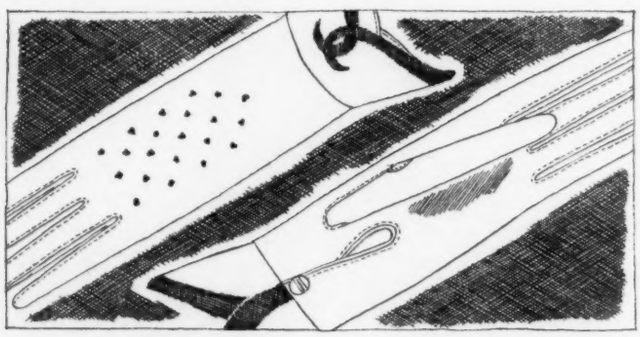
LA PLAGE, just emerging from its crackling tissue wrapping in smart shops throughout the country, is an advance hint of Spring. Of felt, in the lighter shades that go South in winter, with rollicking inserts of contrasting grosgrain, $18.50. Other Dunlaps, $12.50 and up. Catalog of Dunlap Riding Hats for Women sent on request. Executive Offices: Dunlap & Co., 711 Fifth Ave., New York

Adroitly used, as Dunlap has traced the line in La Plage, it prophesies with sure precision the three most important fashion trends of Spring. Graceful, crisply smart, it has the feminine graciousness of the new mode as Palm Beach will wear it. It does kind things to one's profile. It frames the face divinely well. It enhances the charm of one's eyes. Nothing less than Dunlap genius could put so much flattery into the sweep of a single clear line.

DUNLAP *Hats*

JANE REGNY'S CLEVER SCISSORS FASHIONED THESE FOWNES GLOVES

IN THE REGNY GLOVES you will recognize at once a smartness that only an artist could give, combined with an excellence of quality that only Fownes could assure. . . . Jane Regny, the Parisian couturiere whose fascinating little tweed frocks were so sensationally successful at the August openings, has put into these gloves all her flair for knowing what the American woman will approve. For in America her following is quite as great as in Paris, and her most delightful things immediately find their way to this side of the Atlantic. And Fownes has added to her designs workmanship worthy of a house which began by making gloves for royalty 150 years ago. . . . Note the clever seaming of the glove illustrated. It is carefully shaped to the wrist in order to eliminate the customary darts on the back of the palm. This makes possible the unusual decoration of French knots, in exactly the shade of the incrustation on the cuff. The cuff, with its tiny flare and its graceful spiral motif, is another reflection of Mme. Regny's artistry. An appropriate glove for street or afternoon wear. In three autumn shades. Fownes Bros. & Co., Inc., 354 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Also Paris and London.



FOWNES

Miss Elsie Ferguson in an Ermine Coat with Russian Sable collar—copy of Paquin model by Gunther . . .

Portrait by Porter Woodruff

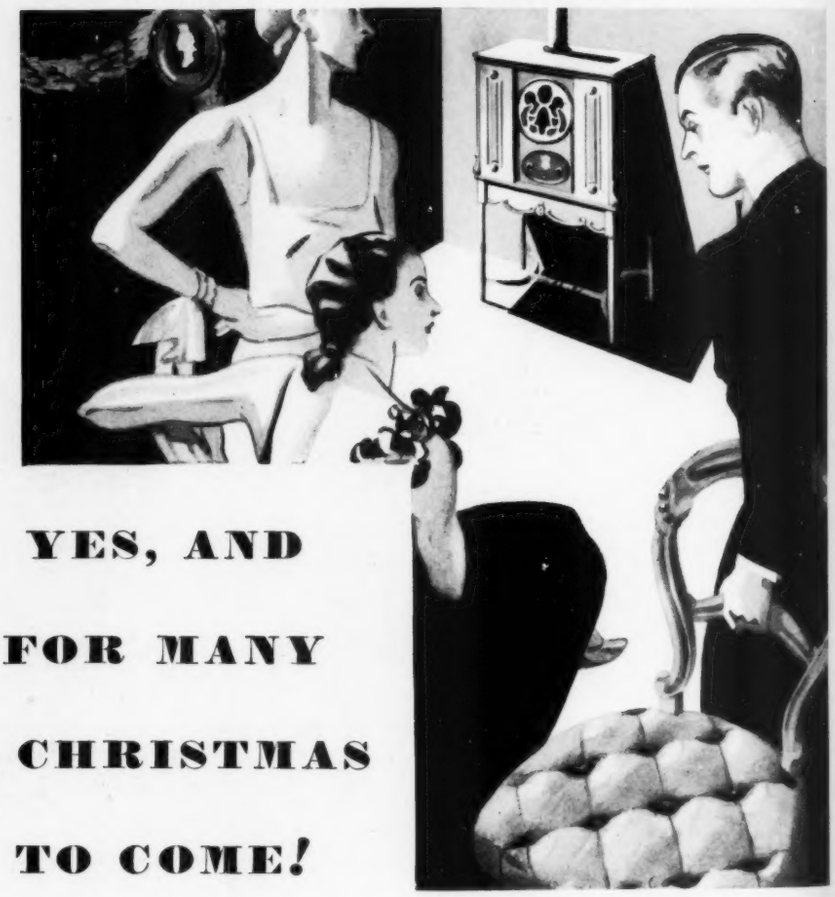
Furs by
GUNTHER
666 Fifth Avenue
between 52nd and 53rd Sts.
NEW YORK

ATWATER KENT RADIO

SCREEN-GRID

TRUE voices—the truth of music and of human speech! Power that hurdles horizons—fetches entertainment from the blue distance! Two—three—four—five years from now, you'll still be saying proudly, "Listen to *that!* It's the Atwater Kent that came to us at Christmas in 1929!"

What could possibly mean more to the whole family—or to a lonely friend? Imagine the enduring pleasure of the gift that goes on and on, pouring forth its music, giving companionship through the years! Order an Atwater Kent *now*—for this Christmas and many another!



YES, AND FOR MANY A CHRISTMAS TO COME!

JUST a radio will never do. Only an Atwater Kent can give you Atwater Kent tone—with the vastly more powerful Screen-Grid tubes used as Atwater Kent uses them.

Go to an Atwater Kent dealer's today and select the cabinet. You are not restricted to one or two. Choose your radio furniture as you choose other beautiful things for your home. In any cabinet, you get Atwater Kent Screen-Grid performance—and that *never* varies!

ON THE AIR—Atwater Kent Radio Hour, Sunday Evenings, 9:15 (Eastern Time), WEAF network of N. B. C. Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program, Thursday Evenings, 10:00 (Eastern Time), WJZ network of N. B. C.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY • *A. Atwater Kent, President* • 4746 WISSAHICKON AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HOSTESS GOWN—"THE SERPENT"—FROM SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

"LA LOIE"

SILVEL

THE DURABLE TRANSPARENT VELVET

Nothing so well reflects the luxury of leisurely hours as a trailing hostess gown of "LA LOIE" Silvel, the DURABLE transparent velvet. Its so-very-flattering, soft, sheer fluency is due to the fact that it's made with an *all-silk georgette back.*

"LA LOIE" Silvel is featured in THE VELVET REVUE, now being produced with such sensational success in Loew, Stanley and Paramount Theatres throughout the country.

The Shelton Looms

ONE PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Photo by Mitchell

GILDA GRAY

A FUR COAT *by* SHAYNE

There is a special pleasure in giving or owning a thing of such intrinsic worth that no "sale" or other doubtful inducement is ever necessary to effect its purchase. Diamonds, bonds, fine motors and furs by Shayne, for example.

C. C. SHAYNE & CO.

STRICTLY RELIABLE FURS

126 WEST 42ND STREET - NEW YORK

ESTABLISHED 1865 STILL UNDER SAME OWNERSHIP

NEW YORK

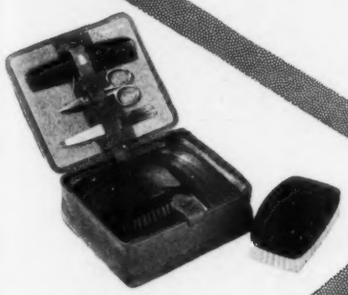
BOSTON

ESTABLISHED 1849
MARK CROSS
FACTORIES WALSALL : WESTBURY
ENGLAND

Christmas Gifts that Last!

Everything we make is up to the "Mark" Value and excellence is retained—just as true friendship lasts through time and remains unimpaired.

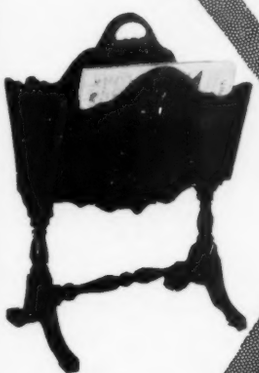
Mark Cross



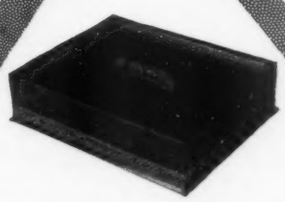
Brush set, compactly fitted with black or natural ebony articles. Black or tan hide, $12.00. Tan pigskin, $13.50.

Envelope purse of tan, brown or black calfskin with medallion mounting. Handle on back and two framed compartments, also mirror $6.50.

Travelling clock with 8 day plain dial Waltham Watch. Black or colored pin morocco case $25.00' With 8 day radium dial watch, $29.50

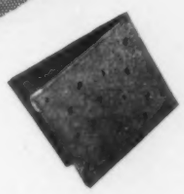


Magazine rack of green decorated or old maple decorated lacquer finish. $8.50.

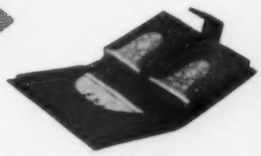


Letter tray of Florentine leather, gold tooled and mounted on paper weight cover covered with white jade. $37.00.

Luggage ensemble for the woman traveller. Black or tan levant hide. Hat box only, 16 and 18 inch $22.00—$23.00. Suit case only, 22, 24 inch, $20.00—$21.00.



Bill fold, for the new currency. Two 14 kt. gold corners. Black pin seal $6.50. Tan pigskin $7.00. Tan ostrich $7.50.



Bridge case, folds compactly and is complete with cards, score pads and pencils. Grained leather in attractive colors. $6.00.

A man's fitted travelling bag, secret compartment one side, containing toilet fittings, Gillette razor and flask. Tan or black broncho hide, 18, 20 inch $55.00-$57.00.

Glove gift box for women, contains three pairs — slip-on washable kidskin and suede, also fancy capeskin. In gift box, $12.05.

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Fitted motor case of boar grained hide in black and colors with shell on amber fittings. 12 inch. $25.00.

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I find the new Gaytees extremely smart, both in style and finish. And their colors are so varied, that there is actually a shade to harmonize with every one of my new ensembles.

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Chantal is a great favorite with Americans because she has always favored youthful lines. "The feature of all her collections," says an important fashion writer, "is distinction and an admirable sense of color."

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These new tweed Gaytees have a smart strap cuff. They are cut to fit perfectly. And they come in the newest costume shades approved by Paris for this Fall and Winter.

These new Gaytees of gossamer rubber come either in button or KWIK-fastener style. They are light and comfortable, yet they afford wonderful protection against showers.

Last summer Gaytees had a fashion show of their own—in Paris!

On the Champs Elysees and the Place Vendome and the Rue de la Paix, the new 1930 Gaytees—the same styles you will find in your own shoe store—were set before the great Paris dressmakers. And what a welcome these smart new Gaytees received! As far as we can discover, no American fashion accessory *ever* met with such enthusiasm in Paris!

These dressmakers, always quick to adopt a really clever idea, said, "we must create Fall and Winter ensemble costumes with these new Gaytees."

And they did! More than that, these "Gaytees ensembles" were worn by mannequins and shown at some of the most important Paris August openings!

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Of course, you'll want to plan one or more Gaytees ensembles. So, do as Paris does. Choose your Gaytees to harmonize with your costumes *just* as you choose your gloves and handbags and hats.

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● The coming of this new means of transportation not only changed the industrial life of the nation, but helped to change the private lives of every one for all the generations to come.

It leveled hills, extended horizons, created new opportunities, furnished the means to earn more money and to enjoy the leisure which that increased income should bring.

In creating and building a small, strong, simple automobile at a low price, and in using it, man became accustomed to thinking of machinery as a servant. He made power work for him.

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The benefits resulting from the introduction of the low-priced automobile have done more than perhaps any other single thing to increase the standards of living and to make this a truly united country.

All the people are blended together by the flexibility and swiftness of automobile transportation. The prairie farmer, the industrial worker, and the city business man are governed by similar impulses, similar tastes, similar demands upon highly specialized machinery to serve them.

● This civilization can show no greater example of disciplined machinery than in the operation of the Ford Industries. The great miracle is not the car, but the machines that make the machine—the methods that make it possible to build such a fine car, in large numbers, at a low price. Craftsmanship has been put into mass production. Millions and millions of parts are made—each one so accurate and so exactly like the other that they fit perfectly to the thousandth of an inch when brought together for assembly into complete units.

Men by the thousands and the hundred thousand are employed at the Rouge plant alone and there are hundreds of acres of plant equipment. Yet the purpose today is wholly the same as when the equipment of the Ford organization was housed in a single small building.

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● That idea is not merely to make automobiles—not merely to create so much additional machinery and so many millions of additional horse-power—but to make this a better world in which to live through providing economical transportation for all the people.

For that purpose the first Model T was made twenty-one years ago. For that purpose the new Ford is made today. In 1929, as in 1908, it is again helping to reshape the frontiers and the future of the country and to further extend the limits of man's opportunity.

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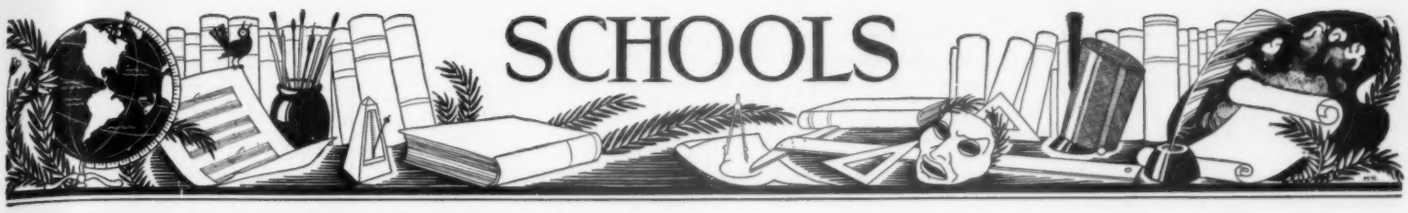

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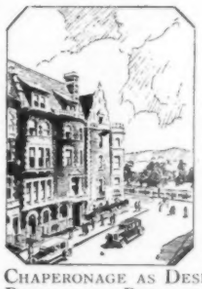

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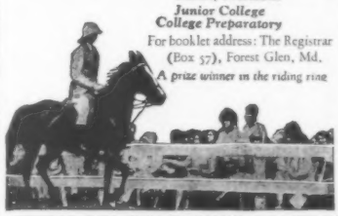

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—FROM A SUBSCRIBER'S LETTER

This letter, from a Harper's Bazaar subscriber in the Middle West, once again illustrates the type of service which our Educational Department is rendering not only its readers, but the schools.

For the past fourteen years the sole purpose of the Harper's Bazaar Educational Department has been to fit the school to the pupil, rather than fit the pupil to the school. To this end our representatives have personally visited the leading educational institutions throughout the country from Canada to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We have gathered intimate but accurate information about these schools which would be humanly impossible for you to gain if you set out to get it yourself. All this information we have at our finger tips. The very problem which is bothering you today is perhaps one we settled yesterday for another reader. Won't you let us help you now?

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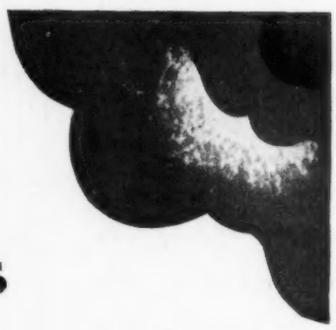

Couture
Déshabillés
Gaînes

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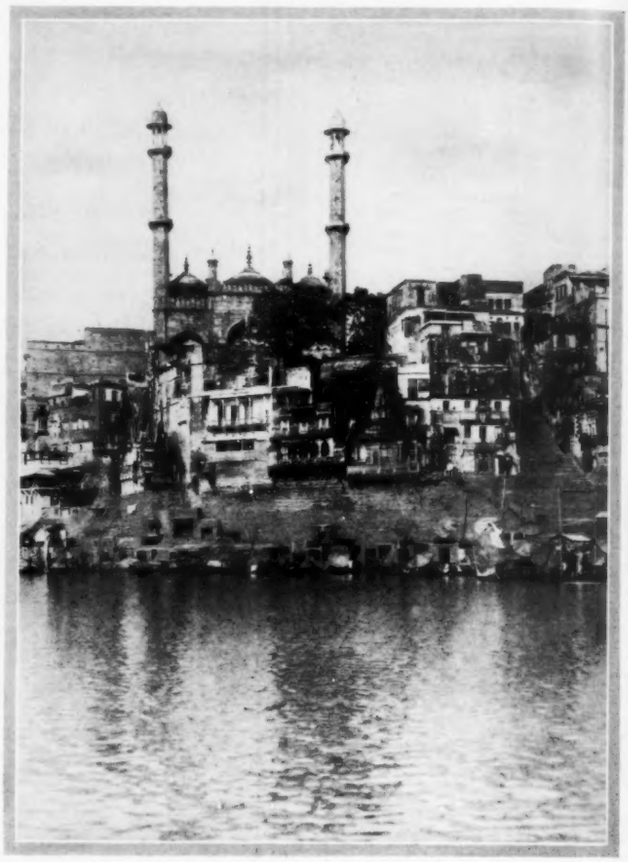
WELLY

Pub. Wallace Paris

130, BD HAUSSMANN
PARIS



Courtesy Indian State Railways

Advice to the Sahib . . .

Travel with the pomp of a Rajah and the freedom of a vagabond. Have a *bearer* who treats you like a god and an *ayah* who feels sure you are a Duchess. Spend the time in India that it deserves. . .To poke your nose in at Bombay and not extricate your reluctant feet from Madura is a waste of time, a beastly shame, and an uncompleted experience. . . Who in the name of the Tooth of Buddha wants to hurry over Mount Abu, or Mamallapuram, or Buchanapalli or Chandragiri. . .? Where are these places, you ask? This is not the India we are used to!

Precisely. But this is where the Harper's Bazaar Travel Bureau sheds the light of its superior information. Everyone knows about Darjeeling and Madras. The Bureau nonchalantly presents Nuggehalli and Somnathpur. It will furthermore prove to you that traveling in India now is as simple as browsing through the familiar United States. . . It will inform you how a train house-party with your own private pullman bungalow is cheaper than taking a house for the summer. As for this information, it is as free as it is enlightening. Just drop in, write or telephone, and learn about India from us.

Harper's Bazaar Travel Bureau
572 Madison Avenue Wickersham 2800

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PAU - VICHY
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19, Av. Matignon
PARIS

GOUPY

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Manteaux
Lingeries

10, Rue de Castiglione
PARIS

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créations of
madame Kargère
sport suits
ensembles
in the latest
fabrics

For Southern Wear

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paris

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GLOVES

GLOVES STOCKINGS
KNITTED GOOD

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PRÈS LA RUE ROYALE
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in
Paris?

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Information Bureau

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corner of
rue Daunou
PARIS

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PARIS
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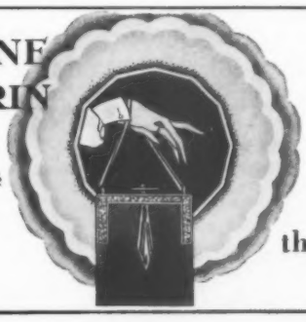


the smartest
handbags

Talking
about
Travel?

Consult
HARPER'S BAZAAR
Travel Bureau

at 572
Madison Avenue
corner of
56th Street
NEW YORK

To—

-complete the smart ensemble for stormy days the New Hood Raintogs are irresistibly fascinating

Hood Raintogs are made in several styles—sandals, oxfords and galoshes. Some are made with buckles and some with glove fasteners. Others have the new Talon fasteners.

Raintogs are washable. If soiled by mud or grease they can be quickly restored to their original appearance by simply washing with ordinary soap and water.

STYLES . . . this Season . . . have taken two important cues from the modern spirit. First, weather must not be allowed to interfere with plans. We'll dress for weather and go ahead. Second, protection against threatened storm requires no sacrifice of charm. Let the sun stay hidden. Ensembles must still be *chic*.

These new Hood Raintogs are an excellent example. Raintogs differ materially from other protective footwear. Patented by the Hood Rubber Company, they are sold only under the Hood trademark.

Raintogs are made of an attractive suede-finish material in a variety of present-moment shades that make color harmony a simple matter. Raintogs are light as a zephyr on your foot, fit perfectly and are absolutely waterproof. To try them on is to realize their delightful combination of utility and smart appearance.

Raintogs are made in all sizes and in various widths and heel heights which insure perfect fit for all types of modern shoes. You'll find these new waterproof, washable Raintogs at all the best shops.

HOOD RainTogs

Made only by HOOD RUBBER COMPANY, INC., *Watertown, Mass.*

© 1929 W.R.M.S.Co.

CHRISTMAS again . . . and all through the house gay tinkling laughter and the merry hum of happy voices . . . three generations once more united about the festive board where White Rock Water sparkles in tall goblets . . . and Christmas Night as the Yule log goes roaring up the chimney White Rock Pale Dry brings rare refreshment and new zest to the hallowed occasion. These days the wise hostess is especially careful to order extra cartons of these two distinctive favorites.

America's
Sparkling Water

White Rock
Bottled at the Springs, Waukesha, Wis.

Pale Dry
Ginger Ale

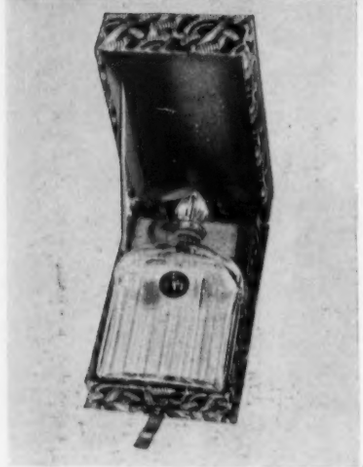
BY APPOINTMENT TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Christmas gifts of YARDLEY'S ENGLISH LAVENDER straight from London's Smartest World

GIFTS so utterly in the Bond Street manner that they bring the feel and fragrance of London's smartest world. . . . Gifts with a tradition for excellence established through eight generations of use by English nobility and gentry. . . . Gifts of soap and powders and perfumes that protect flawless English complexions which are today the envy of the feminine world.

Yardley gifts are the wholly becoming remembrance for gentlefolk to send at Christmas time. Whether you would select a small gift or a more elaborate one, you will find it among these Yardley suggestions. There are luxurious sets for women that contain the delicate face powder—soothing bath salts—fragrant Blossoms for the linen chest—famous Lavender and the soap favored by social England.

The set for the man may contain the convenient shaving bowl, talcum and a bottle of the refreshing lavender lotion for use after shaving. The prices vary from $1.25 to $12. for the sets. Single articles cost from 75c to $12. Your favorite store will have them. Yardley, 8 New Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, New York City. Also Toronto and Paris.



ABOVE, *a generous bottle of Yardley's Old English Lavender. Its fragrance seems to hold the delightful freshness of an English morning. The price is $5.*

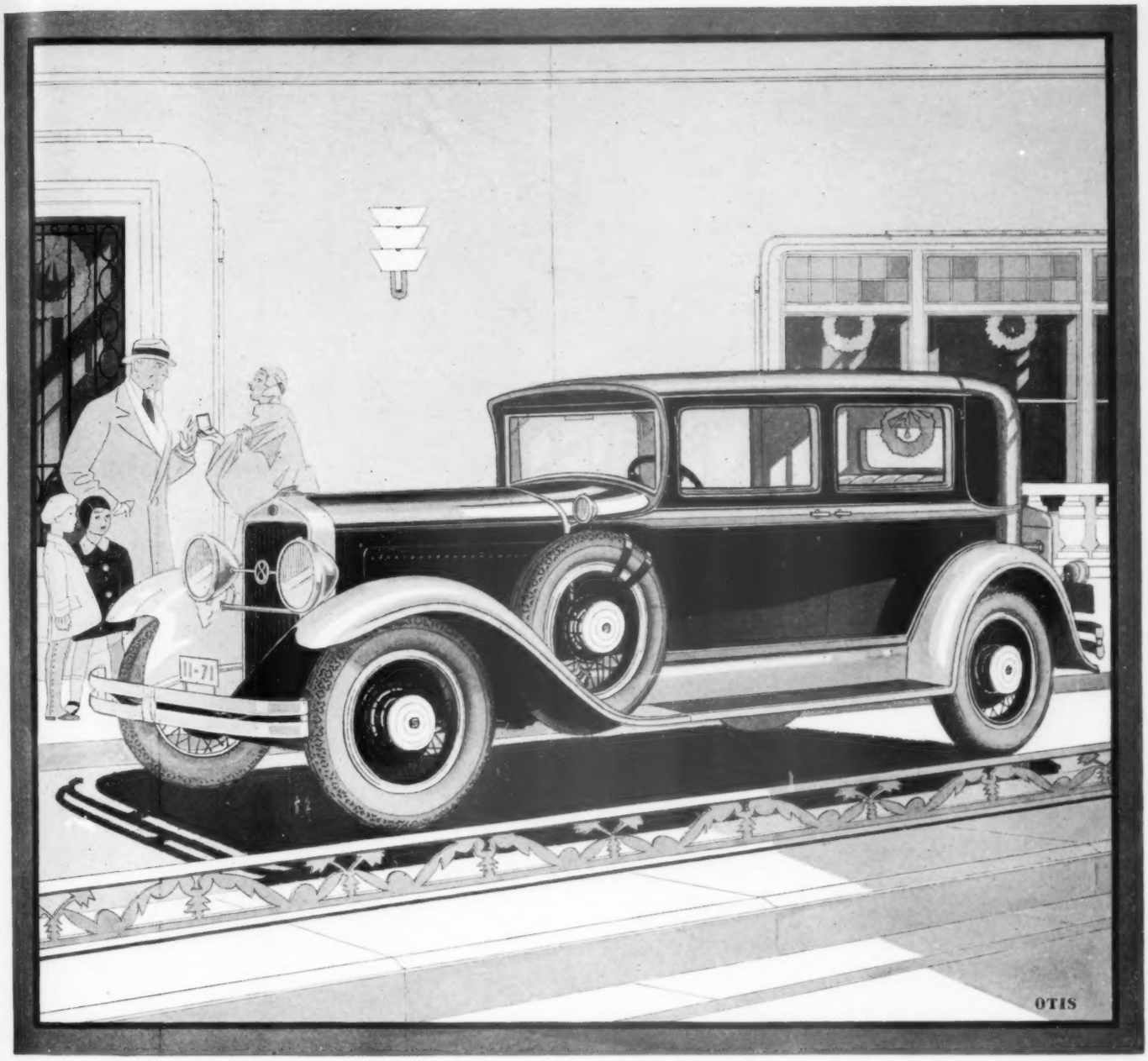
ABOVE, *the refreshing "Salts and Soap" set. It contains a large bottle of Bath Salts Crystals and one cake of Soap. The price is $1.50.*

BELOW, *"The Gentleman's Package," a fine gift for men. It contains one bowl of Shaving Soap, one bottle of Shaving Lotion and a tin of Talcum Powder. The price is $3.25.*

BELOW, *a set for women which contains Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap, Face Powder, Lavender, Compressed Sachet Blossoms and Talcum Powder. The price is $6.50.*

ABOVE, *The Compendium Set, containing the complete Lavender series, Cold Cream, Toilet Soap, Face Cream, Lavender, Shampoo Powder, Talcum Powder, Smelling Salts, Compressed Sachet Blossoms, Face Powder, Bath Salts and Compact. The price is $12.*

Yardley's English Lavender



Studebaker Commander Eight Brougham. Six wire wheels and trunk standard equipment, $1695 at the factory.

This Christmas . . . give her the Keys to Happiness. Each year this gracious Christmas custom grows in favor . . . the presentation of the Keys to Happiness to one well beloved. An attractive gift case holds the shining keys for one of Studebaker's smart new motor cars—an Eight by the Builder of Champions! When everyone is turning to the responsive, flexible power, the satin-smoothness—and the *distinction*—of the Eight, this glorious gift of her very own car becomes more precious. For women are alert to the motor car trend—they know that the world's finest cars are Eights! And you know her car will be worth more a year from now if it *is* an Eight—particularly an Eight by Studebaker, world's largest builder of Eights, with 77 years of manufacturing integrity as a background.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

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THE GIFT FLOOR

There's a new distinction attached to a gift this Christmas, if it comes from the brilliant gift floor Eugene Schoen designed for Stewart.

Seven individual gift shops, circle a rotunda . . . seven shops replete with gifts selected with the same exquisite taste that marks the architecture, the interiors, the fashions!

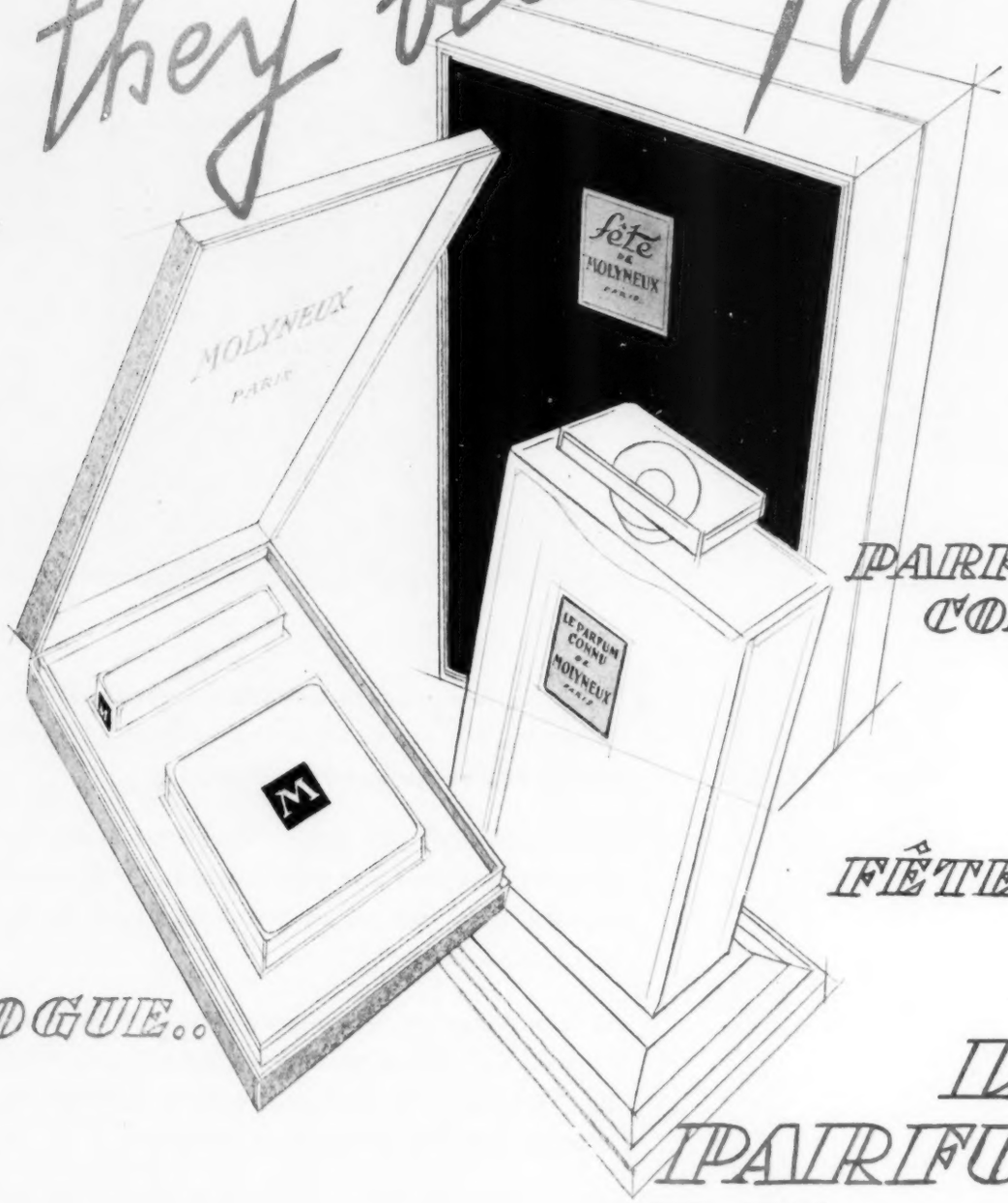
For a whole year, Stewart searched out the rare, the precious, visiting little corners tucked away in the Old World, as well as famous bazars, to make this collection the most complete in America.

Rare objets d'art, for those who appreciate the exquisite. Gifts executed by craftsmen whose families have made pieces like these for generations. A gift shop based on the theory, that if an object is beautiful . . in good taste . . it belongs!

STEWART

FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY SIXTH ST.

they beautify



PARFUM CONNU...

FÊTE....

VOGUE..

LES PARFUMS DE

MOLYNEUX

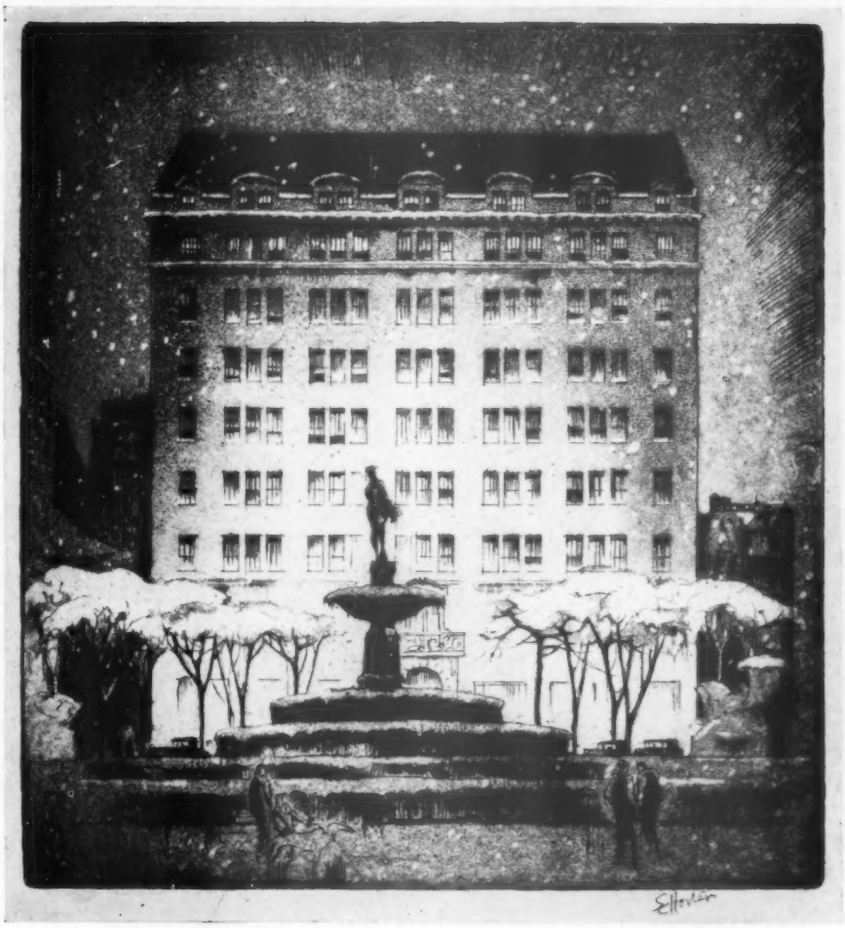
PARIS

41 WEST 57 TH STREET NEW YORK CITY

☆

CHRISTMAS

ON THE PLAZA



WHEREIN

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING BECOMES DIFFERENT

Shopping at Bergdorf Goodman's for distinctive little feminine bibelots is a twofold satisfaction. Your gifts will have an air all their own, and in the exhilaration which exists exclusively on the Plaza, buying them is, itself, a smart thing to do.

Cut crystal modernistic toilet sets, $80 . . . Revolving cigarette containers in velvet and jade, $16 . . . Velvet and brocade cigarette boxes with jade inlay, $16 . . . Velvet and brocade candy boxes with special metal lining, $18 . . . French telephone cover in velvet with jade inlay. Very smart, $30 . . . Viennese novelty book-ends. Something entirely new and chic, $120 . . . New crystal jewelry. Necklace, $35. Bracelets, $30. Ring, $12 . . . The new and attractive chain suede bag, $35 . . . Prince Matchabelli's Duchess of York perfume (lilac) in coroneted bottles, $10, $18, $35 . . . Day and night rouge compacts, as ingenious as they are useful, in black enamel, $3, $5 . . . Special silk chiffon stockings with clocks, $2.50 . . . Washable suede gloves, $3.95 up.

BERGDORF GOODMAN

NEW YORK

☆

KNAPP-FELT HATS FOR WOMEN

The Knapp-Felt ELOISE is a delightfully new off-the-face hat . . . with an unusual brimline of extreme gracefulness — Your correct headsize in the coloring preferred!

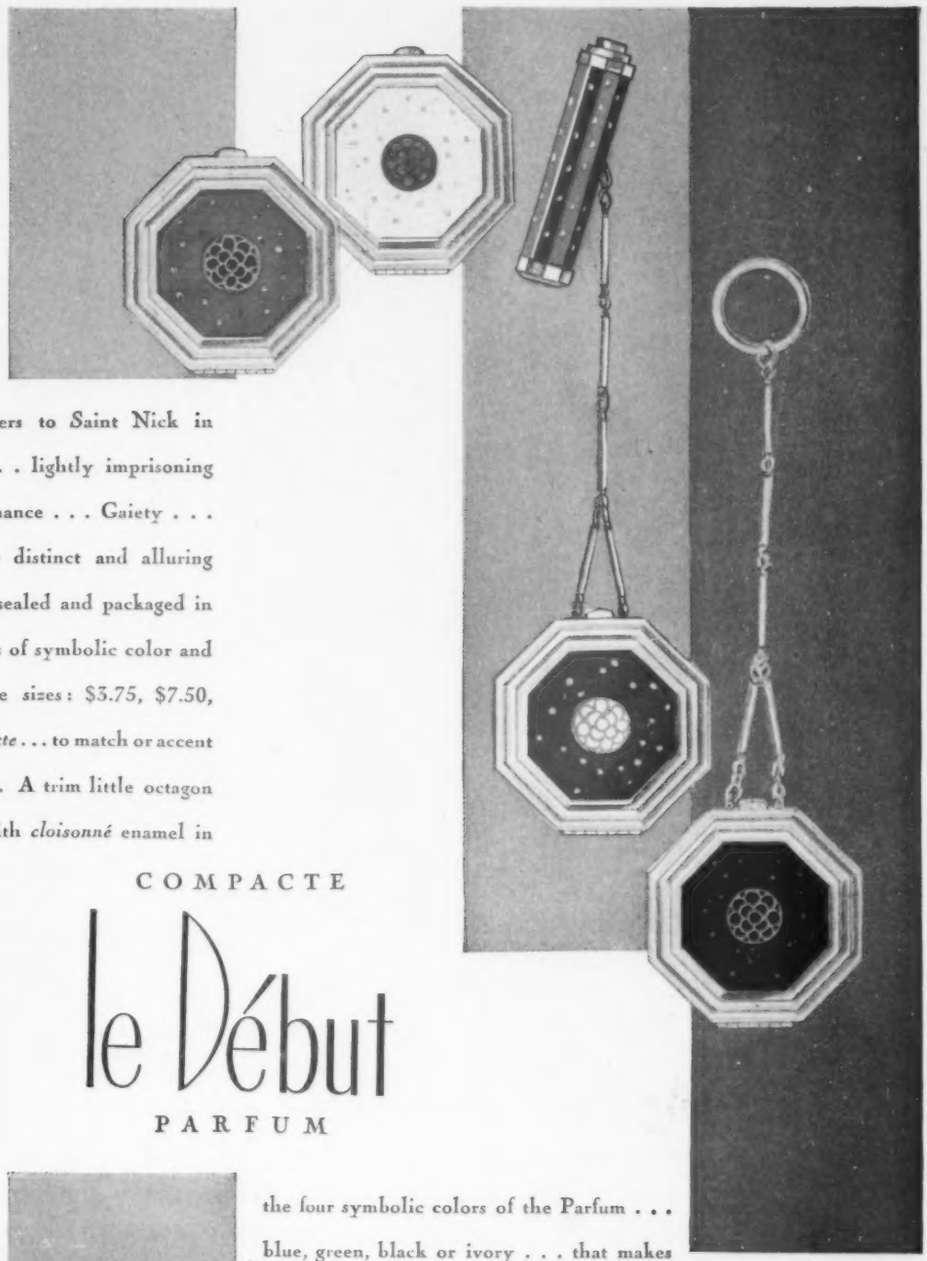
THE CROFUT AND KNAPP COMPANY • 1 WEST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK

Presented by Carter & Johnston, 22 East 49th Street, New York, and at the Smartest Shops in the Principal Cities

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON — POSED BY MARJORIE MULHALL

E+B

here are gifts she'd choose herself!

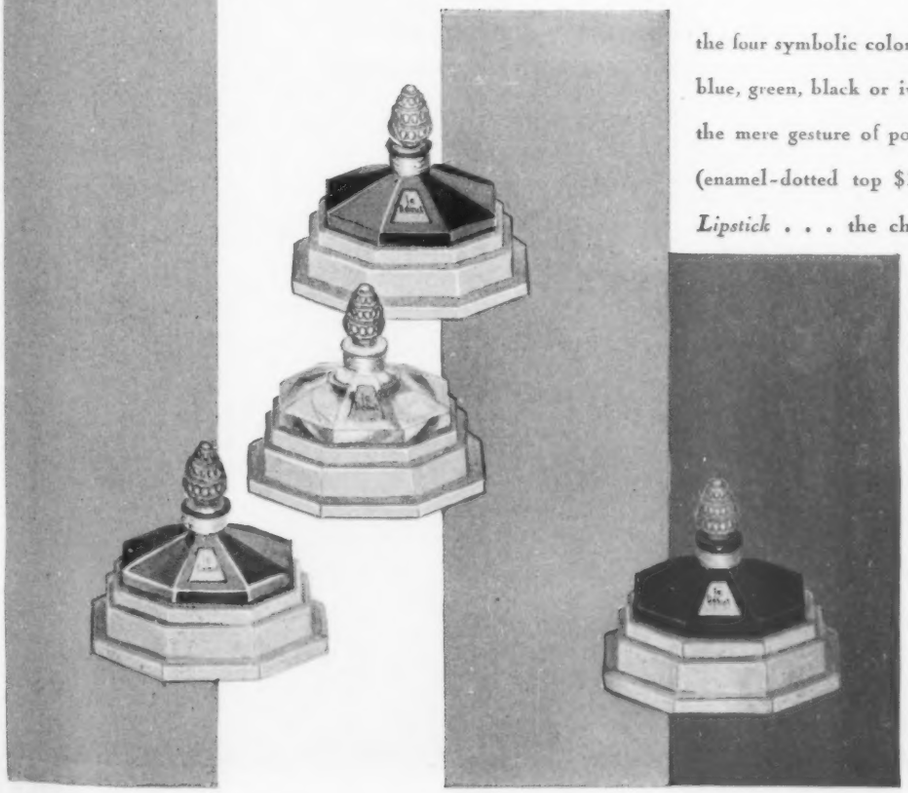


Trifles, you say? But *what* trifles! Trifles that so gracefully bespeak *your* imagination and *her* individuality. Trifles as surely of Paris as a couturier label in a gown. Trifles of such consequence to Her ensemble smartness that already she has breathed innumerable prayers to Saint Nick in hopes of them. : : : *A Parfum of Paris* . . . lightly imprisoning the spirit of a mood . . . Adventure . . . Romance . . . Gaiety . . . Sophistication. Four distinct and alluring *odeurs* . . . created, sealed and packaged in Paris . . . in flacons of symbolic color and happy design. Three sizes: $3.75, $7.50, $12.50. : : : *A Compacte* . . . to match or accent her loveliest costume. A trim little octagon affair . . . topped with *cloisonné* enamel in the four symbolic colors of the Parfum . . . blue, green, black or ivory . . . that makes the mere gesture of powdering a nose utterly fascinating. Price $5.00 (enamel-dotted top $2.50). Compacte with chain $7.50. : : : *A Lipstick* . . . the charming mate of the *Compacte* . . . in color harmony and design. Chatelaine (compacte and lipstick combined with chain) $10.00. Lipstick alone $2.50. : : : The name? Naturally, *le Début* . . . the accessories of the Modern Woman . . . found at Modern shops.

COMPACTE

le Début

PARFUM



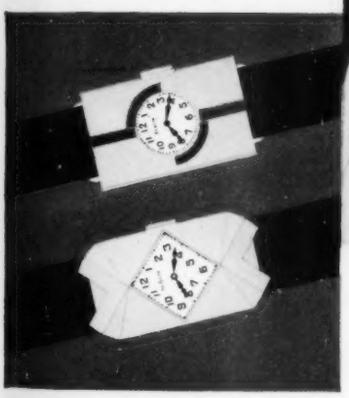
RICHARD HUDNUT

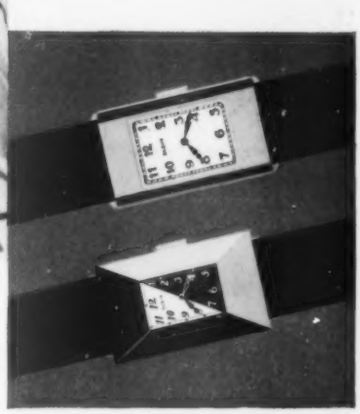
NEW YORK • • PARIS

MARMON

BIG EIGHT

Marmon now presents a new, big fine car. + + + over two years designing and proving out the chassis; a like period in finding here and abroad the exact last note in body architecture and fitments. + + + UNDER THE HOOD—125 H. P. straight-eight engine. + + + INSIDE—roominess and luxurious detail beyond any previous fine car conception. + + + pictures, specifications and prices on application. + + + Marmon Motor Car Company, Indianapolis





A portrait of Hope Livermore (Mrs. Arthur Richardson) especially painted by Floyd Davis. Lucien Lelong designed her evening frock of egg-shell white chiffon—and he also designed the exquisite Elgin Parisienne watch which gleams upon her wrist. It is one of a series of six.

HOPE · LIVERMORE

[MRS. ARTHUR RICHARDSON]

HER CLOTHES BY *LUCIEN LELONG* . . . HER WATCH BY *LUCIEN LELONG* . . . AND *ELGIN*

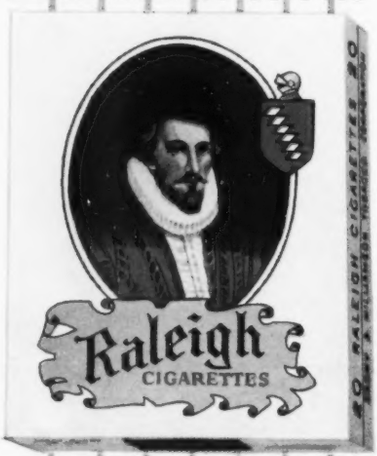
Every now and then, in the social columns of the newspapers of New York, you will see an item something like this: "Mrs. Arthur Richardson (Hope Livermore) sailed for Paris today aboard, etc., etc., etc. . . ." And you know, if you know her, that she will be sure, sooner or later, to appear at the salon of Lucien Lelong, for Lelong clothes are favorites of hers. But her Lelong-designed Elgin Parisienne wrist watch she purchased at her nearest Elgin jeweler's only a short stroll from her home. Usually one must go to Paris for Parisian elegance and chic in the original . . . but as far as your watch is concerned Paris comes to you. For Elgin engaged the greatest couturiers to create new watch-case designs. Outwardly the Lelong Parisienne Elgins are smart as his smartest costumes. Inwardly they are staunch and trustworthy as Elgin efficiency could make them. The chic of Paris to look upon . . . the timekeeping accuracy of Elgin to depend upon. For though the watches are designed in Paris, they are made and cased by Elgin. The highest practices and ideals of American manufacture dwell in every one. Your own jeweler has six Lucien Lelong Elgins to show you . . . three enamelled, three plain . . . all are priced at $35. (Four of them are shown above.) . . . And three diamond-set Parisiennes by Callot Soeurs at $75. And many more by Agnès, Premet, Jenny, Louiseboulanger, and almost all really great Paris authorities.

THE ELGIN PARISIENNE
THIRTY FIVE DOLLARS

IF you (too) have noted the Tremendous Strides made by Big Business in the past few months—if you have remarked the Bold Solutions of Major Problems, and admired the Efficiency of the Head Men in Straightening-Out, Expanding, Declaring, Taking-Up, Cleaning-Up, and Arriving-At—then you have witnessed the profound effect of the instantaneous welcome given a new cigarette—a cigarette which will make no man see clearer, think straighter, sleep sounder or act bolder, but a cigarette which tastes, to wise people, a lot better. That helps any conference, somehow.

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION, *Louisville, Kentucky*

Blended **PUFF-BY-PUFF**



Twenty Cents
PLAIN OR TIPPED

31

DISTINCT GRADES of rare fine tobacco (from Turkey, from Virginia and from Kentucky) are blended in Raleigh so subtly that every puff is an *experience* in taste—and rolled so cleverly that every puff is identical in balanced blandness with every other puff. That's why, for brevity and music, we say it is blended "puff-by-puff."

Crane's
Fine Writing Papers

at christmas..the smiling elegance of these fine writing papers bespeaks the smartness of youth and style

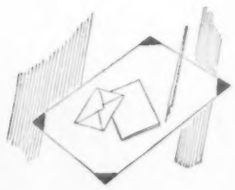
THE *woman of taste and means no longer looks at a Christmas shopping list as an ordeal. She knows that her gifts may express her own taste and at the same time suit the personalities of her friends.*

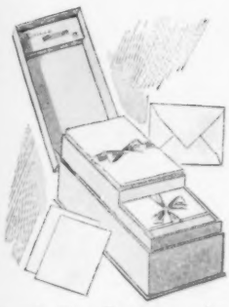
Indeed, the trick is just that—to select, for instance, a box of Crane's Fine Writing Paper which is not only outrageously attractive, TO YOU, *but which also will bring forth the comment, "How delightful of Anne!" from your friends.*

"Is it correct? Is it lovely? Will she like it?"—these are the questions you ask yourself.

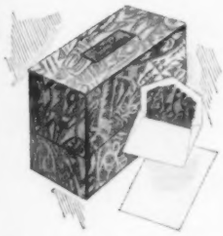
And as you look over the suggestions pictured on this page, or at the shops, one answer, Madame, will ring through your pretty little head, "Yes, it's the mode. Yes, they're attractive."

You might even make a tactful suggestion to a husband, a father, a brother, or a very special young man that he give YOU *a box of Crane's for Christmas. On sale at all jewelers and stationers and wherever really fine stationery is sold. Crane's has been the choice of persons of discrimination for a century and a quarter. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Massachusetts.*

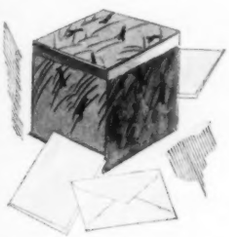




CRANE'S KID FINISH, a charming package. Plain white paper. Square envelope. Silver-edged correspondence cards. Smart, conservative and attractive. $7.50.



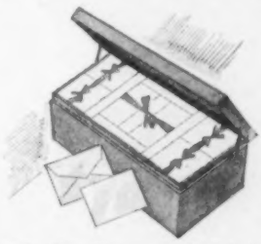
CRANE'S LINEN LAWN. Modishly packaged in light blue with a swank silver design. The lined envelopes repeat the package design. The ensemble is irresistible. $4.



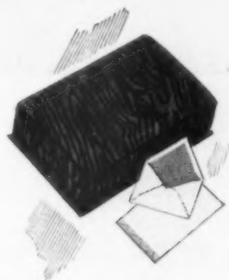
CRANE'S IVORY. Like its name, ivory in color; smooth as alabaster to write on; with semi-note sheets. Decorative, smart and dignified. $7.50.

CRANE'S LONDON CLUB. Plain large sheets and envelopes, this package is suggested as a gift for a man. A note on this writing paper brings with it an attitude of a man's world. $6.

CRANE'S HER BOOK. With what delight will a young girl open up this package! The outside resembles a diary, finished in soft blue velour. $5.

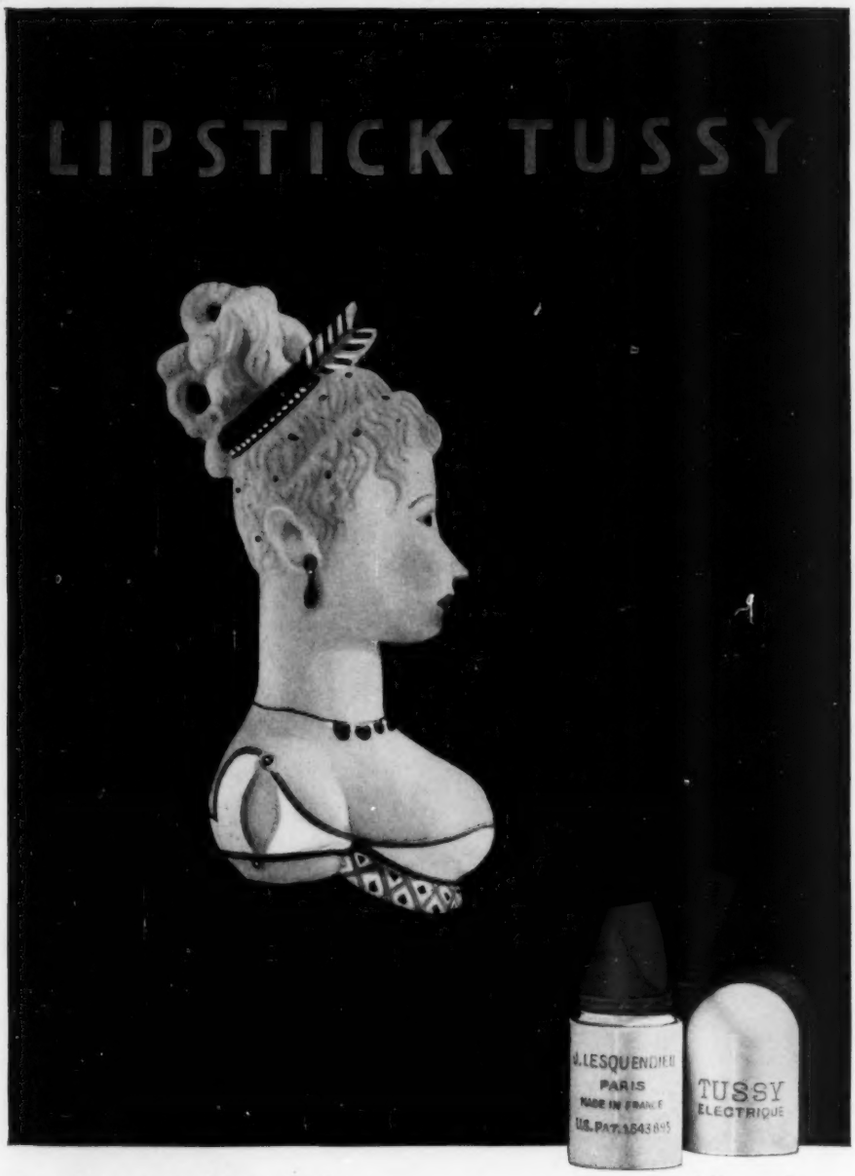


CRANE'S KID FINISH, packaged in velour. This plain white paper with its square envelope serves the social needs of a woman. $10.



CRANE'S IVORY, blue silk moire box. This is a lovely, lovely present and makes a most appealing gift. The box when empty is worthy of the dignity of keeping milady's jewels. $12.

CRANE'S KID FINISH, large gift box. Just off white in color, bordering on buff, this large package, tied in cloth of gold ribbons, is feminine, alluring and altogether attractive. $17.50.



WHY *has Lesquendieu created his perfect lipstick in* eight *distinct shades? Because every woman who follows the caprices of the mode needs at least* three *different lipsticks to provide the correct accent of color to her costume. Morning, noon, and night, with their varying lights and shadows, also demand subtle changes in make-up. With* eight *fascinating shades to choose from, every woman will find her* three *favorites in Lipstick Tussy. This lipstick is a miracle of smoothness, delicacy and lasting quality. In the smartest of galalithe containers, Lipstick Tussy comes to you, sealed and packaged in France. Lipstick Tussy may be obtained at your favorite shop. Won't you let us send you the fascinating booklet on make-up, "Cosmetiques Lesquendieu"? Just write to Lesquendieu, Incorporated, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

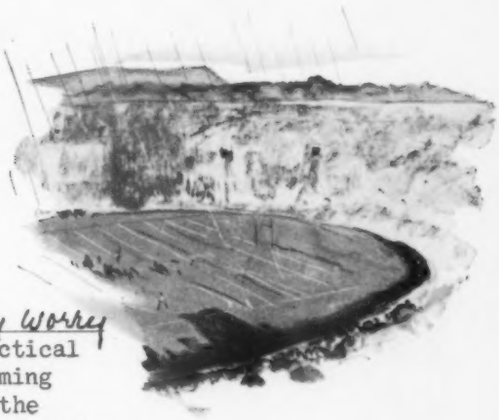
COSMETIQUES LESQUENDIEU

© L. 1929

Sketched at the Yale Bowl

NEW FOOTWEAR STORM STYLES

BY FLOYD DAVIS



It rained - but why worry

Again the intensely practical young members of the Coming Generation have blazed the trail for their elders! At the Yale Bowl, observers note, undergraduates of leading women's colleges fairly flaunted their new Zippers and Shower Boots, obviously proud of the happy combination of style and sensibility embodied in them. If Fall insists on being nasty, the Modern Miss simply retaliates with smartness... aided and abetted by Goodrich artists.

There's a comforting feeling in having one's feet snugly ensconced in Zippers or Shower Boots that comes not alone from their amazingly perfect fit and precisely right degree of warmth. It lies in the assurance that smart (and costly) footwear is fully protected no matter what the weather.

Brown Shower Boot

Swagger Tan Fabric

7 ounces! That's all they weigh.

This year they are ready for that puddle at A-gate... thanks to Goodrich Shower Boots in the new moiré rubber.

Two-Tone Henna Shower Boot

A new Washable All-Rubber Zipper

These new Goodrich Shower Boots are all-rubber...washable...and trimly tailored to meet the mode. They're only seven ounces in weight...and available in the smartest Fall colors and strikingly handsome new two-tone combinations.

Goodrich Zippers

SHOWER BOOTS AND FABRICS

New Beauty in Fountain Pens — Waterman's Patrician

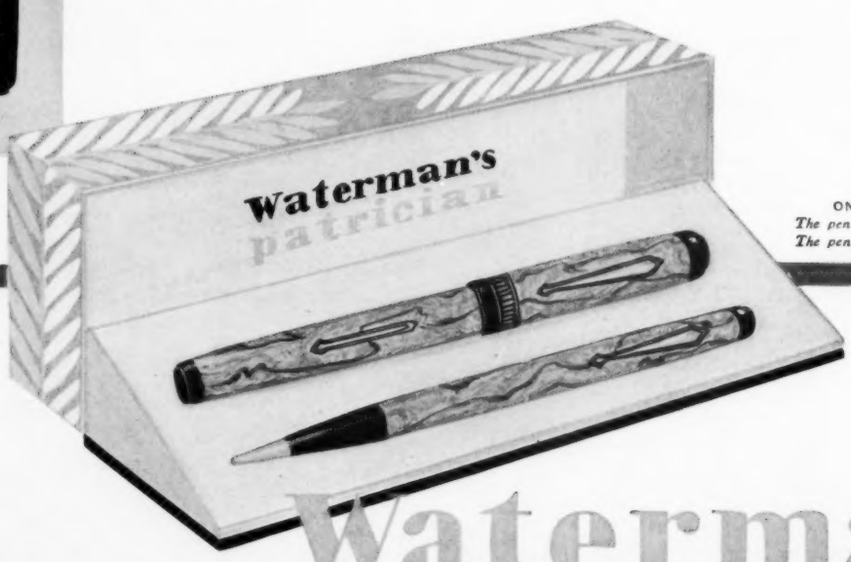
The world's best-writing pen now becomes the best-looking also—Waterman's Patrician. A veritable piece of jewelry, so finely made, so beautiful in its colors. The ONYX set, perhaps, is the most distinctive. Tawny streamers shoot through its creamy whiteness. Rich gold bands it. A gift of great distinction, this exquisite Waterman's Patrician set of matching pen and pencil—fit complement to the personality of its user.

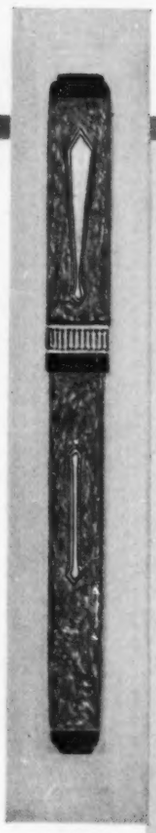
Costly? Perhaps — but what so choice for fifteen dollars? What so prized and desirable? Or so perfect an addition to your own appointments?

Then there are these four other Patrician beauties: Turquoise, Emerald, Nacre, and Jet. All with those writing qualities that can come only from Waterman's HAND-CRAFTING of the pen point, HAND-FINISHING of the precious iridium pen-tip, and the patented Waterman's spoon-feed. These improvements have long made Waterman's the leader, and these features are now at your service in every Waterman's pen from the lowest priced to the Patrician.

NACRE
The pen....$10
The pencil...$5

JET
The pen..$10
The pencil $5





EMERALD
The pen.....$10
The pencil....$5

TURQUOISE
The pen....$10
The pencil..$5

ONYX
The pen.....$10
The pencil....$5

Waterman's

LUXURY CRUISE TO THE
MEDITERRANEAN
PALESTINE EGYPT

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Added to these fascinating ports of call will be Malta, the romantic, Cyprus, the sunny isle, and Syracuse in Sicily.

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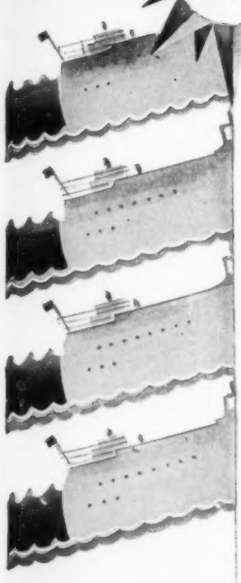
SOUTH AMERICA VIA The FOUR PRINCES



SMART as the cultured cities they serve, the "Northern Prince", "Eastern Prince", "Southern Prince" and "Western Prince" are establishing new standards for the South American voyage. The vibrationless speed of their twin Diesel motors, their safety, their modern ventilation system added to their luxury of accommodations have made them the choice of the well-traveled. Regular fortnightly sailings now in full swing from New York to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo and Buenos Aires.

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....in old QUEBEC

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Chateau Frontenac

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For information, any travel bureau, any railroad, steamship or airplane passenger office, any Cuban consulate or the Cuban National Tourist Commission, Havana.

HAWAII » Starlight Skies and Tropic Moon Gild Winter With Enchantment

THE call of Hawaii is the song of the South Seas bidding you "Come." It sings of beaches silver under a tropic moon . . . of smart hotels in settings of coco palms . . . of kingly mountains in rainbow robes. It tells of a land that knows no winter . . . of a Christmas Day whose reds and greens are living flowers scattered in reckless profusion against a verdant carpet stretching from sea to sky.

The lure of a climate free from extremes has made the Island Paradise unique among winter resorts. Eager sun-seekers have established a Winter season beginning in Fall and running through Spring. Tonight, little groups of the advance guard are lolling on palm-fringed shores or sporting in starlit waters. Voices that have echoed at Deauville and Cannes blend with soft Hawaiian cadences on broad lanais overlooking the sea.

There is so much to do in Hawaii, so much to see, that even the lengthened season hardly provides time in which to absorb its myriad delights. Each of the major islands has its own attractions, its distinguishing charms. Over all, major and minor, hovers an atmosphere of primitive beauty, of idyllic enchantment.

Make your plans now. No matter where you live the miracle of modern transportation has brought Hawaii to your doorstep. From the four gateways of the Pacific, splendid liners as proud as any that float make the journey in from four to six days, according to the ship selected. Sun-smoothed seas know no season. The voyage becomes a blissful interlude of rest if you wish, or if you prefer, a period of enthralling diversion.

And remember, Hawaii is part of the United States. There is no bother of passports or other formalities.

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1111 Monadnock Building

Los Angeles, Calif.
655L Chamber of Commerce Building

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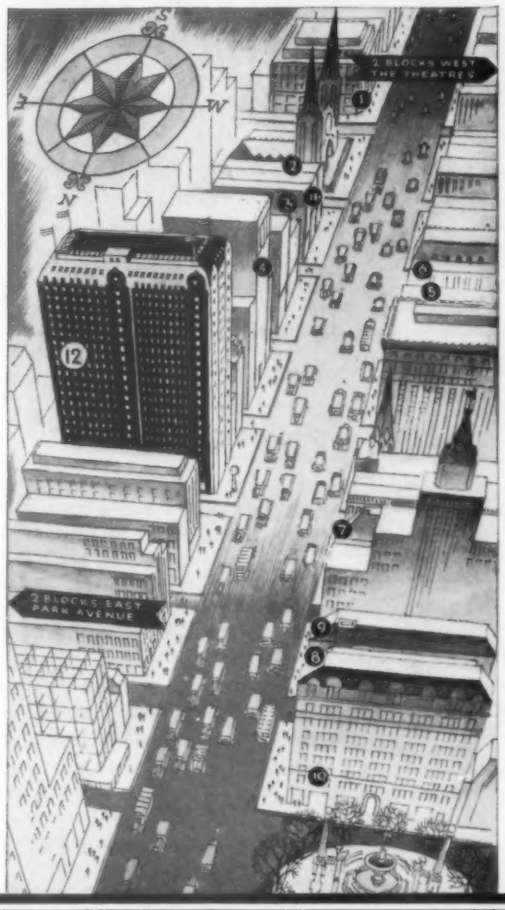
HOTEL
ST. REGIS
FIFTH AVENUE at 55th ST., NEW YORK



Unquestioned hub in the gay wheel of smart New York's activities is the Hotel St. Regis. It centers where Fifth Avenue is important . . . the exclusive shops, the authoritative galleries, the right clubs. Within the hotel, the nightly brilliance of the Seaglade . . . the exquisite calm of the Salle-Cathay for more formal lunching and dining . . . the secluded charm of St. Regis residence-suites with full call-button and floor-secretary service. Thus, is the St. Regis sought by the city's discriminating visitors . . . a long-established graciousness founded by smart New York itself. Rooms, due to doubled facilities, at rates hitherto unavailable.

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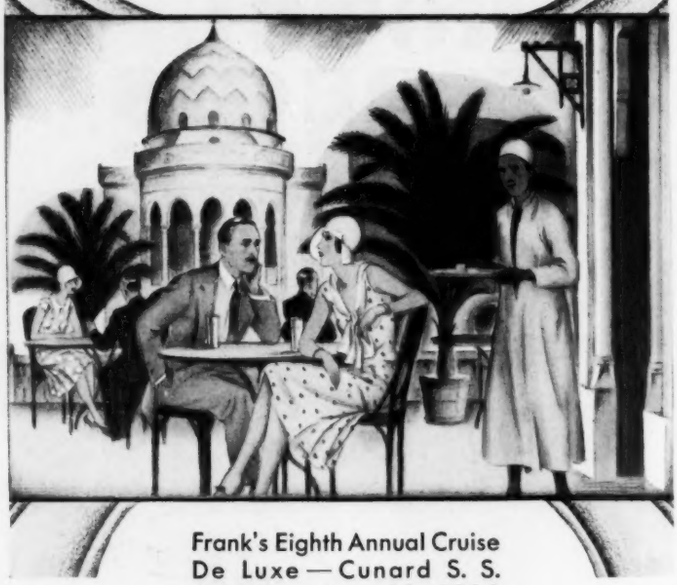
6. REVILLON FRERES
7. DUVEEN BROTHERS
8. LOUIS SHERRY 9. DOBBS
10. BERGDORF GOODMAN
11. WILDENSTEIN

12 . . HOTEL ST. REGIS

THE LUXURIOUS

MEDITERRANEAN

ADVENTURE



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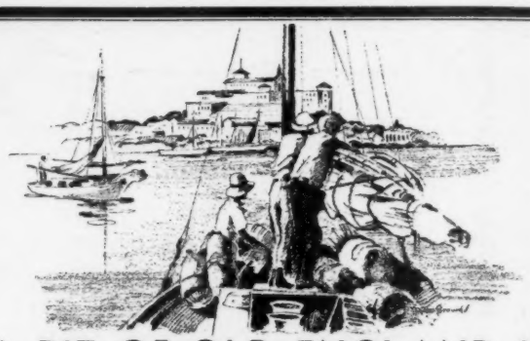

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NASSAU BAHAMAS

Isle of June

Courtesy Matson Line

AN ERUPTION IS AN EVENT

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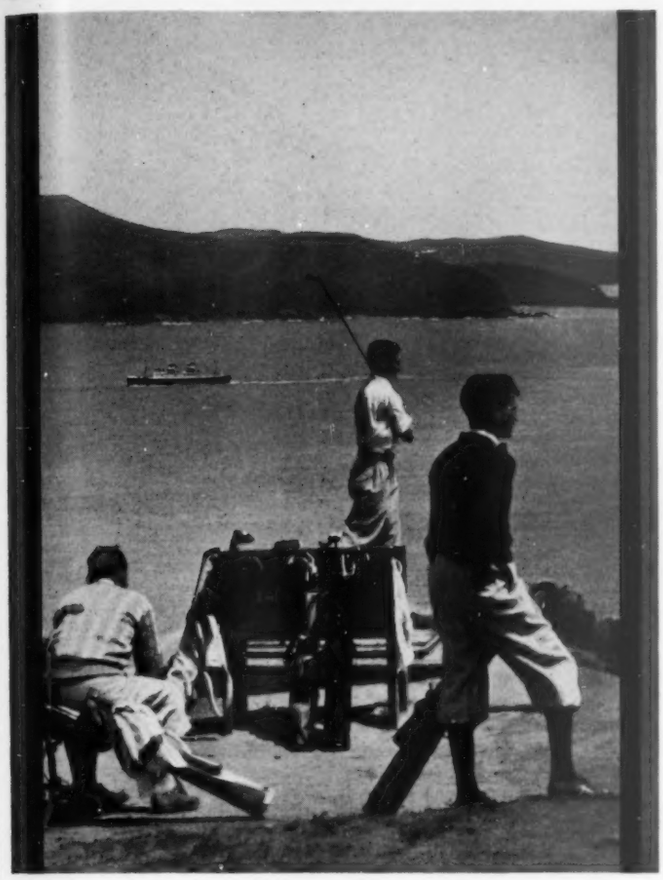

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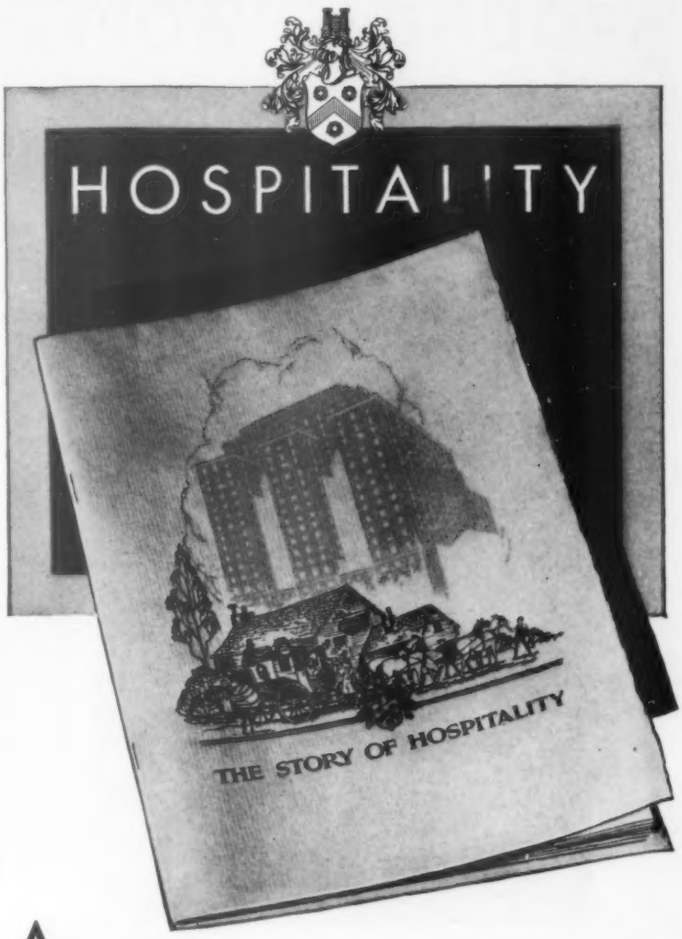

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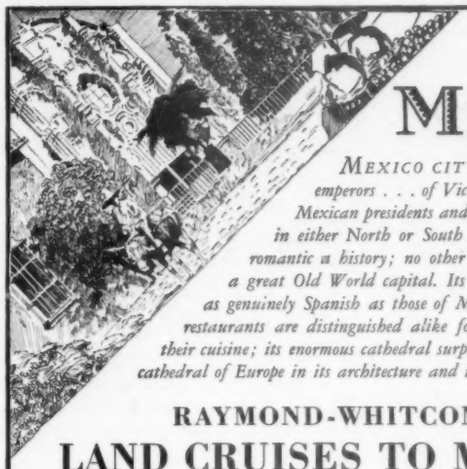

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Three Land Cruises: January 29, February 11, February 24. They may be taken either in combination with the Raymond-Whitcomb Land Cruises to California or—by themselves—as complete and unusual winter trips.

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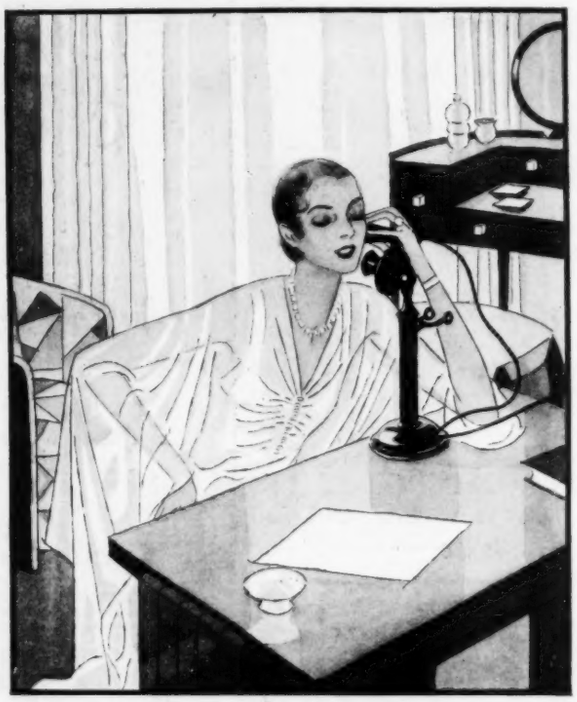

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Telephone service should be one of your greatest household conveniences—and it can be. Your local Bell Company will be glad to have a representative show you how *enough telephones* will contribute to your ease and comfort. Just telephone the Business Office, today.

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FOR THE TOE OF A FEMININE STOCKING

OF course you have already selected the *important practical* gift for HER. But there is still the *important frivolous* gift that is to be tucked in the toe of her Christmas stocking. An utterly useless nicknack annoys every woman. Give her something she will use—but let there be a touch of subtle flattery about it.

All the Dorothy Gray accessories pictured here are frivolous necessities. The satin-lined blue leather box holds a perfect make-up ensemble; exquisite Dorothy Gray compact powder, compact rouge, creamy-smooth lipstick and Lashique—the excellent mascara for brows and lashes. These four pieces are in metal cases of dark blue, French blue and silver. The compacts, lipsticks, Lashique, cream rouge, lip rouge and eyebrow pencil will delight the most fastidious feminine heart, and bring greater beauty to every lovely face.

It goes without saying that all these Dorothy Gray cosmetics may be had in a wide variety of becoming shades. They are on sale at leading shops everywhere, and at the Dorothy Gray salons.

Four Piece Set . . . $5.00
Double Compact . . 4.00
Large Lipstick . . . 2.00
Cream Rouge . . . 2.00
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Salons in

CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON ATLANTIC CITY

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This Christmas give a Ciné-Kodak

simplest of home movie cameras

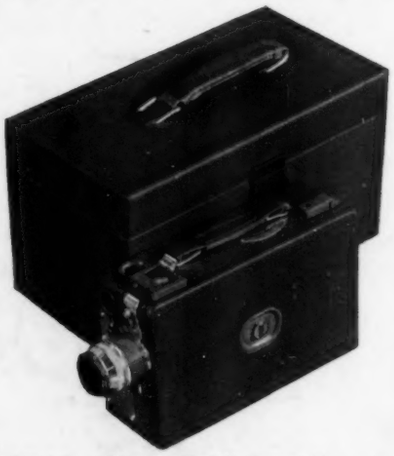
CHRISTMAS . . . it's a day of happiness that shouldn't be allowed to slip into the forgotten past . . . and needn't.

A home movie film will keep it for you . . . permit you to recreate at will your holiday festivities . . . enable you to throw on your own home screen during future Christmases the treasured incidents of this one.

How easy it is!

With the Ciné-Kodak, it's simplicity itself —movies are actually as easy to make as snapshots. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so simple, now have made home movie making equally easy for you. The result is that the Ciné-Kodak is the simplest of home movie cameras.

You merely sight the Ciné-Kodak, press a lever, and then send the film to the nearest Eastman processing station. In a few days you receive it back—and at no further cost because developing is included in the price you pay for the film. Projecting the pictures in your own living room is as easy with the Kodascope as playing a record on your phonograph.



Ciné Kodak, model BB with f.1.9 lens, in blue, gray, brown or black—the last word in home movie cameras.

The Ciné-Kodak takes black and white pictures with Ciné-Kodak Safety Film in the familiar yellow carton, both regular and panchromatic.

Take them in Color, too!

It is just as easy to take and show movies in the beautiful, natural colors of life itself —from the most delicate tints to the most brilliant hues. The same Ciné-Kodak (f.1.9. with B or BB model) that takes black and white movies, takes color. The same Kodascope (model A or B) that projects black and white, projects color. You simply use the Kodacolor Filter and Kodacolor Film when making or projecting Kodacolor.

Also, to supplement your own films, Kodak Cinegraphs, 100-, 200-, and 400-foot reels of comedy, travel and cartoons, costing only $7.50 per 100 feet, are available at your dealer's. They add to the pleasure of home movies and become a permanent part of your film library.

Don't let another Christmas go by without making a picture record of your family. See a Ciné-Kodak dealer today. Have him demonstrate the Ciné-Kodak and show you how wonderfully the Kodascope projects home movies. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

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